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DR SWIFT'S WORKS,

COMPLETE

IN EIGHTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VIII.

THE

WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST PATRICK'S, DUBLIN:

INCLUDING THE WHOLE OF HIS

POSTHUMOUS PIECES, LETTERS, &c.

A NEW EDITION,

ACCURATELY REVISED, AND ARRANGED IN THE MOST NATURAL AND PROPER ORDER;

WITH

An Account of the AUTHOR'S LIFE,

AND

NOTES HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY,

By J. HAWKESWORTH, LL.D. and others.

ADORNED WITH COPPERPLATES.

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MISCELLANIES

IN

VERSE.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

A CRITICISM on theſe MISCELLANIES.

THE poetical performances of Dr. Swift ought to be conſidered as occaſional poems, framed either to pleaſe, or vex ſome particular perſons. We muſt not ſuppoſe them deſigned for poſterity. If he had cultivated his genius in that way, he muſt certainly have excelled, eſpecially in ſatire. We ſee fine ſketches in ſeveral of his pieces: but he ſeems more deſirous to inform and ſtrengthen his mind, than to indulge the luxuriancy of his imagination. He chooſes to diſcover and correct errors in the works of others, rather than to illuſtrate and add beauties to his own. Like a ſkilful artiſt, he is fond of probing wounds to their depth, and of enlarging them to open view. He prefers cauſtics, which erode proud fleſh, to ſofter balſamics, which give more immediate eaſe. He aims to be ſeverely uſeful, rather than politely engaging: and, as he was either not formed, or would not take pains to excel in poetry, he became, in ſome meaſure ſuperior to it; and aſſumed more the air and manners of a critic, than of a poet. Had he lived in the ſame age with Horace, he would have approached nearer to him than any other poet: and, if we may make an allowance for the different courſe of ſtudy, and different form of government, to which each of theſe great men were ſubject, we may obſerve, in ſeveral inſtances, a ſtrong reſemblance between them. Both poets are equally diſtinguiſhed for wit and humour. Each diſplays a peculiar felicity in diction. But, of the two, Horace is the more elegant and delicate: while he condemns, he pleaſes. Swift takes pleaſure in giving pain. The diſſimilitude of their tempers might be owing to the different turns in their fortune. Swift early formed large views of ambition, and was diſappointed. Horace, from an exiled low ſtate, roſe into affluence, and enjoyed the favour and friendſhip of Auguſtus. Each poet was the delight of the principal perſons of his age. *Cum magnis vixiſſe*, was not more applicable to Horace than to Swift. They both were temperate; both were frugal; and both were of the ſame Epicurean taſte. Horace had his Lydia; Swift had his Vaneſſa. Horace had

had his Mecænas and his Agrippa; Swift had his C
his Bolingbroke. Horace had his Virgil; Swift had hi

Swift, who had the niceſt ear, is remarkably chaſte
cate in his rhymes. A bad rhyme appeared to him
capital ſins in poetry; and yet, it is a ſin into whi
our greateſt poets have fallen; Dryden frequently, P
times. The former was embarraſſed with a wife a
and was often under ſuch neceſſitous circumſtances,
obliged to publiſh, or to want ſubſiſtence. The latter
leſs confined, and in a much more eaſy ſituation. He
rally judicious, and uncommonly attentive to maintain
ty of his character. Although his body was weak,
was equal to the weight of his laurel crown; and he
only with eaſe, but majeſty. Take him as a poet, w
ſee his like again.

The Dean kept company with many of the fair ſex
were rather his amuſement than his admiration. He t
many hours in their converſation, he filled many pa
praiſe, and, by the power of his head, he gained the c
a lover, without the leaſt aſſiſtance from his heart. T
ticular kind of pride, ſupported by the bent of his
joined by the exceſſive coldneſs of his nature, Vaneſſ
ruin of her reputation; and, from the ſame cauſes,
mained an unacknowledged wife. If we conſider Sv
viour, ſo far only as it relates to women, we ſhall fin
looked upon them rather as buſts, than as whole figur
panegyrical deſcriptions, he has ſeldom deſcended low
centre of their hearts: or, if ever he has deſigned
ſtatue, it has been generally caſt in a dirty, or in a
mould; as if ſtatuary had not conceived, or had not
that juſtneſs of proportion, that delicacy of limb, and
ing and graceful attitudes which have conſtituted th
the moſt beautiful part of the creation. If you review
poems to Stella, you will find them fuller of affectio
fire, and more expreſſive of friendſhip than of love.
ple,

Thou, STELLA, *wert no longer young,*
When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung;
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:

With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted Love a gueſt.

Moſt of the poems which are abſolutely addreſſed to Stella, or which deſcribe her in a variety of attitudes, turn upon her age: a kind of excuſe, perhaps, for Swift's want of love.

It is impoſſible for me to paſs a very minute comment upon the various poems wrote by Swift. They are not only mingled improperly, in point of dates and ſubjects; but many, very many of them, are temporary, trifling, and, I had almoſt ſaid, puerile. Several of them are perſonal, and conſequently ſcarce amuſing; or, at leaſt, they leave a very ſmall impreſſion upon our minds. Such, indeed, as are likely to draw your attention, are exquiſite, and ſo peculiarly his own, that whoever has dared to imitate him in theſe, or in any of his works, has conſtantly failed in the attempt. Upon a general view of his poetry, we ſhall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, ſurpriſing, heteroclite genius; luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humorous in his deſcriptions, and bitter, exceeding bitter in his ſatire. The reſtleſſneſs of his imagination, and the diſappointment of his ambition, have both contributed to hinder him from undertaking any poetical work of length or importance. His wit was ſufficient to every labour: no flight could have wearied the ſtrength of his pinions: perhaps, if the extenſive views of his nature had been fully ſatisfied, his airy motions had been more regular, and leſs ſudden. But he now appears like an eagle that is ſometimes chained; and, at that particular time, for want of nobler and more proper food, diverts his confinement, and appeaſes his hunger, by deſtroying the gnats, butterflies, and other wretched inſects that unluckily happen to buz or flutter within his reach.

While I have been reading over his poems, I have conſidered him as an Egyptian hieroglyphic; which, though it had an unnatural and frequently an indecent appearance, yet it always contained ſome ſecret marks of wiſdom, and ſometimes of deep morality. The ſubjects of his poems are often naufeous, and the performances beautifully diſagreeable.

The Lady's dreſſing-room, vol. 9th, has been univerſally condemned, as deficient, in point of delicacy, even to the higheſt degree. The beſt apology that can be made in its favour, is to ſup-

poſe, that the author exhibited his Celia in the moſt hideous colours he could find, leſt ſhe might be miſtaken as a goddeſs, when ſhe was only a mortal. External beauty is very alluring to youth and inexperience; and Swift, by pulling off the borrowed plumes of his harpy, diſcovers at once a frightful bird of prey; and, by making her offenſive, renders her leſs dangerous and inviting. Such, I hope, was his deſign. But, let his views and motives have been ever ſo beneficial, his general want of delicacy and decorum muſt not hope even to find the ſhadow of an excuſe; for it is impoſſible not to own, that he too frequently forgets that politeneſs and tenderneſs of manners, which are undoubtedly due to human kind. From his early and repeated diſappointments he becomes a miſanthrope. If his mind had been more equal and content, I am willing to believe, that he would have viewed the works of nature with a more benign aſpect. And perhaps, under a leſs conſtant rotation of anxiety, he might have preſerved his ſenſes to the laſt ſcene of life; and might have enjoyed that calm exit from the ſtage, for which his friend Horace ſo earneſtly ſupplicates Apollo.

Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latoe, dones, et precor, integra
Cum mente; nec turpem ſenectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem.

His pride was ſo great as ſcarce to admit any body to the leaſt ſhare of his friendſhip, except ſuch who could amuſe him, or ſuch who could do him honour. To theſe two different claſſes we owe many of his poems. His companions and humble followers find themſelves immortalized by the inſertion of their names in addreſſes to Stella, or in other miſcellaneous pieces, written in an eaſy, though not in a careleſs manner. His more exalted friends, whoſe ſtations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different ſtyle: and you will perceive a real dignity and a moſt delicate kind of wit, in all his poems to Lord Oxford, Lord Peterborough, Lord Carteret (now Earl of Granville, Mr. Pulteney (now Earl of Bath;) and I think I may particularly add, in a poem to the Counteſs of Winchelſea (under the name of *Ardelia*,) and another to Mrs. Biddy Floyd. Theſe

name

names abetted him in his purſuit of fame. They reflected back the glory which he gave. But ſtill I cannot recollect one poem, nay ſcarce a couplet, to his Noble patron Lord Bolingbroke. In that inſtance he has been as ſilent, as Virgil has been to Horace; and yet he certainly had not a grain of envy in his compoſition.

I think I can diſcern a third kind of ſtyle in his poems addreſſed to Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Dr. Delany, and Dr. Young. When he writes to them, there is a mixture of eaſe, dignity, familiarity, and affection. They were his intimate friends, whom he loved ſincerely, and whom he wiſhed to accompany into the poetical regions of eternity.

As to the poem called *Death and Daphne*, vol. 9th, I recollect an odd incident relating to that nymph. Swift, ſoon after our acquaintance, introduced me to her, as to one of his female favourites. I had ſcarce been half an hour in her company, before ſhe aſked me, if I had ſeen the Dean's poem upon *Death and Daphne?* As I told her I had not, ſhe immediately unlocked a cabinet, and, bringing out the manuſcript, read it to me with a ſeeming ſatisfaction, of which at that time I doubted the ſincerity. While ſhe was reading, the Dean was perpetually correcting her for bad pronunciation, and for placing a wrong emphaſis upon particular words. As ſoon as ſhe had gone through the compoſition, ſhe aſſured me ſmilingly, that the portrait of *Daphne* was drawn for herſelf. I begged to be excuſed from believing it, and proteſted that I could not ſee one feature that had the leaſt reſemblance. But the Dean immediately burſt into a fit of laughter. "You fancy," ſays he, "that you are very "polite; but you are much miſtaken: that lady had rather be "a *Daphne* drawn by me, than a *Sacharijſa* by any other pen-"cil." She confirmed what he had ſaid with great earneſtneſs; ſo that I had no other method of retrieving my error, than by whiſpering in her ear, as I was conducting her down ſtairs to dinner, that indeed I found

Her hand as dry and cold as lead.

You ſee the command which Swift had over all his females; and you would have ſmiled to have found his houſe a conſtant ſeraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an aſſiduity, that

are ſeldom paid to the richeſt, or the moſt powerful lovers; no, not even to the Grand Signior himſelf.

To theſe ladies Swift owed the publication of many pieces, which ought never to have been delivered to the preſs. He communicated every compoſition as ſoon as finiſhed, to his female ſenate; who not only paſſed their judgment on the performance, but conſtantly aſked, and almoſt as conſtantly obtained, a copy of it. You cannot be ſurpriſed, that it was immediately afterwards ſeen in print: and, when printed, became a part of his works. He lived much at home, and was continually writing, when alone. Not any of his ſenators preſumed to approach him, when he ſignified his pleaſure to remain in private and without interruption. His night-gown and ſlippers were not eaſier put on or off, than his attendants. No prince ever met with more flattery to his own perſon, or more devotion to his own mandates. This deſpotic power not only blinded him, but gave a looſe to paſſions that ought to have been kept under a proper reſtraint. I am ſorry to ſay, that whole nations are ſometimes ſacrificed to his reſentment: for reflections of that ſort appear to me the leaſt juſtifiable of any kind of ſatire. You will read his *acerrima* with indignation, and his *minutiæ* with regret. Yet I muſt add, that ſince he has deſcended ſo low as to write, and ſtill ſo much lower as to print riddles, he is excellent even in that kind of verſification. The lines are ſmoother, the expreſſions are neater, and the thought is cloſer purſued, than in any other *riddle-writer* whatever. But Swift, compoſing riddles, is Titian painting draught-boards; which muſt have been inexcuſable, while there remained a ſign-poſt painter in the world.

As to the two Latin poems, *An epiſtle to Dr. Sheridan*, vol. 8th, and, *A deſcription of the rocks of Carbery in Ireland*, vol. 8th, the Dean was extremely ſolicitous that they ſhould be printed among his works: and, what is no leſs true than amazing, he aſſumed to himſelf more vanity upon theſe two Latin poems, than upon many of his beſt Engliſh performances. It is ſaid, that Milton, in his own judgment, preferred the *Paradiſe Regained* to the *Paradiſe Loſt*. There poſſibly might be found ſome excuſe for ſuch a preference; but in Swift's caſe there can be none. He underſtood the Latin language perfectly well, and he read it conſtantly; but he was no Latin poet: and if the *Carberiæ rupes*, and the *Epiſtola ad Thomam Sheridan* had been the produce of any other

r author, they muſt have undergone a ſevere cenſure from Swift.

he two poems intitled, *the life and genuine character of Dr. t*, vol. 9th, and, *verſes on the death of Dr. Swift*, &c. 8th, are poems of great wit and humour. The firſt was lly publiſhed by Dr. Swift, in a manner ſo different from : rules of poetry to which he confined himſelf, that he hop- ie public might miſtake it for a ſpurious or uncorrect copy, n by memory from his original poem. He took great plea- in this ſuppoſition: and I believe it anſwered his expec-

One of his ſtricteſt rules in poetry was to avoid *triplets*. t can have given riſe to ſo nice a peculiarity, is difficult to mine. It might be owing only to a ſingular turn of think-

But the reaſon which he publicly aſſigned, ſeemed not ſo n againſt the practice itſelf, as againſt the poets who indulg- iemſelves in that manner of writing: "A cuſtom," accord- o the Dean's opinion, "introduced by lazineſs, continued ignorance, and eſtabliſhed by falſe taſte." With deference great a critic, it is a cuſtom that has frequently been pur- with remarkable ſucceſs. Mr. Dryden abounds in triplets; in ſome of his moſt elegant poems, the third concluding forms the fineſt climax in the whole piece. Mr. Waller, ather of all flowing poetry, has generally reſerved the niceſt : of wit to his triplicate line. And, upon an impar- nquiry, it is almoſt to be queſtioned, whether, in many ices, this deſpicable triplet may not add a greater beauty to etical compoſition, than any other circumſtance. To be ned, on any terms, by the links of rhyme, is of great diſad- ige to our Engliſh poetry. The fineſt poem that we can , and which we equalize, and perhaps would willingly pre- the Iliad, is void of thoſe fetters. But when it is our de- to wear chains, ſurely we may be allowed to make them as and eaſy as we can.

ie *Verſes on the death of Dr. Swift*, vol. 8th, is a moſt point- ece of ſarcaſm. Not any of the Dean's poems have more nor are any of them more ſevere. In it he has ſummoned her his whole powers of ſatire and poetry. It is a parting ; the legacy of anger and diſappointment. But as the two ines are grammatically incorrect, and as they were not in- l in the firſt edition publiſhed at London, I cannot tell how

they

they have crept into a poem, that is otherwiſe as exactly poliſhed as any of Swift's niceſt compoſitions. *Orrery.*

The merits of Dr. Swift, in the character of a poet, are conſiderably great. His deſcriptions, wherein there conſtantly appear the diſtinguiſhing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely juſt and lively; many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painter's imagination; his rhymes and his numbers are chaſte and delicate; and in places, when, rather by accident than choice, he riſes from the earth, and ſoars into the regions of poetry, he is equal to the fineſt maſters among the Greeks and Romans; his ideas are lofty, and his verſification muſically ſonorous. And yet, after all, he is not to be conſidered in the light of a profeſſed poet; the multitude of his writings on various ſubjects, both in verſe and proſe, being an evident demonſtration, that he was ſuperior to any particular courſe of learning. He was born to be the encourager of virtue, and the terror of the wicked. He never ſat muſing in his elbow-chair upon new ſubjects, for the exerciſe of his genius, and the advancement of his fame; but writ occaſionally, to pleaſe and to reform the world, as either politics or humour gave the ſpur to his faculties. There are but few of his poems that ſeem to have been the labour of more than one day, how greatly ſoever they might have been corrected and poliſhed afterwards to his own liking, before he tranſcribed them fair.

There indiſputably runs a vein of ſatire throughout all his writings: but as he declares, that no age could have more deſerved it, than that particular age wherein he was deſtined to live; he is intitled to all the praiſe we can beſtow upon him, for exerting his whole abilities in the defence of honour, virtue, and his country. In his general ſatire, where perhaps thouſands were equally meant, he hath never once through malice inſerted the name of any one perſon; the vice, nevertheleſs, he expoſeth to contempt and ridicule. But in particular ſatire, when egregious monſters, traitors to the weal-public, and ſlaves to party, are the objects of his reſentment, he laſhes without mercy; well knowing, that infamy, which is perhaps a taſte of hell, is the only puniſhment which in this world can be inflicted upon ſuch rebels to ſociety, as, either by craft or corruption, bid defiance to the laws.

One

One of the moſt diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of Dr. Swift, was a bright and clear genius; ſo extremely piercing, that every the moſt ſtriking circumſtance, ariſing from any ſubject whatever, quickly occurred to his imagination; and theſe he frequently ſo accumulated one upon another, that perhaps, beyond all other poets, of all ages and countries, he deſerves, in this particular, to be the moſt univerſally admired. And this choice of circumſtances, if any ſtreſs can be laid on the opinion of Longinus, that great director of our taſte and judgment, renders a compoſition truly noble and ſublime. The moſt remarkable pieces of this ſort, are, *The furniture of a woman's mind; Betty the Grizette; The journal of a modern lady; His poem on reading Dr. Young's ſatires; Mordanto; The deſcription of a city-ſhower; The deſcription of Quilca; The deſcription of the morning;* and, *The place of the damned.* This power of the mind gave him alſo that deſperate hand, as Pope terms it, in taking off all ſorts of characters. To omit thoſe of a political nature, ſee *The progreſs of poetry; The ſecond part of Traulus; The progreſs of love; The character of Corinna;* and, *The beautiful young nymph juſt going to bed;* where you will find, that his imagination could even dream in the character of an old battered ſtrumpet. And, from the ſame inexhauſtible fund of wit, he acquired the hiſtoric arts both of deſigning and colouring, either in groups, or in ſingle portraits. How exact, how lively, and ſpirited is that group of figures, in *The journal of a modern lady?* vol. 8. [The paſſage begins thus:

But let me now a while ſurvey, &c. l. 116.

and ends,

Flew hov'ring o'er each female head, l. 135.]

And for a ſingle portrait, if we conſider the deſign, the attitude, the drapery, or the colouring, what is it that can excel the repreſentation of Caſſinus in *the Tragical Elegy?* Vol. 9.

He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of bed, &c. l. 11.

and ending thus,

On embers plac'd, to drink it hot, l. 28.

Throughout all his poetical writings, although many of them be dedicated immediately to the fair ſex, there cannot be found, to the beſt of my recollection, one ſingle diſtich, addreſſed in the character

character of a lover to any one perſon. If he writ any poems of that ſort in his younger days, they muſt have been deſtroyed, if they be not concealed. Thoſe verſes upon women, which are deemed the moſt ſatirical, were written principally with a view to correct their foibles, to improve their taſte, and to make them as agreeable companions at threeſcore, as at the age of five and twenty. By what I can hear, the moſt exceptionable of his poems in that way, have produced ſome very extraordinary effects in the polite world. This was, in truth, the ultimate deſign of his writing *the lady's dreſſing-room*, and other pieces, which are acknowledged to be ſomewhat liable to cenſure, on account of their indelicacy.

Among the admirers of Dr. Swift, many have compared him to Horace, making proper allowances for the reſpective ages in which they ſeverally flouriſhed. The reſemblance, however, between them is not ſo exceedingly ſtrong, as that a ſimilitude and manner of writing could have excited the leaſt degree of emulation between them, further than to be equally renowned for their peculiar excellencies. Each of them had, independent of what is generally called a fine taſte, a thorough knowledge of the world, ſuperadded to an abundance of learning. Both the one and the other of theſe great men held the numerous tribe of poets, as well as that motley generation of men called critics, in the utmoſt contempt; and, at the ſame time, have manifeſted themſelves to be incomparable judges of all that is truly excellent, whether in books or men. Neither of them had the leaſt regard for the Stoics: and whatever may be ſaid of their being of the Epicurean taſte, which, if rightly underſtood, is far from being inconſiſtent with the higheſt virtue; neither of them was attached to any particular ſyſtem of philoſophy. Homer was the darling author both of Horace and Swift. Horace declares in his epiſtle to Lollius, that Homer had abundantly more good ſenſe and wiſdom than all the philoſophers; and Swift's opinion was, that Homer had more genius than all the reſt of the world put together. Yet neither the one nor the other of them have attempted to imitate his manner; but, like heroes of a bold and true ſpirit, have induſtriouſly followed the bent of nature, and ſtruck out originals of their own. But however ſtrong may be ſuppoſed the reſemblance between Horace and Swift, they were, in fact, upon the whole, quite different men. Their tempers,

their

their complexions, and their fortunes, were totally unlike. Each of them had, in many reſpects, greatly the advantage of the other.

Poetry was in Horace the buſineſs of his life; every deſire, every comfort, and every paſſion of his mind, were centered in the muſes: he followed the example of the Greek poets, *prater laudem nullius avarus*. Poetry in Swift was only an appendage to his character: he wore it as an emblem of wit and ſpirit, which gave him an air of grandeur in the republic of letters. Horace, by diverting his thoughts from all ſublunary affairs, and perpetually ranging about from flower to flower, among the gardens, and groves, and wilderneſſes of the Greeks, with infinite labour extracted, like an induſtrious bee, the quinteſſence of their ſweets; and by frequently experimenting all the changes of harmony, is deſervedly the joy and admiration of the poetical world, for the muſic of his lines, and the variety of his numbers. His addreſſes to the Emperor, to Agrippa, to Pollio, and his panegyric on Druſus, are prodigiouſly ſublime: but his hymns to the Muſes, to Mercury, to Pan, to Apollo and Diana, to Venus, to his lyre, and to Bacchus, are abſolutely raptures of poetry, even the divine ſpirit of that *amabilis inſania*, "that de-"lightful madneſs," which is only to be felt, impoſſible to be deſcribed. His verſes, nevertheleſs, are but few in number; the whole of his works, at a random computation, amounting only to about 7000 lines; whereof not above one half are of that ſpecies of poetry on which he deſired to fix all his pretenſions to fame. And it was upon theſe only, that he beſtowed the greater part of his life. Swift, on the contrary, from the age of one and twenty, was deeply immerſed in politics during his whole life; ſometimes fighting the battles of church and ſtate, againſt a virulent, oppoſing faction, which threatened to undermine the conſtitution; ſometimes reſiſting the torrent of eccleſiaſtical, and frequently the torrent of miniſterial power, whenever the rights of the clergy, or the liberties of his country, were occaſionally invaded; and generally fighting with beaſts of one ſpecies or other, like a fierce and bold champion, reſolutely bent on either death or victory: yet ſtill he could find opportunities, by ſnatching hours of leiſure, to write poetry for his amuſement. He had read many of the Greek and Latin poets; reliſhed and admired what was agreeable to his own taſte; but never devoted either

his

his thoughts or his time to Apollo and the Muſes. Throughout his whole works, there is no ſuch thing as an ode to Calliope, to Mercury, to Venus, to Apollo and Diana, to his lyre, to Bacchus, or to Pan; nothing which was ever intended as a rapture of poetry. Is it not then ſomewhat very amazing, if we conſider him in this fair and true light, that he ſhould produce, by the mere force of taſte and abilities, without any laboured correction at all, ſuch wonders in the poetic ſtrain, as to make any the moſt partial of his admirers, not only prefer him to all the poets of theſe latter centuries, but compare him to that immortal genius of the Auguſtan age, whoſe whole delight, ſpeculation, and amuſement, whether in bed or in the fields, was in meditating, writing, poliſhing, or correcting his verſes? *Swift.*

MISCEL-

MISCELLANIES in VERSE.

CADENUS and VANESSA*.

Written *anno* 1713.

THE *ſhepherds* and the *nymphs* were ſeen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counſel for the fair began,
Accuſing the falſe creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That

* See an account of the occaſion of this poem in Swift's life, prefixed to vol. I.

This poem is founded upon an offer of marriage made by a young lady to her preceptor. Whether ſuch an incident really happened, or what gave the poet occaſion to ſuppoſe it, need not here be inquired. His principal deſign is to expoſe the faults and follies in both ſexes, by which love is degraded, and marriage rendered ſubſervient to ſordid purpoſes. *Hawkeſ.*

This poem, one of the greateſt length, and, I believe, the longeſt ever compoſed by the Dean, is of a very extraordinary nature, and upon a very extraordinary ſubject. As a poem, it is excellent in its kind, perfectly correct, and admirably conducted.

Vanity makes terrible devaſtation in a female breaſt. It batters down all reſtraints of modeſty, and carries away every ſeed of virtue. Vaneſſa was exceſſively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but, in general, fictitious. She was fond of dreſs; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; ſuperior, in her own opinion, to all her ſex; full of pertneſs, gaiety, and pride; not without ſome agreeable

 accompliſhments,

That Cupid now has loſt his art,
Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart;—
His altar now no longer ſmokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:

This

accompliſhments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; ambitious, at any rate, to be eſteemed a wit; and, with that view, always affecting to keep company with wits; a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry; happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine; but ſtill aiming and intending to be his wife: by nature haughty and diſdainful, looking with the pity of contempt upon her inferiors, and with the ſmiles of ſelf-approbation upon her equals; but upon Dr. Swift with the eyes of love. Her love was founded in vanity, or, to uſe a more faſhionable phraſe, *in taſte*. His own lines are the beſt proof of my aſſertion. [The paſſage begins thus,

Cadenus many things had writ, l. 510.

and ends thus,

Nor farther looks, but thinks him young, l. 531.]

The poem itſelf is dated in the year 1713, when Swift was in his meridian altitude; favoured by the courtiers; flattered, feared, and admired by the greateſt men in the nation.

By the verſes which I have already recited, it may be preſumed, that the lady was firſt ſmitten with the fame and character of Cadenus, and afterwards with his perſon. Her firſt thoughts purſued a phantom; her later paſſion deſired a ſubſtance. The manner in which he diſcovered her inclinations, is poetically deſcribed in theſe lines:

She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts, l. 602.

and ending thus,

Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, l. 623.

Suppoſing this account to be true, and I own I can ſcarce think it otherwiſe, it is evident, that the fair Vaneſſa had made a ſurpriſing progreſs in the philoſophic doctrines, which ſhe had received

This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their pow'rs divine;
Now love has dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.

Which

received from her preceptor. His rules were certainly of a moſt extraordinary kind. He taught her, that vice, as ſoon as it defied ſhame, was immediately changed into virtue; that vulgar forms were not binding upon certain *choice ſpirits*, to whom either the writings or the perſons of men of wit were acceptable. She heard the leſſon with attention, and imbibed the philoſophy with eagerneſs. The maxims ſuited her exalted turn of mind. She imagined, that if the theory appeared ſo charming, the practice muſt be much more delightful. The cloſe connection of ſoul and body ſeemed to require, in the eye of a female philoſopher, that each ſhould ſucceed the other in all pleaſurable enjoyments. The former had been ſufficiently regaled; why muſt the latter remain unſatisfied? "Nature," ſaid Vaneſſa, "abhors a "*vacuum*, and nature ought always to be obeyed." She communicated theſe ſentiments to her tutor; but he ſeemed not to comprehend her meaning, nor to conceive the *diſtinctio rationis* that had taken riſe in his own ſchool. He anſwered her in the *non-eſſential modes*. He talked of friendſhip, of the delights of reaſon, of gratitude, reſpect, and eſteem. He almoſt preached upon virtue, and he muttered ſome indiſtinct phraſes concerning chaſtity.

So unaccountable a conduct in Cadenus may be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature, than from the ſcrupulous difficulties of a tender conſcience. Such a ſuppoſition will ſtill appear more ſtrong, if we recollect the diſtant manner in which Swift cohabited with Stella, colder, if poſſible, after, than before, ſhe was his wife: and I now recollect ſome of his own lines that ſeem to confirm the ſurmiſe, as they contain an inſinuation againſt Vaneſſa, not perhaps ſo much intended to wound her reputation, as to ſave his own. The paſſage begins thus:

But what ſucceſs Vaneſſa met, l. 818.

and ends thus,

Nor ſhall the conſcious muſe unfold, l. 827.

Which crimes aforeſaid *(with her leave)*
Were *(as he humbly did conceive)*
Againſt our ſov'reign lady's peace,
Againſt the ſtatute in that caſe,
Againſt

It is impoſſible to read this cruel hint without great indignation againſt the *conſcious muſe*, eſpecially as it is the finiſhing ſtroke of a picture which was already drawn in too looſe a garment, and too unguarded a poſture. In this inſtance, I am afraid, the Dean muſt remain inexcuſeable.

Vaneſſa, in ſome time after the death of her ſiſter, retired to Selbridge. Spleen and diſappointment were the companions of her ſolitude. The narrowneſs of her income, the coldneſs of her lover, the loſs of her reputation, all contributed to make her miſerable, and to increaſe the frenzical diſpoſition of her mind. In this melancholy ſituation ſhe remained ſeveral years, during which time Cadenus viſited her frequently. Their particular converſation, as it paſſed without witneſſes, muſt for ever remain unknown: but, in general, it is certain, that ſhe often preſſed him to marry her. His anſwers were rather turns of wit than poſitive denials; till at laſt, being unable to ſuſtain her weight of miſery any longer, ſhe writ a very tender epiſtle to Cadenus, inſiſting peremptorily upon as ſerious an anſwer, and an immediate acceptance, or abſolute refuſal of her, as his wife. His reply was delivered by his own hand. He brought it with him when he made his final viſit at Selbridge; and throwing down the letter upon her table, with great paſſion haſtened back to his horſe, carrying in his own countenance the frown of anger and indignation.

Dr. Swift had a natural ſeverity of face, which even his ſmiles could ſcarce ſoften, or his utmoſt gaiety render placid or ſerene: but when that ſternneſs of viſage was increaſed by rage, it is ſcarce poſſible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and auſterity. Vaneſſa had ſeen him in all tempers, and, from his outward appearance, ſhe gueſſed at the inward contents of his letter. She read it with as much reſolution as the preſent cruelty of her fate, and the raging pride of her heart, would permit. She found herſelf entirely diſcarded

from

Againſt her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an anſwer, and ſat down.
The *nymphs* with ſcorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant*'s counſel roſe,

And

from his friendſhip and converſation. Her offers were treated with inſolence and diſdain. She met with reproaches inſtead of love, and with tyranny inſtead of affection. She had long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue; which, upon this occaſion, might have proved healing ingredients to ſo deep and ſo dangerous a wound. She had preferred wit to religion, ſhe had utterly deſtroyed her character and her conſcience; and ſhe was now fallen a prey to the horror of her own thoughts.

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat: tædet cœli convexa tueri.

She did not ſurvive many days the letter delivered to her by Cadenus.——Thus periſhed at Selbridge, under all the agonies of deſpair, Mrs. Eſther Vanhomrigh; a miſerable example of an ill ſpent life, fantaſtic wit, viſionary ſchemes, and female weakneſs. *Orrery.*

This poem is built on the fineſt model; ſupported with infinite humour, wit and gaiety; embelliſhed with ideas the moſt lovely and delicate; beautifully adorned with variety of the moſt attractive images; and conducted throughout the whole with ſuch perfect regularity, that, beyond all other pieces, whether of Dr. Swift, or any poet that ever writ in Engliſh, it appears calculated to abide the ſevereſt examination of critics.

In the apparatus of this poem, we find, that Venus, the goddeſs of love and beauty, having cauſe to be afraid, upon hearing the merits of a trial between the nymphs and ſhepherds, that her ſovereignty might be called in queſtion, on account of that wretched corrupted taſte which prevails among the youth of both ſexes, reſolves on a political expedient to maintain the dignity of her throne, and to reduce her rebellious ſubjects unto their loyalty, their chains, and their obedience.

Now, this debate, which was ſpun out for ſixteen years between the nymphs and ſhepherds, is ſuppoſed only to have com-

And what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentleſt heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other ſex.

That

menced ſome few days before the birth of Vaneſſa. But the Cyprian queen having, in order to try an experiment, ſelected Vaneſſa, upon the day of her birth, from all the reſt of the little female world, adorns her with every grace and beauty that is ſuppoſed to attract the admiration of the ſhepherds. And, to complete her deſign, ſhe prevails on the goddeſs of learning (although by a ſtratagem) to pour down all her gifts into the boſom of this delightful girl. [See the verſes beginning thus,

Thus, to the world's perpetual ſhame, l. 432.

and ending thus,

Give mortals neither heat nor light, l. 443.]

Here let us ſtop and take an impartial view of this enchanting fair. With regard to the beauty, the elegance, the graces, and the ſweetneſs of her perſon, ſhe is beyond all contradiction, to uſe an expreſſion of Parnell,

All bright as an angel new-dropt from the ſkies.

And, with regard to the accompliſhments of the mind, her ſoul is endued with knowledge, judgment, wit, decency, modeſty, truth, juſtice, fortitude, honour, politeneſs, generoſity, wiſdom, and every other virtue which can poſſibly enter into the compoſition of the moſt illuſtrious character. She had a ſoul worthy to be the inhabitant of ſo beautiful, ſo angelic a manſion. However, to ſpeak as a critic, it matters not whether Vaneſſa be a real or a fictitious character. If, indeed, the character be drawn from real life, we muſt inſiſt upon it, that Vaneſſa behaved herſelf, throughout all the habitudes and viciſſitudes of life, with unblemiſhed honour; as, in truth, her character would not otherwiſe have been even poetically juſt; and conſequently, the poem, inſtead of being univerſally admired for its ſuperior excellencies, would, (to ſpeak in the ſtyle of critics) have been damned, on its firſt appearance,

hat modern love is no ſuch thing,
; what thoſe ancient poets ſing;
fire celeſtial, chaſte, refin'd,
nceiv'd and kindled in the mind;

Which,

ince, for its inaccuracies and inconſiſtencies. On the other , if the character be fictitious, the whole is a fable; and quently, there never exiſted any ſuch perſon as the charming ſſa. It is certain, however, that, among the poets, we fre- tly meet with characters, eſpecially when compliments are ſſed to ſome particular favourite in the *grand monde*, which artly *real*, and partly *fictitious*. What I mean by *real*, is, ſome perſon really and truly exiſting, is generally under- to be the object of the poet's complaiſance; and what I by *fictitious*, is, when the poet, without any regard to truth, ıtly diſplays the fineneſs and delicacy of his own taſte, in all areſſes of gallantry, politeneſs, courtſhip, and addreſs, unto *eal*, not *imaginary* lady. For example, were a poet to inſert ame of ſome little, nut-brown, trifling girl, under the por- of all that is beautiful, accompliſhed, and adorable in the t of the creation; his compliment would, nevertheleſs, be mely polite; no matter for the reſemblance. Pictures, we ow, are deſigned for poſterity; and poſterity cares not whe- in fact, the picture was drawn from the life, or was only nary. They ſee; they are pleaſed; they enquire no further. noſt remarkable inſtance of this kind that we know of a- all the poets, whether ancient or modern, is that of s Chloe, who was a cheerful, gay, facetious old woman, that o laugh with a profuſion of good humour, until ſhe was al- ready to die, at the conceit of her being a poet's flame. Prior, we may be ſure, was equally delighted with the ex- ce of her underſtanding. Vaneſſa was, perhaps, another kable inſtance of this kind: for, as the poet has expreſly ed, that "her name on earth ſhall not be told," we are by ans at liberty to form any conjectures about her. It is af- , however, that Vaneſſa was in love with Cadenus, and de- her paſſion to him after a ſtrange manner. That Vaneſſa have liked Cadenus, at leaſt the poetical Vaneſſa, we cannot make

Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the ſame,
In diff'rent breaſts together burn,
Together both to aſhes turn.

Bu

make any ſort of doubt, becauſe we are expreſly told ſo. Th manner in which ſhe declared her paſſion to him, is only to l collected from the poem itſelf; wherein we find, that, after apology, founded on maxims truly philoſophical, ſhe reveals h ſentiments in the following terms. [The verſes begin thus,

I knew by what you ſaid and writ, l. 618.

and end thus,

Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, l. 623.]

The remainder of the converſation between Cadenus and Vaneſ for half a dozen pages together, is evidently nothing more th a flight of imagination, wholly deſigned for the entertainment thoſe who have a reliſh for compoſition, and a taſte for poet But, ſuppoſing it was ſome real Vaneſſa that liked Cadenus; in plain terms, ſuppoſing that Miſs Vanhomrigh had a paſſ for Dr. Swift; is there any crime in love? Far from it: voice of God, and the voice of nature, ſpeak the direct contra The worſt that can be ſaid of it, is, that Vaneſſa, who had re and truly been educated under the inſpection of Cadenus, (a m beyond all others, upon earth, whoſe delight was to give inſtr tion to young people, and eſpecially to young women) had ſufficiently conſidered, that, in love, we are all ſportſmen, care of joys that are within our reach, and perpetually driving a the flying game. Nevertheleſs, to maintain the dignity of ſex, and to apologize for this little failure in point of diſcreti (that cool, ſober quality, not virtue of the mind; which quently, or rather notoriouſly, preſides in that breaſt where ev humane, generous, and ſpirited affection of the ſoul is wanti ſhe availeth herſelf of the doctor's own maxims, before ſhe ventures to impart the moſt tender of her ſentiments to an experienced man, whoſe heart, like a rock of adamant, was in pable of impreſſions. [See the verſes beginning thus,

But women now feel no ſuch fire,
And only know the groſs deſire.
Their paſſions move in lower ſpheres,
Where-e'er caprice or folly ſteers.

A dog,

She well remember'd, to her coſt, l. 604.

and ending thus,

Now, ſaid the nymph, &c. l. 614.]

However, in juſtice to the honour and reputation of Vaneſſa, we are obliged to remark, that Cadenus, from his earlieſt youth, had been always a courtier of the women, as far as words, and terms, and politeneſs, and gallantry, without profeſſing any degree of ſincerity, conſtancy, and love, can recommend a cavalier to their ſervice. And this we are told in the following lines:

Cadenus, common forms apart,
In ev'ry ſcene, had kept his heart;
Had ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd and writ,
For paſtime, or to ſhew his wit, l. 540.——543.

But ſure it is, that courtſhip and addreſs, without any proteſtations of fidelity and love, may be carried ſomewhat too far; as the deportment of Cadenus to the beautiful and accompliſhed Vaneſſa, in this poetical repreſentation of gallantry, ſufficiently demonſtrates. Is it therefore any matter of aſtoniſhment, that Vaneſſa (before whom Cadenus might have ſighed and languiſhed, and to whom, at particular times, he might have both vowed and written) ſhould have been encouraged to hope, as ſhe liked his perſon, and was enamoured of his writings, that ſhe might have carried off ſo glorious a prize from all the reſt of her cotemporaries? Allowing this to have been the caſe, which is perhaps agreeable to truth, as well as to common report, Vaneſſa's declaration to her admired Cadenus, may, without violence, be interpreted into a gentle demand of thoſe tender affections, which, from the current of his behaviour towards her, ſhe had a right to expect.

I have been aſſured, that Miſs Vanhomrigh was, in her general converſe with the world, as far from encouraging any ſtyle

of

A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or ſome worſe brute in human ſhape,
Ingroſs the fancies of the fair,
The few ſoft moments they can ſpare,

of addreſs, inconſiſtent with the rules of honour and g
ing, as any woman alive. Neither can it be ſaid, if
cluſions may be drawn from her appearance and behavi
land, that ſhe was either a vain woman, or fond of dreſs
ſhe was extremely nice and delicate, as well in the cle
her perſon, as in every thing ſhe wore. Her only
was, that ſhe had a paſſion for Dr. Swift, which was
conquered; although it is a point inconteſtable, that
had never once made her the moſt diſtant overtures of
and this paſſion was, in all probability, the remote ca
death. She languiſhed for ſome years, and fell into a
tion; neither was ſhe convinced that Dr. Swift was
Mrs. Johnſon, until about two months before her dec
was at laſt carried off by a fever, in the year 1723, a
37th year of her age.

Thus died at Selbridge, worthy of an happier fate, th
ed Mrs. Eſther Vanhomrigh, a martyr to love and co

Herſed in Death's cold frozen arms,
Lie deep intomb'd VANESSA's charms;
Tranſfix'd by Love's unerring dart,
The gentle fair indulg'd the ſmart;
For twice ſix long revolving years
Her days were ſpent in ſighs and tears;
Her tender frame at laſt decay'd,
She quits the world a lifeleſs ſhade;
Nor can, alas! the grave ſecure
Her virtues uncorrupt and pure!
VANESSA's fate in mournful ſtrains
Bewail, ye nymphs and ſhepherd ſwains;
Ye tuneful choirs, to whom belong
The powers of verſe, in plaintive ſong
Bewail the nymph, who dy'd to prove,
That reaſon was her guide in love.

From viſits to receive and pay;
From ſcandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thouſand female toys,
From ev'ry triſle that employs
The out or inſide of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
  In a dull ſtream, which moving ſlow,
You hardly ſee the current flow;
If a ſmall breeze obſtructs the courſe,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and ſtraws, and feathers:
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and ſtraws:
Hence we conclude, no womens hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
Nor are the men of ſenſe to blame,
For breaſts incapable of flame:
The fault muſt on the *nymphs* be plac'd,
Grown ſo corrupted in their taſte.
  The pleader, having ſpoke his beſt,
Had witneſs ready to atteſt,
Who fairly could on oath depoſe,
When queſtions on the fact aroſe,
That ev'ry article was true;
Nor further theſe deponents knew:—
Therefore he humbly would inſiſt,
The bill might be with coſts diſmiſt.

The cauſe appear'd of ſo much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-ſeat,
Deſir'd them not to talk ſo loud,
Elſe ſhe muſt interpoſe a cloud:
For if the heav'nly folk ſhould know
Theſe pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here diſdain to love,
She ne'er could ſhew her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wiſe
To value that which men deſpiſe.
And then, ſaid ſhe, my ſon and I
Muſt ſtroll in air, 'twixt earth and ſky;
Or elſe, ſhut out from heav'n and earth,
Fly to the ſea, my place of birth;
There live with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fiſh perpetual *lent*.
But, ſince the caſe appear'd ſo nice,
She thought it beſt to take advice.
The *Muſes*, by their king's permiſſion,
Though foes to love, attend the ſeſſion,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the *Graces*:
To whom ſhe might her doubts propoſe
On all emergencies that roſe.
The *Muſes* oft were ſeen to frown;
The *Graces* half aſham'd look'd down;
And 'twas obſerv'd, there were but few
Of either ſex among the crew,
Whom ſhe or her aſſeſſors knew.
The goddeſs ſoon began to ſee,
Things were not ripe for a decree;

, ſhe muſt conſult her books,
's Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
dapper clerk ſhe beckon'd
to Ovid, book the ſecond;
referr'd them to a place
(*vide* Dido's caſe):
ibullus's reports,
er paſs'd for law in courts:
ley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
r authority was ſmaller.
was on both ſides much to ſay:
ar the cauſe another day;
he did, and then a third;
d it——there ſhe kept her word:
rejoinders and replies,
ls, and anſwers ſtuff'd with lies,
imparlance, and eſſoign,
ies ne'er could iſſue join:
en years the cauſe was ſpun,
n ſtood where it firſt begun.
gentle Clio, ſing or ſay,
enus meant by this delay.
deſs, much perplex'd in mind
er empire thus declin'd,
rſt this grand debate aroſe,
er wiſdom to compoſe,
d a project in her head
her ends: which, if it ſped,
hew the merits of the cauſe
:r than conſulting laws.
lad hour Lucina's aid
on earth a wondrous maid,

On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the ſhelf,
And thus debated with herſelf:
  Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Thoſe beauties in a female mind,
Which raiſe a flame, that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reaſon they complain,
This inſtant ſhall reſtore my reign.
I'll ſearch where ev'ry virtue dwells,
From courts incluſive down to cells;
What preachers talk, or ſages write:
Theſe I will gather and unite,
And repreſent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.
  This ſaid, ſhe plucks in heav'ns high bow
A ſprig of *amaranthine* flow'rs,
In nectar thrice infuſes bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the *Graces* to her aid,
And ſprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender ſkin aſſumes
A ſweetneſs above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanlineſs remains,
Incapable of outward ſtains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind;
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes,
Leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of prudes;
Where never bluſh was call'd in aid,
That ſpurious virtue in a maid,

A virtue but at ſecond-hand;
They bluſh, becauſe they underſtand.
The *Graces* next would act their part,
And ſhew'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty ſhone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each breathing on her thrice, inſpir'd
That gentle, ſoft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And ſaid, "*Vaneſſa* be the name
"By which thou ſhalt be known to fame;
"*Vaneſſa*, by the gods inroll'd:
"Her name on earth—ſhall not be told."
But ſtill the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit.
Drawn by her doves, away ſhe flies,
And finds out Pallas in the ſkies:
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To ſee a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder iſle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd ſwear it is Apollo's ſon:
But it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, a child
So hopeful, has by me been ſpoil'd;
I have enough beſides to ſpare,
And give him wholly to your care.
Wiſdom's above ſuſpecting wiles:
The queen of learning gravely ſmiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Miſtakes Vaneſſa for a boy;

Then ſows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to woman kind;
For manly boſoms chiefly fit,
The ſeeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her ſoul was ſuddenly endu'd
With juſtice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can ſtain,
Which malice muſt attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a ſtand;
She knew in our degen'rate days
Bare virtue could not live on praiſe;—
That meat muſt be with money bought:
She therefore, upon ſecond thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by ſtealth,
Some ſmall regard for ſtate and wealth;
Of which, as ſhe grew up, there ſtay'd
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her eſtate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, leſt he ſhould neglect his ſtudies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddeſs
(For fear young maſter ſhould be ſpoil'd)
Would uſe him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to juſt five thouſand pound.
The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
To ſee Vaneſſa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but ſuch a dame
Through ev'ry breaſt would dart a flame;
That ev'ry rich and lordly ſwain
With pride would drag about her chain;

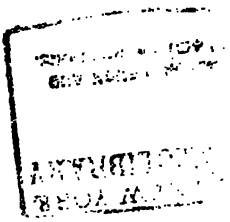
That ſcholars would forſake their books
To ſtudy bright Vaneſſa's looks;
As ſhe advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide:
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vaneſſa's praiſe rung in their ear:
Miſs Betty, when ſhe does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or ſpils the ſalt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
" 'Tis what Vaneſſa never did."
Thus by the nymphs and ſwains ador'd,
My pow'r ſhall be again reſtor'd,
And happy lovers bleſs my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the *martial maid*
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She ſhakes her helm, ſhe knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the ſetting ſun,
She'd all undo, that ſhe had done.
But in the poets we may find,
A wholeſome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree:
That gods, of whatſoe'er degree,
Reſume not what themſelves have giv'n,
Or any brother-god in heav'n;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they muſt always be at odds:
And Pallas, if ſhe broke the laws,
Muſt yield her foe the ſtronger cauſe;

A ſhame to one ſo much ador'd
For wiſdom at Jove's council-board.
Beſides, ſhe fear'd the queen of love
Would meet with better friends above.
And tho' ſhe muſt with grief reflect,
To ſee a mortal Virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breaſts, except her own;
Yet ſhe would act as beſt became
A goddeſs of unſpotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her deſign:
She ſtudy'd well the point, and found
Her foe's concluſions were not ſound,
From premiſes erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And muſt have contrary effects,
To what her treach'rous foe expects.
  In proper ſeaſon Pallas meets
The queen of love, whom thus ſhe greets:
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celeſtial language ſcold.)
Perfidious goddeſs! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain,
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou haſt, as thou ſhalt quickly ſee,
Deceiv'd thyſelf, inſtead of me:
For how can heav'nly wiſdom prove
An inſtrument to earthly love?
Know'ſt thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of ſenſe?

Nor ſhall Vaneſſa be the theme
To manage thy abortive ſcheme:
She'll prove the greateſt of thy foes;
And yet I ſcorn to interpoſe,
But uſing neither ſkill nor force,
Leave all things to their nat'ral courſe.
The goddeſs thus pronounc'd her doom:
When, lo! Vaneſſa in her bloom
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's ſtar,
But rarely ſeen, and ſeen from far:
In a new world with caution ſtept,
Watch'd all the company ſhe kept,
Well knowing, from the books ſhe read,
What dang'rous paths young virgins tread:
Would ſeldom at the park appear,
Nor ſaw the play-houſe twice a-year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converſe of mankind.
Firſt iſſu'd from perfumers ſhops
A croud of faſhionable ſops:
They aſk'd her, how ſhe lik'd the play?
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought laſt night at two,
About a lady——————you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muſcovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together:
Then fell to talking of the weather:
Laſt night was ſo extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine.
Then in ſoft voice, and ſpeech abſurd,
With nonſenſe ev'ry ſecond word,

With

With fuſtian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praiſe;
Run o'er their cant of ſtupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
With ſilent ſcorn Vaneſſa ſat,
Scarce liſt'ning to their idle chat;
Further than ſometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At laſt ſhe ſpitefully was bent
To try their wiſdom's full extent;
And ſaid, ſhe valu'd nothing leſs
Than titles, figure, ſhape and dreſs;
That merit ſhould be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taſte;
And theſe, ſhe offer'd to diſpute,
Alone diſtinguiſh'd man from brute:
That preſent times have no pretence
To virtue, in the Noble ſenſe
By Greeks and Romans underſtood,
To periſh for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then ſpoke with cenſure, or applauſe,
Of foreign cuſtoms, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art ſhe rang'd,
And gracefully her ſubject chang'd:
In vain: her hearers had no ſhare
In all ſhe ſpoke, except to ſtare.
Their judgment was upon the whole,
——That lady is the dulleſt ſoul——
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who ſhould ſay——She wants it here;



A Bell Sculp.

ay be handſome, young, and rich,
one will burn her for a witch.
arty next of glitt'ring dames,
round the purlieus of St. James,
early, out of pure good-will,
the girl in diſhabille.
clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
louder all the way up ſtairs;
trance loudeſt; where they found
oom with volumes litter'd round.
ſa held Montaigne, and read,
t Mrs. Buſan comb'd her head.
call'd for tea and chocolate,
ell into their uſual chat,
urſing, with important face,
bbons, fans, and gloves and lace;
d patterns juſt from India brought,
gravely aſk'd her what ſhe thought;
her the red or green were beſt,
what they coſt? Vaneſſa gueſs'd
me into her fancy firſt;
d half the rates, and lik'd the worſt.
andal next——What awkward thing
the laſt Sunday in the ring?
rry Mopſa breaks ſo faſt;
her face would never laſt.
na, with that youthful air,
rty, and a bit to ſpare:
ondneſs for a certain Earl
, when I was but a girl.
s, who but a month ago
marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,

I ſaw

I ſaw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight.
They rally'd next Vaneſſa's dreſs:
That gown was made for old Queen Beſs.
Dear Madam, let me ſee your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not aſham'd to ſtoop;
With handſome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow ſees.
Fill'd with diſdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herſelf and ſex aſham'd,
The nymph ſtood ſilent out of ſpight,
Nor would vouchſafe to ſet them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their cenſures vent.
She's not ſo handſome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies.
She's fair and clean, and that's the moſt:
But why proclaim her for a toaſt?
A baby face, no life, no airs,
But what ſhe learns at country-fairs;
Scarce knows what diff'rence is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy.
With all her wit, I would not aſk
Her judgment how to buy a maſk.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place:
Which ev'ry girl at five years old
Can do, as ſoon as ſhe is told.

I own,

I own, that out-of-faſhion ſtuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might paſs, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(*To know the world!* a modern phraſe
For viſits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual ſhame,
The *queen of beauty* loſt her aim.
Too late with grief ſhe underſtood,
Pallas had done more harm than good:
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets diſdain.
Both ſexes, arm'd with guilt and ſpite,
Againſt Vaneſſa's power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aſpir'd;
Her virtues fewer ſwains admir'd.
So ſtars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet ſome of either ſex, endow'd
With gifts ſuperior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taſte, and wit,
She condeſcended to admit.
With pleaſing arts ſhe could reduce
Mens talents to their proper uſe;
And with addreſs each genius held
To that wherein it moſt excell'd;
Thus making others' wiſdom known,
Could pleaſe them, and improve her own.
A modeſt youth ſaid ſomething new;
She plac'd it in the ſtrongeſt view.
All humble worth ſhe ſtrove to raiſe;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praiſe.

The

The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too ſhe would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow.
But this was for Cadenus' ſake,
A gownman of a diff'rent make;
Whom Pallas, once Vaneſſa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
  But Cupid, full of miſchief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vaneſſa's heart to take
Due vengeance for her patron's ſake.
Thoſe early ſeeds by Venus ſown,
In ſpite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd, they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made uſe of all his craft,
In vain diſcharging many a ſhaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing ſtill ſome book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's morals ſtruck, were ſpoil'd.
  The *queen of wiſdom* could foreſee,
But not prevent, the fates decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vaneſſa, though by Pallas taught,
By *Love* invulnerable thought,

Searching

Searching in books for wiſdom's aid,
Was, in the very ſearch, betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were loſt,
Yet ſtill reſolv'd to ſpare no coſt:
He could not anſwer to his fame
The triumphs of that ſtubborn dame,
A nymph ſo hard to be ſubdu'd,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, ſaid he, ſhe wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and inſtruct her:
I'll give her what ſhe moſt admires
Among thoſe venerable ſires.
Cadenus is a ſubject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Careſs'd by miniſters of ſtate,
Of half mankind the dread and hate:
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her ſex, with univerſal voice,
Muſt laugh at her capricious choice.
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vaneſſa much eſteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in ſecret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private ſtand
Took aim, and ſhot with all his ſtrength
A dart of ſuch prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her boſom too.
Some lines, more moving than the reſt,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breaſt,

And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her ſmart.
* Vaneſſa, not in years a ſcore,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almoſt blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies muſic in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ſhip decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A ſapling with a falling oak?
As years increaſe, ſhe brighter ſhines;
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he muſt fall a prey to time,
While ſhe continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In ev'ry ſcene had kept his heart;
Had ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd and writ,
For paſtime, or to ſhew his wit.
But time, and books, and ſtate-affairs,
Had ſpoil'd his faſhionable airs:
He now could praiſe, eſteem, approve,
But underſtood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him ſtyl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.

That

* The poet having before ſhewed the cauſe of Vaneſſa's diſappointment, here repreſents Vaneſſa, who was intended to animate every woman to imitation, and inſpire every man with love, as compelled to make advances to one, who had ſcarce ſenſibility enough to underſtand them. *Hawkeſ.*

innocent delight he took
the virgin mind her book,
out the maſter's ſecret joy
ool to hear the fineſt boy.
nowledge with her fancy grew;
ourly preſs'd for ſomething new;
came into her mind
t, his leſſons lagg'd behind;
aſon'd without plodding long,
ver gave her judgment wrong.
ow a ſudden change was wrought;
inds no longer what he taught.
ius was amaz'd to find
marks of a diſtracted mind:
hough ſhe ſeem'd to liſten more
l he ſpoke, than e'er before,
und her thoughts would abſent range,
ueſs'd not whence could ſpring the change.
firſt he modeſtly conjectures
upil might be tir'd with lectures;
h help'd to mortify his pride,
ave him not the heart to chide:
n a mild dejected ſtrain,
ſt he ventur'd to complain;
ſhe ſhould be no longer teas'd;
t have her freedom when ſhe pleas'd;
now convinc'd, he acted wrong
de her from the world ſo long,
in dull ſtudies to engage
of her tender ſex and age;
ev'ry nymph with envy own'd,
ſhe might ſhine in the *grand monde*,

And ev'ry ſhepherd was undone
To ſee her cloiſter'd like a nun.
This was a viſionary ſcheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his ſkill;
For nature muſt be nature ſtill.
If he was bolder than became
A ſcholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuſe a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And, ſince his talk offenſive grew,
He came to take his laſt adieu.
  Vaneſſa, fill'd with juſt diſdain,
Would ſtill her dignity maintain,
Inſtructed from her early years
To ſcorn the art of female tears.
  Had he employ'd his time ſo long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could ſuch notions entertain,
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts;
But he muſt anſwer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her coſt,
That all his leſſons were not loſt.
Two maxims ſhe could ſtill produce,
And ſad experience taught their uſe;
That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes:

That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble mind. *
Now, ſaid the nymph, I'll let you ſee
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms deſpiſe,
And have no ſecrets to diſguiſe.

I knew,

* Vaneſſa, conſcious that her paſſion was virtuous, had no motive to conceal it: for "virtue knows nothing that it dare not "own." She therefore confeſſed it to Cadenus, contrary to the *common forms*, which require that the firſt addreſs ſhould be made by the man. For common forms are only for common minds; they only veil defects, and are not neceſſary, where defects are not found. *Hawkeſ.*

Lord Orrery has been ſo far from acting upon the principle on which Mr. Pope framed this petition in his univerſal prayer,

Teach me——————
To hide *the fault I* ſee,

that where he has not *found* the appearance of a fault, he has laboured hard to *make* one. An inſtance of which will be found in his remark upon a maxim of Cadenus to Vaneſſa:

That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own.

"He taught her," ſays his Lordſhip, "that vice, as ſoon as "it defied ſhame, was immediately changed into virtue." But the moſt obvious and natural meaning is juſt contrary: That we deſire to conceal no act which upon reflection we do not diſcover to be vicious, becauſe virtue is pleaſed in proportion as it is diſplayed. And indeed theſe verſes could not be ſuppoſed an apology for lewdneſs, if his Lordſhip believed his own aſſertion, that the Dean was "not to be ſwayed by deliberate evil." *Hawkeſ.*

Lord Orrery ſays, *p.* 15. That Dr. Swift taught Vaneſſa, "that vice, as ſoon as it defied ſhame, was immediately chang-"ed into virtue." If Cadenus ever inſtilled that maxim into

I knew, by what you ſaid and writ,
How dang'rous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me againſt their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;

Your

the ſoul of Vaneſſa, we muſt, I am afraid, give him entirely up to cenſure, as an agent for the prince of darkneſs. But, without any racking, or tranſmutation of words, Swift's maxim was,

That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes.

A maxim which every man of honour would inſtil into the hearts of his children; and which Dr. Swift himſelf hath occaſionally expreſſed in other terms highly advantageous, *on ſeeing verſes written upon windows.* Vol. 8.

The ſage, who ſaid he ſhould be proud
Of windows in his breaſt,
Becauſe he ne'er one thought allow'd,
That might not be confeſt;
His window ſcrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
His breaſt again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The di'mond and the lover.

And ſuch were the noble ſentiments of that old Roman, I for get his name, whoſe reply to an architect could have proceede only from the mouth of an hero. The architect made him a offer, upon his giving him ſo much money, to contrive a hou for him in ſuch a manner, as that none from abroad ſhould po ſibly look into it. I will give you double the ſum, replied th hero, if you will contrive a houſe for me in ſuch a manner, t that every one that pleaſes may look into every corner of it.

This maxim of the Doctor's,

That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble mind,

leſſons found the weakeſt part,
at the head, but reach'd the heart.
lenus felt within him riſe
, diſappointment, guilt, ſurpriſe.
ew not how to reconcile
anguage with her uſual ſtyle:
et her words were ſo expreſt,
uld not hope ſhe ſpoke in jeſt.
oughts had wholly been confin'd
m and cultivate her mind.
rdly knew, till he was told,
her the nymph were young or old;
net her in a public place,
ut diſtinguiſhing her face:
leſs could his declining age
a's earlieſt thoughts engage;
f her youth indiff'rence met,
erſon muſt contempt beget:
ant her paſſion be ſincere,
ſhall his innocence be clear?
rances were all ſo ſtrong,
vorld muſt think him in the wrong;
d ſay, he made a treach'rous uſe
t, to flatter and ſeduce:

The

ar and plain, that it can no more be tortured into an enent to vice, as Lord Orrery alledges, than the ſecond dment into an encouragement to idolatry. Where do in the lines one ſyllable relating either to vice or virtue? mmon forms either *vices* or *virtues*? Whoever can ima- m to be either the one or the other, muſt have a certain in his brain for the reception of the moſt groſs and pal- ſurdities. *Swift.*

The town would ſwear he had betray'd
By magic ſpells the harmleſs maid:
And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,
That ſcholars were like other folks;
That, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
So tender of the young and fair!
It ſhew'd a true paternal care———
Five thouſand guineas in her purſe!
The Doctor might have fancy'd worſe——
Hardly at length he ſilence broke,
And faulter'd ev'ry word he ſpoke;
Interpreting her complaiſance,
Juſt as a man *ſans conſequence.*
She rally'd well, he always knew:
Her manner now was ſomething new;
And what ſhe ſpoke was in an air
As ſerious as a tragic player.
But thoſe, who aim at ridicule,
Should fix upon ſome certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jeſt,
Elſe he muſt enter his proteſt:
For let a man be ne'er ſo wiſe,
He may be caught with ſober lies;
A ſcience which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis juſt what coxcombs call a *bite.*
But not to dwell on things minute,
Vaneſſa finiſh'd the diſpute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reaſon was her guide in love.

She thought he had himſelf deſcrib'd,
His doctrines when ſhe firſt imbib'd:
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues ſhe might call her own;
As he approves, as he diſlikes,
Love or contempt her fancy ſtrikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted faſt,
Attends us firſt, and leaves us laſt:
Why ſhe likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herſelf, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praiſe
The geniuſes of ancient days!
(Thoſe authors he ſo oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wiſdom fam'd);
Was ſtruck with love, eſteem, and awe,
For perſons whom he never ſaw.
Suppoſe Cadenus flouriſh'd then,
He muſt adore ſuch godlike men.
If one ſhort volume could compriſe
All that was witty, learn'd, and wiſe,
How would it be eſteem'd, and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If ſuch an author were alive,
How all would for his friendſhip ſtrive,
And come in crowds to ſee his face!
And this ſhe takes to be her caſe.
Cadenus anſwers ev'ry end.
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmoſt her deſires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converſe is a ſyſtem fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;

While

While ev'ry paſſion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
Love can with ſpeech inſpire a mute,
And taught Vaneſſa to diſpute.
This topic never touch'd before,
Diſplay'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with ſuch pains acquir'd,
By this new paſſion grew inſpir'd:
Through this ſhe made all objects paſs,
Which gave a tincture o'er the maſs;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the ſea their courſe incline;
Or, as philoſophers, who find
Some fav'rite ſyſtem to their mind,
In ev'ry point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to ſubmit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er ſuſpect
His leſſons would have ſuch effect,
Or be ſo artfully apply'd,
Inſenſibly came on her ſide.
It was an unforeſeen event;
Things took a turn he never meant,
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
The nymph in ſober words intreats
A truce with all ſublime conceits:
For why ſuch raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durſt not read romances?
In lofty ſtyle to make replies,
Which he had taught her to deſpiſe?

en her tutor will affect
n, duty, and reſpect,
y abdicates his throne;
ernment is now her own:
ugh her arguments were ſtrong,
could hardly wiſh them wrong.
r it came, he could not tell,
: ſhe never talk'd ſo well.
le began to interpoſe;
d before a crowd of beaux!
ht a nymph to come unſought!
onder by his merit wrought!
rit muſt with her prevail;
er knew her judgment fail.
ed all ſhe ever read,
d a moſt diſcerning head.
an old maxim in the ſchools,
nity's the food of fools;
w and then your men of wit
ndeſcend to take a bit.
vhen Cadenus could not hide,
ſe to juſtify his pride;
Miſs delights in her ſpinnet,
er may a fortune get;
chead, with melodious voice,
ding-ſchools can have his choice:
t the dancing maſter's art
from the toe to touch the heart.
ning let a nymph delight,
dant gets a miſtreſs by't.
s, to his grief and ſhame,
carce oppoſe Vaneſſa's flame;

Where

Where hot and cold, where ſharp and ſweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleaſures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendſhip in its greateſt height,
A conſtant, rational delight,
On virtue's baſis fix'd to laſt,
When love's allurements long are paſt,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of paſſion will redeem
With gratitude, reſpect, eſteem;
With that devotion we beſtow,
When goddeſſes appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vaneſſa in exalted ſtrains,
Conſtr'ing the paſſion ſhe had ſhown,
Much to her praiſe, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a moſt judicious taſte.
Love, hitherto a tranſient gueſt,
Ne'er held poſſeſſion in his breaſt;
So long attending at the gate,
Diſdain'd to enter in ſo late.
Love why do we one paſſion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it ſtrange,
If both ſhould now their ſtations change.

nph will have her turn to be
or; and the pupil, he:
ſhe already can diſcern,
olar is not apt to learn;
ts capacity to reach
:nce ſhe deſigns to teach;
n his genius was below
ll of ev'ry common beau;
ho' he cannot ſpell, is wiſe
to read a lady's eyes,
ll each accidental glance
:t for a kind advance.
vhat ſucceſs Vaneſſa met,
e world a ſecret yet *.
:r the nymph, to pleaſe the ſwain,
ı a high romantic ſtrain;
:ther he at laſt deſcends
with leſs ſeraphic ends;
:ompound the bus'neſs, whether
:mper love and books together;
:ver to mankind be told,
ıll the conſcious muſe unfold. †

Mean

:vent of Vaneſſa's ſuit is judiciouſly omitted, as foreign
n and deſign of the poem. *Hawkeſ.*

l Orrery ſays, p. 16. "It is impoſſible to read this
ınt, without great indignation againſt the *conſcious*
——But is there no allowance to be made for the rants
ies of an heteroclite genius? Or would any poet, who
aſt ſpark of honour, ſuppoſing he had been ſo unfortu-
have had amours with a lady, have told the ſtory, or
leaſt intimation of it? Is one part of a poem, "to be
t fine painting, but, in general, fictitious," and ano-
of the ſame to be interpreted by the racking and tor-

Mean time the mournful *queen of love*
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the ſkies,
Grown by Vaneſſa's conduct wiſe:
For though by one perverſe event
Pallas had croſs'd her firſt intent,
Though her deſign was not obtain'd;
Yet had ſhe much experience gain'd,
And by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the *cauſe* decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and ſave their bail.
All met; and, ſilence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each ſide was nam'd.
The judge diſcover'd in her face
Reſentments for her late diſgrace;
And, full of anger, ſhame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor ſpend their time to ſhew their reading:
She'd have a ſummary proceeding.

She

turing of a conjecture, into the moſt ſolid, proſaic, and impure of all imaginable ideas? However, do not, in fact, all profeſſed admirers of particular women temper love and other amuſements together in the days of courtſhip? If then Cadenus and Vaneſſa be conjectured to have tempered love and books together; why ſhould they be ſuppoſed to have tranſgreſſed the rules of honour beyond the reſt of the world? But allowing it were juſt that our indignation ſhould riſe againſt the *conſcious muſe*, (as indeed, I am told, Miſs Vanhomrigh herſelf was extremely angry with the Doctor on account of theſe lines), the higher ſurely that our indignation ſhould be inflamed againſt her, the more ought Vaneſſa to be cleared and juſtified. *Swift.*

ther'd under every head
n of what each lawyer ſaid,
er own reaſons laſt, and then
l the cauſe againſt the *men*.
in a weighty caſe like this,
v ſhe did not judge amiſs,
evil tongues might elſe report,
de a ſpeech in open court;
n ſhe grievouſly complains,
ſhe was cheated by the ſwains;"
ɔſe petition, (humbly ſhewing
omen were not worth the wooing,
at, unleſs the ſex would mend,
:e of lovers ſoon muſt end,)
vas at Lord knows what expence
ɔrm a nymph of wit and ſenſe,
ɔdel for her ſex deſign'd,
never could one lover find.
aw her favour was miſplac'd;
fellows had a wretched taſte;
ıeeds muſt tell them to their face,
were a ſenſeleſs ſtupid race;
were ſhe to begin agen,
ſtudy to reform the *men*; *
dd ſome grains of folly more
ɔmen, than they had before,
ut them on an equal foot;
this, or nothing elſe, wou'd do't.

ıe *women*, in their manners and dreſs, imitate what ɔprove, their faults and follies are little more than the ɔes of the falſe taſte of their admirers; who cannot, urged by a ſtronger motive to correct it. *Hawkeſ.*

" This might their mutual fancy ſtrike;
" Since ev'ry being loves its *like*.
" But now, repenting what was done,
" She left all bus'neſs to her ſon;
" She puts the world in his poſſeſſion,
" And let him uſe it at diſcretion."
The cry'r was order'd to diſmiſs
The court, ſo made his laſt *O yes!*
The goddeſs would no longer wait;
But, riſing from her chair of ſtate,
Left all below at ſix and ſev'n,
Harneſs'd her doves, and flew to heav'n.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.*

Imitated from the eighth book of OVID.

Written about the year 1708.

IN ancient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells,
And ſtroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.

* In this tale, there is not only abundance of wit and fantry, but ſome peculiar happy ſtrokes, which, although very rarely to be found in the works of the fineſt authors, the diſtinguiſhing marks of an improved, conſummate ge The reader of taſte and learning cannot but obſerve how ex the ſound doth echo to the ſenſe, in the following lines:

They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after. l. 51.—86.

It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in maſquerade,
Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a ſmall village down in Kent;
Where, in the ſtrollers canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a ſoul would let them in.
Our wand'ring ſaints in woful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village paſt,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt;
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood *Philemon*;
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite
In his poor hut to paſs the night;
And then the hoſpitable ſire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut out large ſlices to be fry'd;

And yet, if poſſible, even theſe lines are excelled by the following diſtich:

The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall. l. 85, 86.

There are many examples in Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Horace, Shakeſpear, and Milton, which, for the ſame reaſon, are univerſally admired above all other paſſages in thoſe ſublime poets. *Swift.*

Then ſtepp'd aſide to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry,——What ar't!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *ſaints*, the hermits ſaid:
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churliſh boors,
Not fit to live on Chriſtian ground,
They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.
The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a joiſt,
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
Its inclination for below:

n; for a ſuperior force
'd at bottom ſtops its courſe:
i'd ever in ſuſpenſe to dwell,
ow no kettle, but a bell.
vooden jack, which had almoſt
y diſuſe the art to roaſt,
den alteration feels,
s'd by new inteſtine wheels;
what exalts the wonder more,
umber made the motion ſlow'r.
ier, though't had leaden feet,
d round ſo quick, you ſcarce could ſee't;
acken'd by ſome ſecret pow'r,
hardly moves an inch an hour.
ack and chimney, near ally'd,
ever left each other's ſide:
himney to a ſteeple grown,
ack would not be left alone;
ip againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
ne a clock, and ſtill adher'd:
till its love to houſhold-cares,
hrill voice at noon, declares,
ing the cook-maid not to burn
roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.
e groaning chair began to crawl,
a huge ſnail, along the wall,
ſtuck aloft in public view,
with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.
e porringers, that in a row
high, and made a glitt'ring ſhow,
leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The

The ballads paſted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and Engliſh Moll,
Fair Roſamond, and Robin Hood,
The little children in the wood,
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe*.

A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which ſtill their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.

The cottage, by ſuch feats as theſe
Grown to a church by juſt degrees,
The hermits then deſir'd their hoſt
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely ſtyle;
Then ſaid, My houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks I ſtill would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe;
Make me the *parſon*, if you pleaſe.

He ſpoke; and preſently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-ſleeve;

* Of the twelve tribes of Iſrael, which, in country c are ſometimes diſtinguiſhed by the enſigns appropriated by Jacob on his death-bed. *Hawkeſ.*

His waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue;
But, being old, continu'd juſt
As thread-bare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of *tythes* and *dues*:
He ſmok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At chriſt'nings well could act his part,
And had the ſervice all by heart;
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt;
Againſt *diſſenters* would repine,
And ſtood up firm for *right divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem:
But claſſic authors,—he ne'er miſs'd 'em.
Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Inſtead of home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen*:
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black ſatin flounc'd with lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down;
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great ſurpriſe,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim;
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.
Thus happy in their change of life
Were ſev'ral years this man and wife;
When on a day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old ſtories paſt,

They

They went by chance, amidſt their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis haſtily cry'd out,
My dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout!
Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell u
I hope you don't believe me jealous:
But yet methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too—
Nay,—now I cannot ſtir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.
Deſcription would but tire my muſe;
In ſhort, they were both turn'd to *yews*.
Old Goodman Dobſon of the green
Remembers, he the trees has ſeen:
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to ſhew the ſight;
On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either *yew*;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:
Till once a parſon of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

DESCRIPTION of a CITY-SHOWER.

In imitation of Virgil's Georgics.

Written in the year 1712.

Careful obſervers may foretel the hour
(By ſure prognoſtics) when to dread a ſhow'r.
ile rain depends, the penſive cat gives o'er
frolics, and purſues her tail no more.
ırning home at night, you'll find the ſink
ke your offended ſenſe with double ſtink.
ou be wiſe, then go not far to dine;
'll ſpend in coach-hire more than ſave in wine.
oming ſhow'r your ſhooting corns preſage,
aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
nt'ring in coffeehouſe is Dulman ſeen;
damns the climate, and complains of *ſpleen*.
ſean while the ſouth, riſing with dabbled wings,
able cloud athwart the welkin flings,
ıt ſwill'd more liquor than it could contain,
d, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
k Suſan whips her linen from the rope,
ıile the firſt drizzling ſhow'r is borne aſlope:
h is that ſprinkling, which ſome careleſs quean
ts on you from her mop, but not ſo clean:
u fly, invoke the gods; then turning, ſtop
rail: ſhe ſinging, ſtill whirls on her mop.
t yet the duſt had ſhunn'd th' unequal ſtrife,
, aided by the wind, fought ſtill for life,
d wafted with its foe by vi'lent guſt,

'T-was

† 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was
duſt.

Ah! where muſt needy poet ſeek for aid,
When duſt and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where duſt cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy ſtain.
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To ſhops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar ſpruce, while ev'ry ſpout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up ſem'ſtreſs walks with haſty ſtrides;
While ſtreams run down her oil'd umbrella's ſides
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a ſhed.
* Triumphant *Tories*, and deſponding *Whigs*, †
Forget their feuds, and join to ſave their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient ſits,
While ſpouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;
And

† 'Twas doubtful which was ſea, and which was ſky.
Garth's Diſp.

* This was written in the firſt year of the Earl of Oxford's miniſtry.

† As *Whig* and *Wig* only differ by an aſpiration, which is ſcarce to be diſtinguiſhed, it may be thought an exception to the Dean's remarkable exactneſs, that he has made them rhyme: but the ſame thing was afterwards done by Mr. Pope either upon the Dean's authority, or becauſe he did not think it liable to objection:

A joke on Jekyll or ſome odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principles or Wig.

Hawkeſ

ver and anon with frightful din
:ather ſounds; he trembles from within.
en Troy chairmen bore the wooden ſteed,
ınt with Greeks impatient to be freed,
: bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
l of paying chairmen, run them through,)
ɔn ſtruck the outſide with his ſpear,
ach impriſon'd hero quak'd for fear.
v from all parts the ſwelling kennels flow,
ear their trophies with them as they go:
of all hues and odours ſeem to tell
ſtreet they ſail'd from, by their ſight and ſmell.
as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's ſhape their courſe,
n huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
om the *conduit* prone to Holborn bridge.
epings from butchers ſtalls, dung, guts, and blood,
n'd puppies, ſtinking ſprats, all drench'd in mud,
cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

eſe three laſt lines were intended to ridicule the practice rn poets, who make three lines rhyme together, which l *triplets;* and the laſt line two or more ſyllables longer : reſt, which they call an *alexandrine*. Theſe triplets, xandrines were brought in by Dryden and other poets, :eign of Charles II. They were merely the effects of lleneſs, and want of money; and have been wholly a- ıy the beſt poets ſince theſe verſes were written.

A DESCRIPTION of the MORNING.

Written about the year 1712.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own:
The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door,
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.
The youth † with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmall-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep:
Duns at his Lordſhip's gate began to meet;
And brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd through half the ſtreet.
The turnkey now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a-nights to ſteal for ſees:
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands,
And ſchoolboys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

HORACE.

† To find old nails.

HORACE, Epiſt. 7. Book 1. imitated, and addreſſed to the Earl of OXFORD *, in the Year 1713. †

HArley, the nation's great ſupport,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares poſſeſs'd,
All Europe's buſ'neſs in his breaſt,)
Obſerv'd a *parſon* near Whitehall
Cheap'ning old authors on a ſtall.
The prieſt was pretty well in caſe,
And ſhew'd ſome humour in his face;
Look'd with an eaſy, careleſs mien,
A perfect ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Of ſize that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to ſit ſtill.
My Lord (who, if a man may ſay't,
Loves miſchief better than his meat,)

1. *Strenuus et fortis, cauſiſque Philippus agendis*
Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit ——

5. —— —— *Conſpexit, ut aiunt,*
Adraſum quendam vacuâ tonſoris in umbrâ,
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.

* Robert Harley, Eſq; three times Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, once in King William's reign, and twice in Queen Anne's; created Baron Harley of Wigmore, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, the 24th of April 1711, and Lord High Treaſurer of England, on the 29th of the ſaid month.

† In this year the author was made Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. See an account of his firſt interview with Mr. Harley, in his letter to Dr. King, Oct. 10. 1710.

Was now diſpos'd to crack a jeſt,
And bid friend Lewis ‡ go in queſt,
(This Lewis is a cunning ſhaver,
And very much in Harley's favour,)
In queſt, who might this *parſon* be,
What was his name, of what degree,
If poſſible, to learn his ſtory,
And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter ſift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of ſpecial note
For ſhunning thoſe of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no ſort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In ſtate-opinions *à la mode*,
He hated Wharton * like a toad,

15. *Demetri, (puer hic non lævè juſſa Philippi*
Accipiebat,) abi, quære, et refer: unde domo, quis,
Cujus fortunæ, quo ſit patre, quove patrono?
23. 25. *It, redit, et narrat, Vulteium nomine Mænam.*
31. ——*Tenui cenſu, ſine crimine notum,*
Et properare loco, et ceſſare, et quærere, et uti,
Gaudentem——

‡ Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq; private ſecretary to the Earl of Oxford.

* Earl of Wharton, father to the Duke of Wharton, died in France. See his character, vol. 4. p. 409.

Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the *junto* round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in ev'ry ſtreet,
But ſeldom roſe above a ſheet:
Of late indeed the paper *ſtamp*
Did very much his genius cramp:
And, ſince he could not ſpend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, I deſire to know
From his own mouth if this be ſo;
Step to the Doctor, ſtraight, and ſay,
I'd have him dine with me to-day.
Swift ſeem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had ſent;
So never offer'd once to ſtir;
But coldly ſaid, *Your ſervant, Sir.*
Does he refuſe me? Harley cry'd:
He does, with inſolence and pride.
Some few days after Harley ſpies
The Doctor faſten'd by the eyes,
At Charing-croſs among the rout,
Where painted monſters are hung out:

47. *Scitari libet ex ipſo quodcunque refers. Dic,*
Ad cœnam veniat. Non ſanè credere Mæna:
Mirari ſecum tacitus.
54. *Benignè, reſpondet.*
55. *Neget ille mihi?*
56. ——*Negat improbus, et te*
Negligit, aut horret.
57. ——*Vulteium mane Philippus*
Vilia vendentem tunicato ſcruta popello
Occupat, et ſalvere jubet prior.

He pull'd the ſtring, and ſtopt his coach,
Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came ſneaking to the chariot-ſide,
And offer'd many a lame excuſe:
He never meant the leaſt abuſe——
My Lord——the honour you deſign'd——
Extremely proud——but I had din'd——
I'm ſure I never ſhould neglect——
No man alive has more reſpect——
" Well, I ſhall think of that no more,
" If you'll be ſure to come at *four.*"
The Doctor now obeys the ſummons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Diſplays his talent, ſits till ten;
Next day invited comes again;
Soon grows domeſtic; ſeldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early, and departed late:
In ſhort, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to Windſor takes his gueſt.

S

65. ——*Ille Philippo*
Excuſare laborem.——
71. ——*Sic ignoviſſe putato*
Me tibi, ſi cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
Poſt nonam venies——
74. *Ut ventum ad cœnam eſt, dicenda, tacenda locutus,*
Tandem dormitum demittitur. Hic ubi ſæpè
Occultum viſus decurrere piſcis ad hamum,
Mane cliens, et jam certus conviva:——
81. ——*Jubetur*
Rura ſuburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
Impoſitus mannis, arvum cœlumque Sabinum
Non ceſſat laudare.

Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a *canon* there;
In ſummer round the park to ride,
In winter, never to reſide.
A *canon!* that's a place too mean;
No, Doctor, you ſhall be a *Dean:*
Two dozen *canons* round your ſtall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but croſs the *Iriſh ſeas,*
To live in plenty, pow'r, and eaſe.
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worſe,
With borrow'd money in his purſe;
Travels at leaſt an hundred leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs fatigues.
Suppoſe him now a *Dean* complete,
Devoutly lolling in his ſeat;
The ſilver virge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cuſhion-ſide:
Suppoſe him gone through all vexations,
Patents, inſtalments, abjurations,
Firſt-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and—cheats.
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving.)
Now all the Doctor's money's ſpent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers ſpitefully combin'd
Force him to take his tythes in kind;
And

97. ——*Videt, ridetque Philippus.*
107. ——*Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ,*
Spem mentita ſeges, bos eſt enectus arando;

And Parviſol * diſcounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs †.
  Poor Swift, with all his loſſes vext,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thouſand pounds in debt,
Takes horſe, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at ſuch a rate,
He ſoon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was ſo dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read ‡ would hardly let him in.
  Said Harley, Welcome, rev'rend Dean;
What makes your worſhip look ſo lean?
Why, ſure you won't appear in town
In that old wig and ruſty gown?
I doubt your heart is ſet on pelf
So much that you neglect yourſelf.
What! I ſuppoſe now ſtocks are high,
You've ſome good purchaſe in your eye:

Or

113. *Offenſus damnis, media de nocte caballum*
Arripit, iratuſque Philippi tendit ad ædes.
121. *Quem ſimul aſpexit ſcabrum intonſumque Philippus,*
Durus, ait, Vultei, nimis attentuſque videris
Eſſe mihi.

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

† Upon Dr. Swift's arrival in Ireland to take poſſeſſion of his deanery, he found the violence of party raging in that kingdom to the higheſt degree. The common people were taught to look upon him as a Jacobite; and they proceeded ſo far in their deteſtation, as to throw ſtones and dirt at him as he paſſed through the ſtreets. The chapter of St. Patrick's, like the reſt of the kingdom, received him with great reluctance; they thwarted him in every point that he propoſed. He was avoided as a peſtilence; he

‡ The Lord Treaſurer's porter.

your money out at uſe?——
, good my Lord, I beg a truce,
Doctor in a paſſion cry'd,)
raillery is miſapply'd;
ence I have dearly bought;
now I am not worth a groat:

But

ppoſed as an invader; he was marked out as an enemy untry. Such was his firſt reception as Dean of St. Pa- Fewer talents, and leſs firmneſs, muſt have yielded to eous an oppoſition; *ſed contra audentior ibat.* He had enough of human nature, to be convinced, that the of low, ſelf-intereſted minds ebb and flow continually. re they know not whom, they hate they know not why: captivated by words, guided by names, and governed by . *Sacheverel and the church* had been of as great ſervice arty in the year 1710, as *popery and ſlavery* were to the the year 1713. But, to ſhew the ſtrange revolutions in d, Dr. Swift, who was now the deteſtation of the Iriſh ived to be afterwards the moſt abſolute monarch over t ever governed men.

ſt ſtep was, to reduce to reaſon and obedience his reverend the chapter of St. Patrick's: in which he ſucceeded ſo and ſo ſpeedily, that in a ſhort time after his arrival, member of that body offered to contradict him, even in on the contrary, they held him in the higheſt reſpect ration; ſo that he ſat in the chapter-houſe, like Jupiter ood of the gods. Whether fear or conviction were the of ſo immediate a change, I leave you to conſider; but is,

Phœbi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis.

er, Swift made no longer a ſtay in Ireland, in the year an was requiſite to eſtabliſh himſelf as Dean, and to ough certain cuſtoms and formalities, or, to uſe his ds,

Through all vexations, &c. l. 101—104. *Orrery.*

But 'tis a folly to conteſt
When you reſolve to have your jeſt;
Then, ſince you now have done your worſt,
Pray leave me where you found me firſt ‡.

136. *Quod te per Genium dextramque deoſque Penates*
Obſecro, et obteſtor, vitæ me redde priori.

Horace, Lib. 2. Sat. 6. part of it imitated.

Written about the year 1713.

I'VE often wiſh'd, that I had clear
For life ſix hundred pounds a-year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land ſet out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this, and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore;
But ſhould be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this ſide Trent,
Nor croſs the *channel* twice a-year,
To ſpend ſix months with *ſtateſmen* here.

I m

1. *Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,*
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum ſilvæ ſuper his foret. Auctius atque
7. ——*Dii melius fecere.*——

‡ In England, where he ſeems by this poem to ſolicit a ſe
ment in the manner peculiar to himſelf. *Hawkeſ.*

† This poem was written about the ſame time with the
ceding, and apparently with the ſame view. *Hawkeſ.*—
was afterwards enlarged by Mr. Pope. See Warburton's editi
Pope's works, vol. 4.

t by all means come to town,
the ſervice of the crown,
s, the *Dean* will be of uſe;
for him up, take no excuſe."
l, the danger of the ſeas,
niniſters ne'er think of theſe;
it coſt five hundred pound,
tter where the money's found,
it ſo much more in debt,
iat they ne'er conſider'd yet.
ood Mr. *Dean*, go change your gown,
my Lord know you're come to town."
r me in haſte away,
inking it is levee-day;
nd his honour in a pound,
i'd by a triple circle round
er'd with ribbons blue and green;
hould I thruſt myſelf between?
wag obſerves me thus perplext,
miling whiſpers to the next,
ought the *Dean* had been too proud
juſtle here among a croud."
ier in a ſurly fit
me, I have more zeal than wit;
eager to expreſs your love,
i ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,

" But

e Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem
iore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
id vis inſane? et quas res agis? improbus urget
precibus; tu pulſes omne quod obſtat,
Mecænatem memori ſi mente recurras.
juvat, et melli eſt, non mentiar.——

"But rudely press before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case——
That begs my int'rest for a place——
An hundred other mens affairs
Like bees are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
"Without your help the cause is gone"——
The Duke expects my Lord and you
About some great affair at two——
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider, 'tis my first request."——
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:——
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may for certain, if you please;
"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew——
"And, Mr. *Dean*, one word from you"——
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)

Sin

44. ——*Aliena negotia centum*
Per caput et circumfluat latus.
60. ——— [illegible]
63. *Septimus [illegible]*
Ex quo [illegible] me [illegible]
In numero; [illegible] quem tollere [illegible]
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas.

A. Bell Sculp.

Iarley bid me firſt attend,
ioſe me for an humble friend;
l take me in his coach to chat,
ueſtion me of this and that;
What's o'clock?" and, "How's the wind?"
hoſe chariot's that we left behind?"
ravely try to read the lines
t underneath the country-*ſigns*;
"Have you nothing new to-day
rom Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"
ch tattle often entertains
y Lord and me as far as Stains,
s once a-week we travel down
o Windſor, and again to town,
here all that paſſes *inter nos*
light be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
ecauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
How think you of our friend the *Dean*?
I wonder what ſome people mean;
My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
Always together, *tête à tête*——
What they admire him for his jokes——
ee but the fortune of ſome folks!"
re flies about a ſtrange report
ſome expreſs arriv'd at court,
ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.

—Subjectior in diem et horam
videæ.
igidus à roſtris manat per compita rumor;
icunque obvius eſt, me conſulit.

" You, Mr. *Dean*, frequent the great;
" Inform us, will the *Emp'ror* treat?"
" Or, do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah! Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
" 'Tis now no ſecret"——I proteſt
'Tis one to me——" Then tell us, pray,
" When are the troops to have their pay?"
And tho' I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat.
Oh, could I ſee my country ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book!
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town!

101. *Jurantem meſcire nihil, mirantur, ut unum*
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilenti.
108. *O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam? quandoque licebit*
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno, et inertibus horis
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

The FABLE of the BITCHES.

A Bitch that was full pregnant grown,
By all the dogs and curs in town;
Finding her teeming time was come,
And litter ripen'd in her womb,

W

Went here, and there, and every where,
To find an eaſy place to lay-her.
At length to * Muſic's houſe ſhe came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame,
"My only friend, my dear," ſaid ſhe,
"You ſee that mere neceſſity
"Hath ſent me to your houſe to whelp,
"I'm dead if you deny your help."
With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful ſigh and feigned groan,
With canting voice and doleful tale,
Smooth † Bawty did ſo far prevail;
That Muſic gave her leave to litter,
(But mark what follow'd)—faith ſhe bit her.
Whole baſkets full of bits and ſcraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps;
For well ſhe knew her num'rous brood,
For want of milk, wou'd ſuck her blood.
But when ſhe thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone;
In civil terms—"My friend," ſaid ſhe,
"My houſe you've had on courteſie;
"And now I earneſtly deſire,
"That you wou'd with your cubs retire:
"For ſhou'd you ſtay but one week longer,
"I ſhall be ſtarv'd with cold and hunger."
The gueſt reply'd—"My friend, your leave
"I muſt a little longer crave;
"Stay till my tender cubs can find
"Their way—for now you ſee they're blind;

* Muſic alludes to the church of *England*.
† Bawty (which is the name of a bitch in *Scotch*) alludes to the kirk.

" But when we've gather'd ſtrength, I ſwear,
" We'll to our barn again repair."
The time paſs'd on, and Muſic came
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, loſt to ſhame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her,
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd—a bite, a bite.

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Trojan wooden horſe
Conceal a fatal armed force;
No ſooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's loſt, and Priam falls.

ST. PATRICK's Addreſs to the People of IRELAND when he reſigned his Patronage.

BY holy zeal inſpir'd, and led by fame,
To thee, once fav'rite iſle, with joy I came
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun
Had my own native Italy o'er-run;
Ierne, to the world's remoteſt parts,
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
Hither from Cholchos with the fleecy ore,
Jaſon arriv'd, two thouſand years before.
Thee, happy iſland, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown.
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race;
Thy martial ſons, whom now they dare deſpiſe,
Did once their land ſubdue and civilize;

The

ſs, their language, and the Scottiſh name,
he ſoil from whence the victors came
r they boaſt that ancient blood, which runs
heir veins, who are thy younger ſons;
eſt and a colony from thee,
her-kingdom, left her children free;
e no mark of ſlavery they felt.
ith thee thy baſe invaders dealt.
› revengeful *Murrough*'s aid,
hom they cou'd not conquer, they betray'd.
by thee we fell, ungrateful iſle,
ıy valour, but ſuperior guile.
with ſhame confeſs, this land of mine
ght thee human knowledge and divine;
tes and my ſtudents ſent from hence,
ır ſons converts both to GOD and ſenſe;
the paſtors of thy rav'nous breed,
ıe to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
l Ierne! with what grief I ſee,
changes time hath made in thee;
ſtian rites I introduc'd in vain;
delity's return'd again;
and virtue in thy ſons I found,
v in vice and ſlavery are drown'd;
and prayer (this croſier in my hand)
ıe venom'd ſerpent from thy land;
herd in his bow'r might ſleep or ſing,
d the adder's tooth, or ſcorpion's ſting;
ens oft I ſtrove to warn thy ſwains,
the types of thy impending chains.
magpie from the Britiſh ſoil,
leſs beak thy blooming fruits to ſpoil,

thine ears with unharmonious clack,
Haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What elſe are thoſe thou ſeeſt in b**p's geer,
Who crop the nurſeries of learning here.
As you grew more degenerate and baſe,
I ſent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of inſects vile, who ſpread their ſpawn
Thro' all thy land, in armour, fur and lawn.
A numerous brood that fills your ſenate walls
And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls.
See where that new devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Hunns;
With harpy claws it undermines the ground,
And ſudden ſpreads a num'rous offspring round;
Th' amphibious tyrant with his rav'nous band,
Drains all the lakes of fiſh, of fruits the land.
Where is the ſacred well that bore my name?
Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came;
Fair freedom's emblem once, which ſmoothly flows,
And bleſſings equally on all beſtows.
Here, from the neighb'ring nurſery of arts,
The ſtudents drinking rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my well their Hippocrene.
Diſcourag'd youths, now all their hopes muſt fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a ſlaviſh court,
And by their ſweat procure a mean ſupport;
Or, for the claſſics, read th' attorney's guide,
Collect exciſe, or wait upon the tide.

O! hac

O! had I been apoſtle to the Swiſs,
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
Combined in **** they had their foes defy'd,
And kept their liberty, or bravely dy'd.
Thou, ſtill with tyrants in ſucceſſion curſt,
The laſt invaders trampling on the firſt;
Nor fondly hope for ſome reverſe of fate,
Virtue herſelf would now return too late.
Not half thy courſe of miſery is run,
Thy greateſt evils yet are ſcarce begun.
Soon ſhall thy ſons, the time is juſt at hand,
Be all made captives in their native land;
When for the uſe of no Hibernian born,
Shall riſe one blade of graſs, one ear of corn;
When ſhells or leather ſhall for money paſs,
Nor thy oppreſſing lords afford thee braſs.
But all turn leaſers to that mongrel breed,
Who from thee ſprung, yet on thy vitals feed:
Who to yon rav'nous iſle thy treaſures bear,
And waſte in luxury thy harveſts there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jeſt of wits, and to the court unknown.
I ſcorn thy ſpurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage reſign.

VERSES written in a Lady's ivory Table-book.

Written in the year 1706.

PERUSE my leaves through ev'ry part,
And think thou ſeeſt my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as ſenſeleſs, and as light;

Expos'd

Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wife.
Here you may read, *Dear charming faint;*
Beneath, *A new receipt for paint:*
Here in beau-ſpelling, *Tru tel deth;*
There in her own, *Far an ell breth:*
Here, *Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom:*
There, *A ſafe way to uſe perfume:*
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux:
On t'other ſide, *Laid out for ſhoes;*
Madam, I die without your grace;
Item, *for half a yard of lace.*
Who that had wit would place it here,
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer?
In pow'r of ſpittle, and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In ſuch a book, and ſuch a heart,
If he be wealthy and a fool,
Is in all points the fitteſt tool;
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He's a gold pencil tip'd with lead.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION*.

Written in the year 1701.

To their Excellencies

The LORDS JUSTICES of *Ireland* †,

The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries:

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myſelf in Lady Betty's ‡ chamber, becauſe I was cold;
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds four ſhillings and ſixpence, beſides farthings, in money and gold:

So,

* When the Earl of Berkeley was one of the Lords Juſtices of Ireland, Swift's true poetical vein (Pindaric flights being entirely out of the road of his talents) began to diſcover itſelf in ſome occaſional pieces which he writ in thoſe times, particularly in the *Ballad on the game of traffic* [Vol. 9.] in the *Ballad to the tune of the cutpurſe* [Vol. 8.] and in *Mrs. Harris's petition.* Theſe poems are all wrong dated in the ſeveral editions of his works. It appears, to a demonſtration, they were all written in the year 1699.——The petition of Mrs. Harris, although it may be ranked in that claſs of poetry which is called *low humour*, is full of mirth and raillery. The Doctor himſelf, and Mrs. Harris, are the two principal characters, againſt whom the ridicule is immediately pointed. However, there is one beautiful ſtroke of nature in this poem worthy to be remarked, which, in the way of characteriſing, can never be excelled by any effort of genius. Do but obſerve the anſwer of the old deaf houſekeeper, in the following lines:

Then my dame Wadgar came, &c. l. 25.——29.

In one word, whoever can read this petition of Mrs. Harris, without feeling ſome extraordinary pleaſure, hath, in my opinion, neither wit, humour, judgment, nor any taſte for poetry in his whole compoſition. *Swift.*

† Earl of Berkeley, and Earl of Galway.

‡ Lady Betty Berkeley.

So, becauſe I had been buying things for my *Lady* laſt night,
I was reſolv'd to tell my money, to ſee if it was right.
Now, you muſt know, becauſe my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore, all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very ſmall ſtock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my ſmock.
So, when I went to put up my purſe, as God would have it, my ſmock was unript,
And, inſtead of putting it into my pocket, down it ſlipt:
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my *Lady* to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as ſafe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my purſe, *Lord!* I thought I ſhould have ſunk outright.
Lord! Madam, ſays Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never worſe:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purſe?
Lord help me! ſaid Mary, I never ſtirr'd out of this place:
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain caſe.

So

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, ſhe ſtole away my garters, that I might
do myſelf no harm.
So I tumbled and toſs'd all night, as you may
very well think,
But hardly ever ſet my eyes together, or ſlept a
wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went
and ſearch'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's box, ty'd in a
rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle*, and he fell
a ſwearing:
Then my Dame Wadgar† came; and ſhe, you
know, is thick of hearing:
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you
know what a loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my Lord Colway's‡ folks are all
very ſad;
For my Lord Dromedary§ comes a Tueſday
without fail.
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the bus'neſs that I ail.
Says Cary‖, ſays he, I have been a ſervant this
five and twenty years, come ſpring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of ſuch
a thing.

Yes,

* Earl of Berkeley's valet.

† The old deaf houſekeeper.

‡ Galway.

§ Drogheda, who, with the primate, was to ſucceed the two Earls.

‖ Clerk of the kitchen.

Yes, ſays the *ſteward*, I remember, when I wa
at my Lady Shrewſbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd juſt about the time
of *gooſeberries*.
So I went to the party ſuſpected, and I found her
full of grief.
(Now you muſt know, of all things in the world,
I hate a thief.)
However, I was reſolved to bring the diſcourſe
ſlily about:
Mrs. Dukes*, ſaid I, here's an ugly accident ha
happen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three ſkips of a
louſe;†
But the thing I ſtand upon, is the credit of the
houſe.
'Tis true, ſeven pounds four ſhillings and ſixpence
makes a great hole in my wages:
Beſides, as they ſay, ſervice is no inheritance in
theſe ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body un-
derſtands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't
go without hands.
The *devil* take me, ſaid ſhe (bleſſing herſelf,) i
ever I ſaw't!
So ſhe roar'd like a Bedlam, as though I had call'd
her all to naught.
So you know, what could I ſay to her any more
I e'en left her, and came away as wiſe as I wa
before.

Well;

* A ſervant, wife to one of the footmen.
† An uſual ſaying of hers.

Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man:
No, ſaid I, 'tis the ſame thing, the *chaplain* will be here anon.
So the *chaplain* † came in. Now the ſervants ſay he is my ſweetheart,
Becauſe he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parſon, ſaid I, can you caſt a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?
(Now you muſt know he hates to be call'd *parſon* like the *devil*)
Truly, ſays he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil:
If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* ſays, d'ye ſee,
You are no *text* for my handling; ſo take that from me:
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you to know.
Lord! ſaid I, don't be angry, I am ſure I never thought you ſo;
You know, I honour the cloth; I deſign to be a *parſon's* wife;
I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my life.
With that he twiſted his girdle at me like a rope, as who ſhould ſay,
Now you may go hang yourſelf for me: and ſo went away.

† The author.

Well: I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd. *Lord*
ſaid I, what ſhall I do?
I have loſt my *money*, and ſhall loſe my *true love* to
Then my *Lord* call'd me: Harry, † ſaid my *Lord*
don't cry,
I'll give you ſomething towards thy loſs: and, ſay
my *Lady*, ſo will I.
Oh! but, ſaid I, what if, after all, my chaplain
won't *come to?*
For that, he ſaid, (an't pleaſe your *Excellencies*,)
muſt petition you.
The premiſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your
Excellencies protection,
And that I may have a ſhare in next Sunday's
collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your *Excel-*
lencies letter,
With an order for the *chaplain* aforeſaid, or, in
ſtead of him, a better:
And then your poor *petitioner* both night and day
Or the *chaplain*, for 'tis his *trade*, as in duty bound
ſhall ever *pray*.

La

† A cant word of my Lord and Lady to Mrs. Harris.

Lady Betty Berkeley, finding in the author's room ſome verſes † unfiniſhed, underwrit a ſtanza *of her own, with raillery upon him; which gave occaſion to this* ballad, *written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third perſon had done it.*

Written in the year 1703.

To the tune of *The cutpurſe.*

I.

ONce on a time, as old ſtories rehearſe,
A friar would needs ſhew his talent in Latin;
But was ſorely put to't in the midſt of a verſe,
Becauſe he could find no word to come pat in:
Then all in the place
He left a void ſpace,
And ſo went to bed in a deſperate caſe:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the middle.
Chorus. *Let cenſuring critics then think what they liſt on't;*
Who would not write verſes with ſuch an aſſiſtant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement:
For he wiſely conſider'd it muſt be a ſprite,
That came through the key-hole, or in at the caſement;
And it needs muſt be one that could both read and write:

† Theſe verſes are called, *A ballad on the game of traffic*, and may be found among the poetry, vol. 9.

Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it ſo well of himſelf. 2
Chor. *Let cenſuring*, &c.

III.

Even ſo Maſter Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a ſtand:
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains
When he found a new help from inviſible hand. 2
Then, good Doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely muſt own you were at a dead lift
And, though ſome malicious young ſpirit did do't
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot
Chor. *Let cenſuring*, &c.

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt

Written in the year 1706.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
And poets their own verſes ſung,
A verſe could draw a ſtone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its diff'rent pow'r:
Heroic ſtrains could build a tow'r;

Sonnets

Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raiſe a houſe about two ſtories;
A lyric ode would ſlate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own, or landlord's coſt,
Now poets feel this art is loſt.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raiſe a lodging *for a ſong*:
For Jove conſider'd well the caſe,
Obſerv'd they grew a num'rous race;
And ſhould they *build* as faſt as *write*,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wiſely chang'd their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building-trade;
Leaving the wits the ſpacious air,
With licence to *build caſtles* there:
And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premiſing thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to ſay:
Sing, muſe, the houſe of poet Van
In higher ſtrains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely ſkill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a *houſe* * gone to decay;

* Houſe, family.

Or by *achievement, arms, device,*
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a poet, he has ſkill,
To build in ſpeculation ſtill.
Great Jove! he cry'd, the art reſtore
To build by verſe as heretofore,
And make my muſe the architect;
What palaces ſhall we erect!
No longer ſhall forſaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile ſhall from its aſhes riſe,
Fit to invade or prop the ſkies.
Jove ſmil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Conſenting with the uſual nod,
Told Van he knew his talent beſt,
And left the choice to his own breaſt.
So Van reſolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was ſcarce,
With cunning that defect ſupplies;
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
Not once ſuſpecting Jove would *ſmoke*:
And (like a wag) ſat down to write,
Would whiſper to himſelf, a *bite*.
Then from the motley, mingled ſtyle,
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove ſaw the cheat, but thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt:
Down from Olympus' top he ſlides,
Laughing as if he'd burſt his ſides;

ought the god, are theſe your tricks?
hen *old plays* deſerve *old bricks*;
nce you're ſparing of your ſtuff,
uilding ſhall be ſmall enough.
ke, and, grudging, lent his aid:
perienc'd bricks that knew their trade,
ing bricks at ſecond hand,)
ove, and now in order ſtand.
building, as the poet writ,
proportion to his wit:
rſt the prologue built a wall
e as to encompaſs all.
ene, a wood, produc'd no more
few ſcrubby trees before.
ot as yet lay deep; and ſo
ar next was dug below:
is a work ſo hard was found,
cts it coſt him under ground.
ther acts we may preſume
ſpent in building each a room.
far advanc'd, he made a ſhift
ſe a roof with act the fifth.
pilogue behind did frame
ce not decent here to name.
w poets from all quarters ran
e the houſe of brother Van;
d high and low, walk'd often round;
o ſuch houſe was to be found.
ſks the watermen hard by,
e may the poet's palace lie?
ner of the Thames inquires,
has ſeen its gilded ſpires?

At

At length they in the rubbiſh ſpy
A thing reſembling a gooſe-pye.
Thither in haſte the poets throng,
And gaze in ſilent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praiſe the pile and builder Van.
Thrice happy poet! who may'ſt trail
Thy houſe about thee like a ſnail:
Or, harneſs'd to a nag, at eaſe
Take journeys in it like a chaiſe;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canſt make it ſerve thee for a tilt.
Capacious houſe! 'tis own'd by all,
Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art ſm
For ev'ry wit in Britain's iſle
May lodge within thy ſpacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame;
But neither *bulk* nor *ſhape* the ſame:
As animals of largeſt ſize
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of *modern* wit and ſtyle,
The rubbiſh of an ancient pile.
So *chymiſts* boaſt they have a pow'r
From the dead aſhes of a flow'r
Some faint reſemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taſte, or juice.
So modern rhymers wiſely blaſt
The poetry of ages paſt;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

ISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

Written in the year 1708.

IEN mother Clud had roſe from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
n, but ſeem'd not to regard,
Miſs pick'd ev'ry painted card,
ɔuſy both with hand and eye,
:ar'd a houſe two ſtories high.
ɾenius, without thought or lecture,
ly turn'd to *architecture*:
w'd the edifice, and ſmil'd,
it was pretty for a child:
ſo perfect in its kind,
t the *model* in his mind.
when he found the boys at play,
w them dabbling in their clay,
ɔd behind a ſtall to lurk,
ark the progreſs of their work;
rue delight obſerv'd them all
up *mud* to build a wall.
ɪn he much admir'd, and took
del in his table-book;
ɪt himſelf now exactly ſkill'd,
reſolv'd a *houſe* to build;
houſe, with *rooms*, and *ſtairs*,
nes at leaſt as big as theirs;
:han *Miſs*'s by two yards;
ham thing of clay or cards.
he did; for in a while
lt up ſuch a monſtrous pile,

That

That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it ſtands in view,
Juſt in the place where firſt it grew:
There all the little ſchoolboys run,
Envying to ſee themſelves outdone.
From ſuch deep rudiments as theſe,
Van is become by due degrees
For building fam'd, and juſtly reckon'd
At court Vitruvius the *ſecond*:
No wonder, ſince wiſe *authors* ſhow,
That *beſt foundations* muſt be *low*:
And now the *Duke* † has wiſely ta'en him
To be his *architect* at Blenheim.
But, raillery for once apart,
If this rule holds in ev'ry art;
Or if his *Grace* were no more ſkill'd in
The art of batt'ring walls than building,
We might expect to ſee next year
A *mouſe-trap* man chief engineer.

The virtues of SID HAMET the Magician's ro

Written in 1712.

THE *rod* was but a harmleſs wand,
While Moſes held it in his hand;

E

† The Duke of Marlborough, to whom Q. Anne gav palace of Woodſtock, for his Grace's victory over the Fr and Bavarians at Blenheim, Aug. 2, 1704.

‡ The ſtaff of Lord Treaſurer Godolphin, which on the of May 1711, was given to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

But, ſoon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring ſerpent grown.
Our great magician Hamet Sid,
Reverſes what the prophet did:
His *rod* was honeſt Engliſh wood,
That ſenſeleſs in a corner ſtood,
'Till, metamorphos'd by his graſp,
It grew an all-devouring aſp;
Would hiſs, and ſting, and roll, and twiſt,
By the mere virtue of his fiſt;
But when he *laid it down*, as quick
Reſum'd the figure of a ſtick.
So to her midnight-feaſt the hag
Rides on a broomſtick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er ſea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning-dawn reſumes
The peaceful ſtate of common brooms.
They tell us ſomething ſtrange and odd
About a certain *magic rod*,
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the ſoil has golden mines; †
Where there are none, it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhew the leaſt reſpect:
As ready was the *wand of Sid*
To *bend* where *golden mines* were hid;

In

† The *virgula divina*, or *divining-rod*, is deſcribed to be a forked branch of a hazel or willow, two feet and an half long. It is to be held in the palms of the hands, with the ſingle end elevated about eighty degrees; and in this poſition is ſaid to be attracted by minerals and ſprings, ſo as by a forcible inclination to direct where they are to be found. *Hawkeſ.*

In Scottiſh hills found precious ore, ‡
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a *gentle bow* divin'd
How well a *cully's* purſe was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken *rake*,
Stood without motion like a ſtake.
The *rod* of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To ſleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed ſouls to Styx.
That *rod* was juſt a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a Britiſh ſenate's lids
Could ſcatter *opium* full as well,
And drive as many *ſouls* to *hell*.
Sid's rod was ſlender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to *fiſh* withal;
A *plaice* was faſten'd to the hook,
And many ſcore of *gudgeons* took:
Yet ſtill ſo happy was his fate,
He caught his *fiſh*, and ſav'd his *bait*.
Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
A circle with their *rod* deſcribe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep *miſchievous ſpirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger ſtride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where *ſpirits* throng'd with hideous din,
And he ſtood there to *take them in*:
But when th' inchanted *rod* was *broke*,
They vaniſh'd in a ſtinking ſmoke.

Achil

‡ Suppoſed to allude to the union of the two kingdoms.

Ha

les' ſceptre was of wood,
l's, but nothing near ſo good;
wn from anceſtors divine
itted to the hero's line;
through a long deſcent of kings,
n heir-loom, as Homer ſings.
this deſcription looks ſo big,
eptre was a ſapleſs twig,
from the fatal day, when firſt
he foreſt where 'twas nurs'd,
ner tells us o'er and o'er,
f, nor fruit, nor bloſſom bore.
:ptre, full of juice, did ſhoot
:n boughs, and golden fruit;
, the *dragon*, never ſleeping,
d each fair Heſperian pippin.
y horſe, with gorgeous top,
ıreſt in Charles Mather's ſhop, *
'ring tinſel of May-fair,
vith this rod of Sid compare.
Sid, then why wert thou ſo mad
ık thy *rod* like naughty lad?
ɔuld have kiſs'd it in your diſtreſs,
en return'd it to *your miſtreſs*:
le it a Newmarket ſwitch,
ıt a *rod* for thy own breech.
ıce old Sid has broken this,
ıt may be a *rod in piſs*.

* An eminent toyman in Fleet-ſtreet.

ATLAS; or, The MINISTER of STA

To the Lord Treaſurer *Oxford.*

Written in the year 1712.

ATLAS, we read in ancient ſong,
Was ſo exceeding tall and ſtrong,
He bore the ſkies upon his back,
Juſt as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpreſs'd
Unloads upon a ſtall to reſt,
Or, when he can no longer ſtand,
Deſires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, leſt the pond'rous ſpheres
Should ſink and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might ſit and reſt a while.
Yet Hercules was not ſo ſtrong,
Nor could have borne it half ſo long.
Great ſtateſmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier miniſter of ſtate;
Alcides one of ſecond rate.
Suppoſe then Atlas ne'er ſo wiſe,
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his ſingle ſhoulders,
Sink down he muſt, or find *upholders.*

The DESCRIPTION of a SALAMANDER. *

Out of *Pliny's* Natural hiſtory, lib. 10. c. 67. and lib. 29, c. 4.

Written in the year 1706.

AS maſtiff dogs in modern phraſe are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæſar*;
As pyes and daws are often ſtyl'd
With Chriſtian nicknames like a child;
As we ſay Monſieur to an ape,
Without offence to human ſhape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would beſt their natures ſuit.
The *lion*, *eagle*, *fox*, and *boar*,
Were heroes titles heretofore,
Beſtow'd as hi'roglyphics fit
To ſhew their valour, ſtrength, or wit:
For what is underſtood by *fame*,
Beſides the getting of a *name*?
But, e'er ſince men invented guns,
A diff'rent way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we enquire
For ſomething that will conquer *fire*.

* This exceſſive bitter *deſcription of a ſalamander*, was occaſioned by the Duke of Marlborough's giving that appellation to Lord Cutts, after he had come off victorious, and without a wound, from an engagement with part of the French army, whoſe fire was ſo extremely briſk, and ſo inceſſantly poured in upon the Engliſh forces, that it was ſuppoſed nothing but a *ſalamander* could have lived in the midſt of it. *Swift.*

1433012A

Would you deſcribe Turenne * or Trump? †
Think of a bucket or a pump.
Are theſe too low?—then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cutts a *ſalamander*. ‡
'Tis well;—but ſince we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object againſt the term,
Pliny ſhall prove what we affirm:
Pliny ſhall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by ſtanders-by.
First, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the ſerpent kind,
With gaudy coat, and ſhining train;
But loathſome ſpots his body ſtain:
Out from ſome hole obſcure he flies,
When rains deſcend, and tempeſts riſe,
Till the ſun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has rais'd a ſtorm,
I've ſeen a *ſnake* in human form,
All ſtain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,

Bur

* The famous Mareſchal Turenne, General of the
forces, ſaid to have been the greateſt commander of the ag
† Van Trump, Admiral of the States General in their
with England, eminent for his courage and his victories.
‡ Lord Cutts. *Salamander* was a name given him by h
terers, upon his having ſurvived an engagement in wh
ſtood an inceſſant fire for many hours. He is ſaid freque
have lamented himſelf in theſe terms: "G—d d—
"bl——d, I'm the moſt unlucky dog upon earth; for
"engaged an enemy without being wounded, nor a whor
"out being p—x'd." *Hawkeſ.*

ınd make a gaudy ſhow,
gen'ral, peer, and beau,
hath made the ſky ſerene;
nk into its hole again.

is we grant—why then look yonder,
hat muſt be a *ſalamander!*

, we are by Pliny told,
nt is extremely cold;
hat, put it in the fire,
ke the very flames expire:
ſpues a filthy froth
thro' rage, or luſt, or both)
purulent and white,
ppening on the ſkin to light,
corrupting to a wound,
proſy and baldneſs round.
I ſeen a batter'd beau,
d claps grown cold as ſnow,
:ath or touch, where-e'er he came,
love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
d ſome nymph who ne'er was cruel,
leton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
e filth which he ejects,
would find the ſame effects
d carcaſe to purſue,
he *ſalamander's* ſpue;
hedding of her locks,
) leproſy, a pox.

I'll appeal to each by-ſtander,
s be not a *ſalamander?*

* The ELEPHANT;

Or, The PARLIAMENT-MAN.

Written many years ſince.

Taken from COKE's Inſtitutes.

ERE bribes convince you whom to chuſe
The precepts of Lord Coke peruſe.
Obſerve an *elephant*, ſays he,
And let like him your member be;
Firſt take a man that's free from *gall*,
For elephants have none at all:
In *flocks* or *parties* he muſt keep;
For elephants live juſt like ſheep;
Stubborn in honour he muſt be;
For elephants *ne'er bend the knee*
Laſt, let his *memory* be found,
In which your elephant's profound;
That *old examples* from the wiſe
May prompt him in his No's and Ay's.
Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyers wit;
And then with Latin, and all that,
Shews the compariſon is pat.
Yet in ſome points my Lord is wrong:
One's *teeth* are ſold, and t'other's *tongue*:
Now men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like *elephants of ſhows*,
Whoſe docile memory and ſenſe
Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence.

To get their maſter half a crown,
They ſpread their flag, or lay it down:
Thoſe who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practiſe ev'ry pliant geſture,
Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry teſter.
Siam, for elephants ſo fam'd,
Is not with England to be nam'd:
Their elephants by men are ſold;
Ours ſell themſelves, and take the gold.

An ELEGY on the ſuppoſed death of PARTRIDGE, the almanack-maker. *

WELL; 'tis as Bickerſtaff has gueſs'd,
Though we all took it for a jeſt:
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd,
Ere he could prove the good *'Squire* ly'd.
Strange, an aſtrologer ſhould die
Without one wonder in the ſky!
Not one of all his *crony* ſtars
To pay their duty at his herſe!
No meteor, no eclipſe appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The ſun has roſe, and gone to bed,
Juſt as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himſelf behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;

And

* See an account of his death, which Partridge averred to be falſe, and Bickerſtaff defended as true, vol. 6. p. 25. 29.

And twice a-year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no ſuch matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt *cobling* † and *aſtrology*;
How Partridge made his *optics* riſe
From a *ſhoe-ſole* to reach the ſkies.
A liſt the cobler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem*
That princes wear derives from them:
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *golden ſtars* and *rays*;
Which plainly ſhews the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets ſcience*.
Beſides, that ſlow-pac'd ſign *Bootes*
As 'tis miſcall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all diſputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it ‡ *boots*.
The *horned moon*, which heretofore
Upon their ſhoes the Romans wore,
Whoſe wideneſs kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *ſhoeing horns*,
Shews how the art of *cobling* bears
A near reſemblance to the *ſpheres*.
A ſcrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the ſtars, foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* elſe, but *leather*?
Which an aſtrologer might uſe
Either for *almanacks* or *ſhoes*.

Thus

† Partridge was a cobler. ‡ See his almanack.

Partridge, by his wit and parts,
did practiſe both theſe arts:
he boding owl (or rather
becauſe her wings are *leather*)
)m her private cell by night,
about the candle-light;
:d Partridge could as well
the dark from *leathern* cell,
is fancy fly as far,
upon a twinkling ſtar.
, he could confound the *ſpheres*
:he *planets* by the ears;
his ſkill, he Mars could join
s in *aſpect malign*:
l in Mercury for aid,
: the wounds that Venus made.
ſcholars have in Lucian read,
ilip King of Greece was dead,
nd *ſpirit* did divide,
1 part took a diff'rent ſide:
a ſtar; the other fell
and mended ſhoes in hell.
Partridge ſtill ſhines in each art,
ng and *ſtar-gazing* part,
ıſtall'd as good a ſtar
f the Cæſars are.
ant ſtar! ſome pity ſhow
s *militant* below,
)guiſh boys in ſtormy nights
by piſſing out their lights,
gh a chink convey their ſmoke
ifices to choke.

Thou,

Thou, high-exalted in thy ſphere,
May'ſt follow ſtill thy calling there.
To thee the *Bull* will lend his *hide*,
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd:
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for *wax*:
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee *ends*:
The point of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an *awl* by heav'nly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*.
For want of room by Virgo's ſide,
She'll ſtrain a point, and ſit † aſtride,
To take thee kindly in *between*;
And then the *ſigns* will be *thirteen*.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five foot deep, lies on his back
A cobler, ſtarmonger, *and* quack;
Who to the ſtars *in pure good will*
Does to his beſt look upward ſtill.
Weep, all you cuſtomers that uſe
His pills, *his* almanacks, *or* ſhoes:
And you that did your fortunes ſeek,
Step to his grave but once a-week:
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has ſo much virtue in't,

† ———Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
Scorpius, &c.

'hat I durſt pawn my ears 'twill tell
Vhate'er concerns you full as well,
n phyſic, ſtolen goods, *or* love,
ls he himſelf could, when above.

VERSES to be prefixed before BERNARD LINTOT's New Miſcellany ‡.

SOME Colinæus * praiſe, ſome Bleau *,
Others account them but ſo ſo;
Some Plantin * to the reſt prefer,
And ſome eſteem old Elzevir *;
Others with Aldus * would beſot us;
I, for my part, admire Lintottus.——
His *character*'s beyond compare,
Like his own perſon, large and fair.
They print their names in letters ſmall,
But LINTOT ſtands in capital:
Author and he with equal grace
Appear, and ſtare you in the face.
Stephens prints *Heathen* Greek, 'tis ſaid,
Which ſome can't conſtrue, ſome can't read:
But all that comes from Lintot's hand
Ev'n Rawlinſon might underſtand.
Oft in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
Of Lintot's books this can't be ſaid,
All fair, and not ſo much as read.

Their

‡ The Oxford and Cambridge Miſcellany, 8*vo*.

* Printers famous for having publiſhed fine editions of the Bible, and of the Greek and Roman claſſics.

Their copy coſt 'em not a penny
To Homer, Virgil, or to any;
They ne'er gave *ſixpence* for *two lines*
To them, their heirs, or their aſſigns:
But Lintot is at vaſt expence,
And pays prodigious dear for——ſenſe.
Their books are uſeful but to few,
A ſcholar, or a wit or two:
Lintot's for gen'ral uſe are fit;
For ſome folks read, but all folks ſh—.

* To Mr. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDI

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All human-kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
E'er ſince our grandame's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

† This poem was wrote by Mr. Pope.

rn'd themſelves we book-worms name;
blockhead is a ſlow-worm;
mph, whoſe tail is all on flame,
tly term'd a glow-worm.

ɔs are painted butterflies,
flutter for a day;
ɔm a worm they take their riſe,
in a worm decay.

:terer an earwig grows;
worms ſuit all conditions;
ire muck-worms, ſilk-worms beaus,
death-watches phyſicians.

ıteſmen have the worm, is ſeen
l their winding play;
onſcience is a worm within,
gnaws them night and day.

ɔore! thy ſkill were well employ'd,
greater gain would riſe,
couldſt make the courtier void
worm that never dies!

ned friend of Abchurch-lane,
ſett'ſt our entrails free!
thy art, thy powder vain,
worms ſhall eat ev'n thee.

: thou only canſt adjourn
few ſhort years, no more!

Ev'n Button's wits* to worms ſhall turn,
Who maggots were before.

* VERSES occaſioned by an &c. at the end of Mr. D'URFY's Name, in the Title to one of his Plays †.

JOVE call'd before him t'other day
The *vowels*, U, O, I, E, A;
All *dipthongs*, and all *conſonants*,
Either of England, or of France;
And all that were, or wiſh'd to be,
Rank'd in the name of *Tom D'Urfy*,
Fierce is this cauſe; the *letters* ſpoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and *mutes* turn'd vocal.
Thoſe four proud ſyllables alone
Were ſilent, which by fate's decree
Chim'd in ſo ſmoothly, one by one,
To the ſweet name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
N, by whom names ſubſiſt, declar'd,
To have no place in this was hard;
And *Q* maintain'd 'twas but his due
Still to keep company with *U*;
So hop'd to ſtand no leſs than he
In the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
E ſhew'd, a *comma* ne'er could claim
A place in any Britiſh name;

Yet,

* Button's coffee-houſe in Covent-Garden, frequented by the wits of that time.

† This accident happened by Mr. D'Urfy's having made a flouriſh there, which the printer miſtook for an *&c.*

ng here a perfect botch,
ur poor vowel from his notch;
valde deflendus!
ch, good Jupiter, defend us!
quit my part in thee,
o part in *Tom D'Urfy.*
d, puff'd and ſwore,
ıt be ſerv'd ſo like a beaſt;
piece of emperor,
ade up half a pope at leaſt.
he'd frankly have releas'd
e ſhare in Cæſar Caius
ne in *Tom Durfeius.*
ant and vowel too,
r did humbly ſue,
is grace he would proclaim
is true Latin name:
h without them both 'twas clear
ould ne'er be Jupiter;
l reſign that poſt ſo high
genitive, *Durfei,*
ſwore b—— and w——s;
cry'd, p—x and z——s;
y G—d, it ne'er ſhould be;
vould not loſe, not he,
ſh *letter's* property
at name of *Tom D'Urfy.*
the reſt were all in fray,
-iſt-croſs to *et cætera.*
ugh but ſtanders-by, too, mutter'd;
gs and triphthongs ſwore and flutter'd;

That none had ſo much right to be
Part of the name of ſtuttering *T*——
T—Tom—a—as——De—D'Ur—fy—fy.
Then Jove thus ſpake: With care and pain
We form this name, renown'd in rhyme:
Not thine, immortal *Neufgermain* *!
Coſt ſtudious *cabaliſts* more time.
Yet now, as then, you all declare,
Far hence to Egypt you'll repair,
And turn ſtrange hi'roglyphics there,
Rather than letters longer be,
Unleſs i' th' name of *Tom D'Urfy.*
Were you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
To foreign letters could I ſay?
What if the Hebrew next ſhould aim
To turn quite backward *D'Urfy's* name?
Should the Greek quarrel, too, by Styx, I
Could never bring in *Pſi* and *Xi;*
Omicron and *Omega* from us
Would each hope to be *O* in *Thomas;*
And all th' ambitious vowels vie,
No leſs than Pythagoric *Y*,
To have a place in *Tom D'Urfy.*
Then, well-belov'd and truſty letters!
Cons'nants, and vowels, much their betters,
We, willing to repair this breach,
And, all that in us lies, pleaſe each,
Et cæt'ra to our aid muſt call;
Et cæt'ra repreſents ye all:

* A poet, who uſed to make verſes ending with the l
lables of the names of thoſe perſons he praiſed; which
turned againſt him in a poem of the ſame kind.

Et cæt'ra, therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd ſhall be
To the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

PROLOGUE deſigned for Mr. D'URFY's laſt Play.

CROWN old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to diſcard
our perſevering, unexhauſted bard:
lamnation follows death in other men,
ut your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
h' advent'rous lover is ſucceſsful ſtill,
Vho ſtrives to pleaſe the fair *againſt* her *will*:
e kind, and make him in his wiſhes eaſy,
Vho in your own *deſpite* has ſtrove to pleaſe ye.
le ſcorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
ut ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
ou modern wits, ſhould each man bring his claim,
lave deſperate debentures on your fame:
ınd little would be left you, I'm afraid,
: all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
rom his deep fund our author largely draws,
lor ſinks his credit lower than it was.
Tho' plays for honour in old time he made,
Tis now for better reaſons——to be paid.
lelieve him, he has known the world too long,
ınd ſeen the death of much immortal ſong.
le ſays, poor poets loſt, while players won,
ls pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.

Tho' Tom the poet writ with eaſe and pleaſure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treaſure.
Fame is at beſt an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis ſubſtantial happineſs to *eat*.
Let eaſe, his laſt requeſt, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

* PROLOGUE to the Three Hours after Marriage.

AUthors are judg'd by ſtrange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the ſmall ones fools;
Yet ſure the beſt are moſt ſeverely fated;
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reaſon men of ſenſe abhor;
But fool 'gainſt fool is barb'rous civil war.
Why on all authors then ſhould critics fall?
Since ſome have writ, and ſhewn no wit at all.
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it;
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French who made it."
By running goods theſe graceleſs owlers gain;
Theirs are the *rules* of France, the *plots* of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Daſh'd by theſe rogues, turns Engliſh common draught.
They pall Moliere's and Lopez' ſprightly ſtrain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
How ſhall our author hope a gentler fate
Who dares moſt impudently not tranſlate!
It had been civil in theſe tickliſh times
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes.

Spaniard

Spaniards and French abuſe to the world's end;
But ſpare old England, left you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our ſatire bit,
Let him hiſs loud, to ſhew you all he's hit.
Poets make characters, as *faleſmen* cloaths:
We take no meaſure of your fops and beaus;
But here all ſizes and all ſhapes you meet,
And fit yourſelves, like chaps in Monmouth-ſtreet.
Gallants! look here: this *fool's cap* * has an air
Goodly and ſmart, with ears of Iſſachar.
Let no one fool ingroſs it, or confine
A common bleſſing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap, for ſuch as will, to wear.
Our author has it now, (for ev'ry wit
Of courſe reſign'd it to the next that writ;)
And thus upon the ſtage 'tis fairly thrown; †
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

* SANDYS'S GHOST:

OR,

A proper new BALLAD on the new OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, as it was intended to be tranſlated by Perſons of Quality.

YE Lords and Commons, men of wit
And pleaſure about town,
Read this, ere you tranſlate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware

* Shews a cap with ears. † Flings down the cap, and exit.

Beware of Latin authors all!
Nor think your verſes Sterling,
Tho' with a golden pen you ſcrawl,
And ſcribble in a *berlin*:

For not the deſk with ſilver nails,
Nor *bureau* of expence,
Nor ſtandiſh well japann'd, avails
To writing of good ſenſe.

Hear how a ghoſt in dead of night,
With ſaucer eyes of fire,
In woful wiſe did ſore affright
A wit and courtly 'ſquire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
Like puppy tame, that uſes
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the muſes.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was ſo civil;
And ſell his ſoul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil?

A deſk he had of curious work,
With glitt'ring ſtuds about,
Within the ſame did Sandys lurk,
Tho' Ovid lay without.

Now, as he ſcratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the *ſprite* ſo thin,
And from the key-hole bolted out
All upright as a pin.

th whiſkers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff compos'd moſt duly,
s 'ſquire he dropp'd his pen full ſoon,
While as the light burnt bluely.

! Maſter Sam, quoth Sandys' ſprite,
Write on, nor let me ſcare ye;
ſooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To Budgel ſeek, or Carey.

ear the beat of Jacob's drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
firſt the merry P——— comes
n haſte without his garter.

en lords and lordlings, 'ſquires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers:
th at St. James's and at White's,
leats up for volunteers.

at Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
n Burnet or Tom D'Urfy may,
ohn Dunton, Steele, or any one.

uſtice Philips' coſtive head
ome frigid rhymes diſburſes;
y ſhall like Perſian Tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurſes.

Warwick's muſe with Aſh——t join,
And Ozel's with Lord Hervey's,
kel and Addiſon combine,
And Pope tranſlate with Jervis.

L—— himſelf, that lively lord,
Who bows to ev'ry lady,
Shall join with F—— in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye *ladies*, too, draw forth your pen;
I pray where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witneſs Lady Wortley.

Now, Tonſon, liſt thy forces all,
Review them, and tell noſes:
For to poor Ovid ſhall befal
A ſtrange *metamorphoſis*:

A *metamorphoſis* more ſtrange
Than all his books can vapour——
"To what" (quoth 'ſquire) "ſhall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys, *To waſte paper*.

* UMBRA.

CLoſe to the beſt-known author Umbra fits,
The conſtant index to all Button's wits.
Who's here? cries Umbra: only Johnſon——*Oh!*
Your ſlave, and *exit*; but returns with Rowe:
Dear Rowe, let's ſit and talk of tragedies:
Erelong Pope *enters*, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his *heel*,
And in a moment faſtens upon *Steele*;
But cries as ſoon, *Dear Dick, I muſt be gone;*
For, if I know his tread, here's Addiſon.
Says Addiſon to Steele, 'Tis time to go:
Pope to the cloſet ſteps aſide with Rowe,

Poor

· Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
ſits him down, and writes to honeſt Tickell.
ol! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
w, ſenſe, like charity, *begins at home.*

DUKE UPON DUKE.

An excellent NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

'O lordlings proud I tune my lay,
Who feaſt in bow'r or hall:
' Dukes they be, to Dukes I ſay,
hat pride will have a fall.

r, that this ſame, it is right ſooth,
ıll plainly doth appear,
n what befel John Duke of Guiſe,
nd Nic. of Lancaſtere.

en Richard Cœur-de-Lion reign'd,
Which means a lion's heart,)
: him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
ach play'd a lion's part.

ord and blow was then enough:
uch honour did them prick;
ou but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
ınd if your a—ſe, a kick.

ık in their face, they tweak'd your noſe,
ıt ev'ry turn fell to't;
ne near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of

Of theſe the Duke of Lancaſtere
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His foes, and friends beſide.

Firm on his front his beaver ſate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his ſkin.

With Spaniſh wool he dy'd his cheek,
With eſſence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat ſo ſweet,
Nor could ſo ſcratch and tear.

Right tall he made himſelf to ſhow,
Tho' made full ſhort by God;
And when all other Dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair
To Guiſe's Duke was he:
Was ever ſuch a loving pair?
How could they diſagree?

Oh, thus it was: He lov'd him dear,
And caſt how to requite him;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his deſp'rate quill,
And thus he did indite:
"This eve at whiſt ourſelf will play,
"Sir Duke! be here to-night."

Ah no! ah no! the guileleſs Guiſe
Demurely did reply;
cannot go, nor yet can ſtand,
So ſore the gout have I.

The Duke in wrath call'd for his ſteeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy ſtones,
O kingly Kenſington!

All in a trice he ruſh'd on Guiſe,
Thruſt out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his noſe, trod on his toes,
And ſmote him on the ear.

But mark, how 'midſt of victory
Fate plays her old dog trick!
Up leap'd Duke John, and knock'd him down,
And ſo down fell Duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic.! oh Nic.! alas!
Right did thy goſſip call thee:
As who ſhould ſay, Alas the day
When John of Guiſe ſhall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did ſit;
And look'd, as if he meant therein,
To do——what was not fit.

Up didſt thou look, oh woeful Duke!
Thy mouth yet durſt not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d, inſtead of trope.

" Lie there, thou caitiff vile! quoth Guiſe;
" No *ſheet* is here to ſave thee:
" The caſement it is ſhut likewiſe;
" Beneath my feet I have thee.

" If thou haſt aught to ſpeak, ſpeak out."
Then Lancaſtere did cry,
" Know'ſt thou not me, nor yet thyſelf?
" Who thou, and who am I?

" Know'ſt thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
" Have brawl'd and quarrel'd more,
" Than all the line of Lancaſtere,
" That battled heretofore?

" In ſenates fam'd for many a ſpeech,
" And (what ſome awe muſt give ye,
" Tho' laid thus low beneath thy breech,)
" Still of the council privy;

" Still of the *duchy* chancellor;
" *Durante life* I have it;
" And turn, as now thou doſt on me,
" Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the ſervants they ruſh'd in;
And Duke Nic. up leap'd he:
I will not cope againſt ſuch odds,
But, Guiſe! I'll fight with thee:

To-morrow with thee will I fight
Under the green-wood tree;
" No, not to-morrow; but to-night
" (Quoth Guiſe) I'll fight with thee."

And now the ſun declining low
Beſtreak'd with blood the ſkies;
When, with his ſword at ſaddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant Guiſe.

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn;
Oft roll'd his eyes around,
And from the ſtirrup ſtretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandiſh'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:
At length he ſpy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicolas
Did wave his wand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour ſo calm
Was Lancaſtere to ſee,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee.

And ſo he did—for to New-Court
His rolling wheels did run:
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful ſtrife;
But *bus'neſs* muſt be done.

Back in the dark by Brompton park,
He turn'd up through the Gore;
So ſlunk to Cambden houſe ſo high,
All in his coach and four.

Mean while Duke Guiſe did fret and fume,
A ſight it was to ſee,
Benumb'd beneath the evening-dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,
" The day I meet him, Nic. ſhall rue
" The cudgel of that day.

" Mean time on every piſſing-poſt
" Paſte we this recreant's name,
" So that each piſſer-by ſhall read
" And piſs againſt the ſame."

Now God preſerve our gracious King,
And grant, his nobles all
May learn this leſſon from Duke Nic.
That *pride will have a fall*.

*FRAGMENT of a SATIRE. †

IF meagre Gildon draws his venal quill,
I wiſh the man a dinner, and ſit ſtill:
If dreadful Dennis raves in furious fret,
I'll anſwer Dennis when I am in debt.
'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them print;
And who'll wage war with *bedlam* or the *mint?*
Should ſome more ſober critics come abroad,
If wrong, I ſmile; if right, I kiſs the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence;
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.

Commas

† This and the four following poems were written by Mr Pope.

nd *points* they ſet exactly right;
·e a ſin to rob them of their *mite:*
one ſprig of laurel grac'd thoſe ribalds,
ıing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds,
ıks he *reads*, when he but *ſcans* and
ls;
atcher, that lives on ſyllables.
:his creature may ſome notice claim,
ıund and ſanctify'd with Shakeſpear's
ıe.
ı amber to obſerve the forms
ɔr ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
, we know, is neither rich nor rare;
der how the devil it got there.
ıers angry? I excuſe them too:
' they rage; I give them *but* their due.
ı's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
man's ſecret ſtandard is his mind,
ing-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
can *gratify?* for who can *gueſs?*
ch * whom pilfer'd paſtorals renown,
ıs a Perſian tale for half a crown,
:s to make his barrenneſs appear,
ns from hard-bound brains fix lines a
'ear;
ill wanting, though he lives on theft,
ıch, ſpends little, yet has nothing left;
ı, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe
eaning,
ɪt, but blunders round about a meaning:

† Author of the Victim, and Cobler of Preſton.

And he whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
‡ It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:
Should modeſt ſatire bid all theſe *tranſlate*,
And own that nine ſuch poets make a Tate;
How would they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
How would they ſwear not Congreve's ſelf was ſafe!
Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
Apollo kindled, and fair *fame* inſpires;
Bleſs'd with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with ſcornful, yet with fearful eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Who, if two wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt;
Like Cato, gives his *little ſenate* laws,
And ſits attentive to his own applauſe;
While wits and templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—
What pity, heav'n! if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Addiſon were he!

* MACER.

‡ Verſe of Dr. Ev.

* MACER.

WHEN ſimple Macer, now of high renown,
Firſt ſought a poet's fortune in the town;
'was all th' ambition his great ſoul could feel,
'o wear red ſtockings, and to dine with Steele.
ome ends of verſe his betters might afford,
ınd gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
et up with theſe, he ventur'd on the town,
ınd in a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
'here he ſtopt ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle,
ut has the wit to make the moſt of little;
ike ſtunted hide-bound trees, that juſt have got
ufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verſe, and what he gets commends,
ot of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So ſome coarſe country-wench, almoſt decay'd,
'rudges to town, and firſt turns chambermaid:
wkward, and ſupple each devoir to pay,
he flatters her good lady twice a-day;
'hought wondrous honeſt, though of mean degree,
nd ſtrangely lik'd for her *ſimplicity*:
n a tranſlated ſuit then tries the town,
Vith borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
ut juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
nd in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing's left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
o bawd for others, and go ſhares with punk.

* SYLVIA;

† He requeſted, by public advertiſements, the aid of the ingenious, to make up a miſcellany, in 1713.

*SYLVIA; a FRAGMENT.

SYLVIA my heart in wondrous wiſe alarm'
Aw'd without ſenſe, and without beau
charm'd:
But ſome odd graces and fine flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad:
Her tongue ſtill run on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wiſe:
Good-nature, ſhe declar'd it, was her ſcorn,
Though 'twas by that alone ſhe could be born:
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame: 1
Now coy, and ſtudious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D——y at a ball:
Now deep in Taylor, and the *book of martyrs*,
Now drinking citron with his *Grace* and *Chartre*
Men, ſome to bus'neſs, ſome to pleaſure take; 1
But ev'ry woman's in her ſoul a rake.
Frail, fev'riſh ſex! their fit now chills, now burns
Atheiſm and ſuperſtition rule by turns;
And the mere Heathen in her carnal part
Is ſtill a ſad good Chriſtian at her heart. 2

*ARTEMISIA.

THough Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in ſome things, methinks, ſhe fails;
'Twere well, if ſhe would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haught

aughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
uch naſtineſs and ſo much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
n her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
ike a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part, except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

*PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind:
Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign ſtate
Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,

Spaniard

Spaniard or French came to her;
To all obliging ſhe'd appear;
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
'Twas *S'il vous plait*, *Monſieur*.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religion, climes,
At length ſhe turns a bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe inſects fair,
Which curious Germans hold ſo rare,
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms:
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD:†

OR,

The Receipt to form a BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1707.

WHEN Cupid did his grandſire Jove intr
To form ſome beauty by a new receipt;
Jove ſent, and found far in a country-ſcene
Truth, innocence, good nature, look ſerene:
Fr

† This poem is allowed, by all perſons of taſte and judgm
to be ſuch a maſter-piece in its kind, that it muſt abide the
of all future ages. *Swift.*

rom which ingredients firſt the dext'rous boy
'ick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
'he Graces from the court did next provide
breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
Theſe Venus gleans from ev'ry ſpurious grain
)f nice coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
ove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy compoſition *Floyd*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

'o the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, afterwards Counteſs of WINCHELSEA, under her name of ARDELIA.

Written in the year 1707.

PHœbus, now ſhort'ning ev'ry ſhade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durſt the nymph approach.

Under thoſe ſacred leaves, ſecure
From common lightning of the ſkies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flaſhes of Ardelia's eyes.

The

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And gueſs'd his bus'neſs ere he ſpoke.

He in the old celeſtial cant
Confeſs'd his flame, and ſwore by Styx
Whate'er ſhe would deſire to grant——
But wiſe Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of ſtrolling gods, whoſe uſual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up ſublunary ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was reſolv'd upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my requeſt, the virgin ſaid;
Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by paſſion led,
The god could not refuſe her pray'r:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the air.

And now he thought to ſeize his due:
But ſhe the charm already try'd:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's ſide.

n ſight of this celeſtial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay;
or in her preſence durſt be rude;
But made his leg and went away.

e hop'd to find ſome lucky hour,
When on the Queen the Muſes wait:
ut Pallas owns Ardelia's pow'r;
For vows divine are kept by fate.

hen, full of rage, Apollo ſpoke:
Deceitful nymph, I ſee thy art;
nd, though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll diſappoint its nobler part.

et ſtubborn pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
/ith ev'ry muſe to grace thy ſong,
May'ſt thou deſpiſe a poet's name.

f modeſt poets be thou firſt;
To ſilent ſhades repeat thy verſe,
ill Fame and Echo almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearſe.

nd laſt, my vengeance to complete,
May you deſcend to take renown,
evail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig ‡, and one that wears a gown.

‡ To underſtand what the Doctor meaneth by a *Whig*, in this ſage, conſult Vol. 4th, p. 223, l. 11. *&c.*

*IMPROMPTU.

To Lady WINCHELSEA.

Occaſioned by four ſatirical Verſes on *Women-wits* in *The Rape of the Lock.*

IN vain you boaſt poetic names of yore,
And cite thoſe Sapphos we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit;
But doom'd it then, when firſt Ardelia writ.
Of all examples by the world confeſt,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the beſt;
Who, like her miſtreſs on Britannia's throne,
Fights and ſubdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praiſe you but in vain eſſay;
Ev'n while you write, you take that praiſe away:
Light to the ſtars the ſun does thus reſtore,
But ſhines himſelf till they are ſeen no more.

*EPIGRAM.

A Biſhop by his neighbours hated,
Has cauſe to wiſh himſelf tranſlated:
But why ſhould Hough deſire tranſlation,
Lov'd and eſteem'd by all the nation?
Yet, if it be the old man's caſe,
I'll lay my life, I know the place:
'Tis where God ſent ſome that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

STELLA's

ELLA's Birth-Day. 1718.

LLA this day is thirty-four,
: ſha'nt diſpute a year or more :)
r, Stella, be not troubled;
h thy ſize and years are doubled,
ſt I ſaw thee at ſixteen,
hteſt virgin on the green,
is thy form declin'd;
ſo largely in thy mind.
ould it pleaſe the gods to *ſplit*
uty, ſize, and years, and wit!
could furniſh out a pair
hs ſo graceful, wiſe, and fair;
lf the luſtre of your eyes,
lf your wit, your years and ſize.
n, before it grew too late,
uld I beg of gentle fate,
ther nymph might have her ſwain,)
my Worſhip too in twain.

ELLA's Birth-Day. 1720.

travellers at firſt incline
here-e'er they ſee the faireſt ſign;
they find the chambers neat,
: the liquor and the meat,
l again, and recommend
gel-inn to ev'ry friend.
ough the painting grows decay'd?
ſe will never loſe its trade:

Nay, though the treach'rous tapſter Thomas
Hangs a new angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that ſtrangers may miſtake it,
We think it both a ſhame and ſin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.
Now this is Stella's caſe, in fact:
An *angel*'s face, a little crack'd;
(Could poets, or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty-ſix:)
This drew us in at firſt to find
In ſuch a form an *angel*'s mind;
And ev'ry virtue now ſupplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crouding ſwains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and ſenſe;
And puts them but to ſmall expence;
Their mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes ſuch reaſonable bills,
So little gets for what ſhe gives,
We really wonder how ſhe lives!
And, had her ſtock been leſs, no doubt
She muſt have long ago run out.
Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face;
Or ſtop and light at Cloe's head,
With ſcraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Cloe, ſtill go on to prate
Of thirty-ſix, and thirty-eight;
Purſue your trade of ſcandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;

Yo

ur inuendos, when you tell us
at Stella loves to talk with fellows:
d let me warn you to believe
ruth, for which your ſoul ſhould grieve;
at, ſhould you live to ſee the day
ıen Stella's locks muſt all be gray,
ıen age muſt print a furrow'd trace
ev'ry feature of her face;
ough you, and all your ſenſeleſs tribe,
uld art, or time, or nature bribe,
make you look like beauty's queen,
d hold for ever at fifteen;
bloom of youth can ever blind
e cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
men of ſenſe will paſs your door,
d croud to Stella's at fourſcore.

STELLA's Birth-Day;

great bottle of wine, long buried, being that day dug up. 1722.

ESOLV'D my annual verſe to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
niſh'd with paper, pens, and ink,
avely ſat me down to think:
it my nails, and ſcratch'd my head,
t found my wit and fancy fled:
if, with more than uſual pain,
hought came ſlowly from my brain,
oſt me Lord knows how much time
ſhape it into ſenſe and rhyme;

And, what was yet a greater curſe,
Long thinking made my fancy worſe.
Forſaken by the inſpiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's ſhrine:
I told him what the world would ſay,
If Stella were unſung to day;
How I ſhould hide my head for ſhame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sh——n the rogue would ſneer,
And ſwear it would not always follow,
That *ſemel'n anno ridet Apollo.*
I have aſſur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inſpir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me ſo dull and dry ſince,
They'll call it all poetic licence;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think Euſden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I aſk for Stella's ſake;
'Tis my own credit lies at ſtake:
And Stella will be ſung, while I
Can only be a ſtander-by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this anſwer to a tittle.
Though you ſhould live like old Methuſalem,
I furniſh hints, and you ſhould uſe all 'em,
You yearly ſing as ſhe grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to ſay truth, ſuch dulneſs reigns
Through the whole ſet of Iriſh deans,

I'm

I'm daily ſtunn'd with ſuch a medley,
Dean W——, Dean D——, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what Dean ſoever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You muſt have paſs'd among the croud.
But now, your danger to prevent,
You muſt apply to Mrs. Brent; *
For ſhe, as prieſteſs, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.
Firſt, nine ways looking, let her ſtand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her deſcribe a circle round
In Saunder's § cellar on the ground:
A ſpade let prudent Archy † hold,
And with diſcretion dig the mould:
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca ‡, Ford, and Grattans ‖ by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated tow'rds the ſkies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conſpire;
And Bacchus for the poet's uſe
Pour'd in a ſtrong inſpiring juice.
See! as you raiſe it from its tomb,
It drags behind a ſpacious womb,
And in the ſpacious womb contains
A ſov'reign med'cine for the brains.
You'll find it ſoon, if fate conſents;
If not, a thouſand Mrs. Brents,

Ten

* The Houſekeeper.
† The footman.
‖ Friends of the author.
§ The butler.
‡ A lady, friend to Stella.

Ten thouſand Archys arm'd with ſpades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's ſhades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuſe,
And boldly then invoke the muſe;
(But firſt let Robert, § on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees;)
The muſe will at your call appear,
With Stella's praiſe to crown the year.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY. 1724.

AS when a beauteous nymph decays,
We ſay, ſhe's paſt her dancing-days;
So poets loſe their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather choſe
To celebrate your birth in proſe:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old houſekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid diſgrace,
Once more the Dean ſupplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too ſad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and ſhe fifteen,
No poet ever ſweetly ſung,
Unleſs he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor

§ The valet.

Nor ever nymph inſpir'd to rhyme,
Unleſs, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-ſix, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a ſubject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes,
You muſt be grave, and I be wiſe.
Our fate in vain we would oppoſe:
But I'll be ſtill your friend in proſe:
Eſteem and friendſhip to expreſs,
Will not require poetic dreſs;
And if the muſe deny her aid
To have them *ſung*, they may be *ſaid*.
But, Stella, ſay, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time ſits with his ſithe to mow
Where erſt ſat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they ſay.
Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are ſomewhat dimmiſh grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my ſight;
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit:
Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *ſee*.

Oh,

Oh, ne'er may Fortune ſhew her ſpight,
To make me deaf and mend my *ſight!*

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall ſtill be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are ſick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.
Yet ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,
Which can, in ſpite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the graveſt of divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.
Were future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As Atheiſts argue, to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes:)
Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtyl'd its own reward,
And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,

Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will aſſuage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age,
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine through life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well ſpent?
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave;
And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before:
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates.
Your gen'rous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;
That courage which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glitt'ring dreſs;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where ſtubborn Stoics would complain:
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms reflected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind!
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And had it not been ſtill ſupply'd,
It muſt a thouſand times have dy'd.
Then who with reaſon can maintain,
That no effects of food remain?

And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continued by the laſt?
Then, who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
  Believe me, Stella, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where ſhe has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.
She at your ſickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better ſtate.
  O then, whatever Heav'n intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſuff'rings ſhare;
Or give my ſcrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whoſe care ſo oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you ſo.

To Mrs. MARTHA BLOUNT. †
Sent on her Birth-Day, June 15.

I, be thou bleſs'd with all that Heav'n can ſend,
health, long youth, long pleaſure, and a friend!
ith thoſe toys the female race admire,
; that *vex*, and vanities that *tire*;
; the world its pretty ſlaves rewards,
th of frolics, an old age of cards;
) no purpoſe, artful to no end;
; without lovers, old without a friend;
their paſſion, but their prize a ſot;
ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
joy, or eaſe, let affluence, or content,
he gay conſcience of a life well ſpent,
ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face;
ay improve on day, and year on year,
)ut a *pain*, a *trouble*, or a *fear*;
eath unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
ne ſoft dream, or ecſtaſy of joy,
ful ſleep out the ſabbath of the tomb,
wake to raptures in a life to come!

SONG. By a perſon of quality.

id to my heart, between ſleeping and waking,
'hou wild thing, that always art leaping and aching,

† This poem was wrote by Mr. Pope. It appears from his letters that he had had a ſincere regard and long affection for the lady to whom it is addreſſed.

What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit—a—patation?

Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this ſober reply:
See the heart without motion, tho' Celia paſs by!
Not the beauty ſhe has, or the wit that ſhe borrows,
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any ſorrows.

When our Sappho appears, ſhe whoſe wit's ſo refin'd,
I am forc'd to applaud with the reſt of mankind;
Whatever ſhe ſays, is with ſpirit and fire;
Ev'ry word I attend; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heav'n, tho' man is her aim:
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes;
Thoſe ſtars of this world are too good for the ſkies.

But Cloe ſo lively, ſo eaſy, ſo fair,
Her wit ſo genteel, without art, without care;
When ſhe comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again.

O wonderful creature! a woman of reaſon!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of ſeaſon!
When ſo eaſy to gueſs who this angel ſhould be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dream'd it was ſhe?

* BALLAD.

OF all the girls that e'er were ſeen,
There's none ſo fine as Nelly,

For

ning face, and ſhape, and mien,
hat's not fit to tell ye.
turn'd neck and ſmooth white ſkin
ely deareſt Nelly!
a ſwain it well had been,
e ne'er paſs'd by Calai—.

as Nelly came to France,
d by her couſins,)
e Thuilleries each glance
Frenchmen by whole dozens.
, as he at dinner ſat,
ckon to his *huſſar*,
him bring his tabby-cat,
arming Nell to buſs her.

es were with rage provok'd
her ſo reſpected:
look'd arch, as Nelly ſtrok'd,
uſs her tail erected.
a man did look employ,
on pretty Nelly:
l the Duke de Villeroy,
t'elle eſt bien jolie!

's that great philoſopher
arefully looks at her?
ncern it ſhould appear,
ir one is his daughter.
(quoth then a courtier ſly,)
his child does leer too:
has no mind to try
ſome papas will here do.

The courtiers all with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praiſes,
Admir'd her *roſe*, and *lys ſans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Françoiſes.*)
Then might you ſee a painted ring
Of dames that ſtood by Nelly;
She like the pride of all the ſpring,
And they like *fleurs de palais.*

In Marli gardens, and St. Clou,
I ſaw this charming Nelly,
Where ſhameleſs nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *alley:*
But Venus had a brazen face,
Both at Verſailles and Meudon,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her place,
And left the ſtone ſhe ſtood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian:
Lord! how thoſe foreigners would ſtare!
But I ſhould turn Pygmalion:
For, ſpite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight ſo,
As does that part which lies between
Her left toe and her right toe.

* ODE, for MUSIC.

On the LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

'HE *longitude* miſs'd on
By wicked Will. Whiſton;
I not better hit on
;ood Maſter ditton.

RITORNELLO.

So Ditton and Whiſton
May both be bep-ſt on;
And Whiſton and Ditton
May both be beſh-t on.
Sing Ditton
Beſh-t on;
And Whiſton,
Bep-ſt on.
Ditton and Whiſton,
nd Whiſton and Ditton,
-t and bep-ſt on,
:p-ſt and beſh-t on.

DA CAPO.

PIGRAM on the Feuds about HANDEL and BONONCINI.

Strange! all this difference ſhould be
'Twixt tweedle-*dum* and tweedle-*dee!*

* On Mrs. TOFTS.

SO bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts and their Or-
pheus along:
But ſuch is thy av'rice, and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet
have dy'd.

TWO OR THREE;

OR,

A Receipt to make a CUCKOLD.

TWO or three viſits, and two or three bows,
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
Two or three kiſſes, with two or three ſighs,
Two or three *Jeſuſes* and *Let-me-dies*,
Two or three ſqueezes, and two or three towzes,
With two or three thouſand pound loſt at their
houſes,
Can never fail cuckolding two or three ſpouſes.

* On a LADY who p——t at the tragedy of CATO; occaſioned by an epigram on a Lady who wept at it.

WHile maudlin *Whigs* deplor'd their Cato's
fate,
Still with dry eyes the *Tory* Celia ſate:
But, while her pride forbids her tears to flow,
The guſhing waters find a vent below:

Though

Though ſecret, yet with copious grief ſhe mourns,
Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.
Let others ſcrew their hypocritic face,
She ſhews her grief in a ſincerer place:
There nature reigns, and paſſion void of art;
For that road leads directly to the heart.

* EPIGRAM, in a maid of honour's prayer-book.

WHen Iſrael's daughters mourn'd their paſt offences,
They dealt in *ſackcloth*, and turn'd *cinder-wenches:*
But Richmond's fair ones never ſpoil their locks:
They uſe white powder, and wear Holland ſmocks.
O comely church! where females find *clean linen*
As decent to *repent* in, as to *ſin* in.

* EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life:
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice—
But Tom is a perſon of honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take counſel, too proud to take warning,
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning:
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

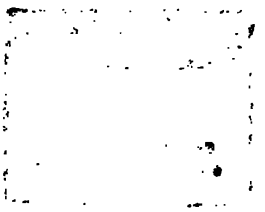
* The BALANCE of EUROPE.

NOW Europe's balanc'd, neither ſide prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the ſcales.

* A PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE to Mr. THOMAS SNOW, goldſmith, near Temple-bar; occaſioned by his buying and ſelling the third South-Sea ſubſcriptions, taken in by the directors at a thouſand *per cent.* †

DIſdain not, Snow, my humble verſe to hear;
Stick thy black pen a while behind thine ear.
Whether thy compter ſhine with ſums untold,
And thy wide-graſping hand grows black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and ſable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the *ſtocks*;
Suſpend the worldly buſ'neſs of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.
O thou, whoſe penetrative wiſdom found
The South-Sea rocks and ſhelves, where thouſands drown'd!
When

† In the year 1720, the South-ſea company, under pretence of paying the public debt, obtained an act of parliament for enlarging their capital, by taking into it all the debts of the nation, incurred before the year 1716, amounting to 31,664,551 *l.* Part of this ſum was ſubſcribed into their capital at three ſubſcriptions; the firſt at 300 *l. per cent.* the ſecond at 400 *l.* and a third at 1000 *l.* Such was the infatuation of the time, that theſe ſubſcriptions were bought and ſold at exorbitant premiums; ſo that 100 *l.* South-ſea ſtock ſubſcribed at a 1000 *l.* was ſold for 1200 *l.* in Exchange alley. *Hawkeſ.*



en credit ſunk, and commerce gaſping lay,
u ſtood'ſt: no bill was ſent unpaid away.
en not a guinea chink'd on ‡ Martin's boards,
‡ Atwill's ſelf was drain'd of all his
boards,
u ſtood'ſt; an Indian king in ſize and hue!
unexhauſted ſhop was our Peru.
Vhy did 'Change-alley waſte thy precious
hours
ong the fools who gap'd for golden ſhow'rs?
wonder, if we find ſome poets there,
o live on fancy, and can feed on air;
wonder *they* were caught by South-ſea ſchemes,
o ne'er enjoy'd a guinea; but in dreams;
wonder *they* their third ſubſcriptions ſold
millions of imaginary gold;
wonder that *their* fancies wild can frame
nge reaſons, that a thing is ſtill the ſame,
ugh chang'd throughout in ſubſtance and
in name.
you (whoſe judgment ſcorns poetic flights)
h contracts furniſh boys for paper-kites.
et vulture Hopkins ſtretch his ruſty throat,
o ruins thouſands for a ſingle groat:
ow thou ſcorn'ſt his mean, his ſordid mind;
with ideal debts would plague mankind.
men alone their empty dreams purſue,
ſtill believe the fleeting viſion true;
y ſell the treaſures which their ſlumbers get,
n wake, and fancy all the world in debt.

If

‡ Names of eminent goldſmiths.

If to inſtruct thee all my reaſons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.
Thro' fam'd Moorfields extends a ſpacious ſea
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapp'd in contemplation, and in ſtraw
The wiſer few from the mad world withdraw.
There in full opulence a *banker* dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His ſide-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vaſt eſtate.
As on a time he paſs'd the vacant hours,
In raiſing piles of ſtraw and twiſted bow'rs,
A *poet* enter'd of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eye obſerv'd the ſtructure well:
A ſharpen'd ſkew'r 'croſs his bare ſhoulders bou
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the groun
The banker cry'd, "Behold my caſtle-walls,
"My ſtatues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
"With land of more than twenty acres round!
"All theſe I ſell thee for ten thouſand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchaſe ſaw
So ſign'd the contract (as ordains the law)
The banker's brain was cool'd; the miſt grew cle
The viſionary ſcene was loſt in air.
He now the vaniſh'd proſpect underſtood,
And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good:
Yet loath the ſum entire ſhould be deſtroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."
The ſtartled bard with eye indignant frown'd:
"Shall I, ye gods (he cries) my debts compound!"
So ſaying, from his rug the ſkew'r he takes,
And on the ſtick ten equal notches makes;

With juſt reſentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my tally * of ten thouſand pound.

The SOUTH-SEA. 1721.

YE wiſe philoſophers! explain
What magic makes our money riſe,
When dropt into the Southern main?
Or do theſe jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Preſto be gone——'Tis here agen;
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's ev'ry piece as big as ten.

Thus in a baſon drop a ſhilling,
Then fill the veſſel to the brim;
You ſhall obſerve, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal ſeems to ſwim.

It riſes both in bulk and height;
Behold it ſwelling like a ſop!
The liquid medium cheats your ſight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In ſtock three hundred thouſand pound;
I have in view a Lord's eſtate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and ſix, and ſerv'd in plate.

Thus

* Charles II. having borrowed a conſiderable ſum, gave tallies as a ſecurity for the repayment; but ſoon after, ſhutting up the exchequer, theſe tallies were as much reduced from their original value, as the South-Sea had exceeded it. *Hawkeſ.*

If to inſtruct thee all my reaſons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.
  Thro' fam'd Moorfields extends a ſpacious ſeat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapp'd in contemplation, and in ſtraw,
The wiſer few from the mad world withdraw.
There in full opulence a *banker* dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His ſide-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vaſt eſtate:
  As on a time he ſcene, and thinks
In raiſing ſome inchanted grove;
  And *in* he leaps, and *down* he ſinks.

Two hundred chariots, juſt beſpoke,
  Are ſunk in theſe devouring waves,
The horſes drown'd, the harneſs broke;
  And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led,
  They with their *ſpoils* went ſafe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
  Lay ſhatter'd on the Red-ſea ſhore.

Rais'd up on *Hope's* aſpiring plumes,
  The young advent'rer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and ſtate aſſumes,
  And ſcorns the middle way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight;
  With *wax* the *father* bound them faſt;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
  And down the tow'ring boy is caſt.

A moraliſt

With juſt reſentment flings it on the ground;
" There, take my tally * of ten thouſand pound.

The SOUTH-SEA. 1721.

YE wiſe philoſophers! explain
What magic makes our money riſe,
When dropt into the Southern main?
Or do theſe jugglers cheat our eyes?

Why in yon dang'rous gulf,
Where hundreds and where thouſands
Fools chiefly float, the *wiſe* are drown'd?

So have I ſeen from Severn's brink
A flock of *geeſe* jump down together,
Swim where the bird of Jove would ſink,
And ſwimming never wet a feather.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money ſtor'd:
But if a *ſharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and ſweeps the board.

As fiſhes on each other prey,
The great ones ſwall'wing up the ſmall,
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *ſtock* is high, they come between,
Making by ſecond-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unſeen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonſhine night
An aſs was drinking at a ſtream,
A cloud aroſe, and ſtopt the light
By intercepting ev'ry beam.

The day of judgment will be ſoon,
(Cries out a ſage among the croud;)
An aſs hath ſwallow'd up the moon:
The moon lay ſafe behind the cloud.

Each poor *ſubſcriber* to the *ſea*
Sinks down at once, and there he lies:
Directors fall as well as they;
Their fall is but a trick to riſe.

So fiſhes riſing from the main,
Can ſoar with moiſten'd wings on high;
The moiſture dry'd, they ſink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their loſſes to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in ſpacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a ſieve.

Thus Venus to the ſea deſcends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It ſhews the queen of love intends
To ſearch the deep for pearl and coral.

The ſea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly underſtand;
For by the ſea ſhe meant the *South*.

hus by *directors* we are told,
Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
ur ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round, and ſee how thick it lies.

h! would thoſe patriots be ſo kind,
Here in the deep to waſh their hands,
hen, like Pactolus, we ſhould find
The ſea indeed had *golden ſands*.

ſhilling in the Bath you fling,
The ſilver takes a nobler hue,
y magic virtue in the ſpring,
And ſeems a guinea to your view.

ut, as a guinea will not paſs
At market for a farthing more,
hewn through a multiplying glaſs,
Than what it always did before;

o caſt it in the Southern ſeas,
And view it through a *jobber's* bill;
ut on what ſpectacles you pleaſe,
Your guinea's but a guinea ſtill.

)ne night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
he golden ſtars for guineas took,
And ſilver Cynthia for a crown.

he point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leap'd into the flood;
here ſprawl'd a while, and ſcarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with ſlime and mud.

Upon the waters caſt thy bread,
And after many days thou'lt find it;
But gold upon this ocean ſpread
Shall ſink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulf where thouſands fell;
Here all the bold advent'rers came;
A narrow ſound, though deep as hell;
'Change-alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows;
Yet he that on the ſurface lies,
Without a pilot, ſeldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill riſe.

Subſcribers here by thouſands float,
And joſtle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fiſh for gold, and drown.

Now bury'd in the depth below,
Now mounted up to heav'n again,
They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
At their wits end, like drunken men *.

Mean time ſecure on Garr'way † cliffs
A ſavage race, by ſhipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder's ſkiffs,
And ſtrip the bodies of the dead.

But theſe, you ſay, are factious lies,
From ſome malicious Tory's brain;
For where *directors* get a prize,
The Swiſs and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus,

* Pſal. cvii. † Coffee-houſe in 'Change-alley.

hen by rooks a Lord is ply'd,
cully often wins a bet,
ring on the cheating ſide,
gh not into the ſecret let.

me build caſtles in the air,
ors build them in the ſeas:
rs plainly ſee 'em there;
ols will ſee, as wiſe men pleaſe.

. by mariners are ſhown
ſs the men of Kent are liars)
dwin's caſtles overflown,
alace-roofs, and ſteeple-ſpires.

ere the ſly *directors* creep,
o the ſhore approach too nigh!
aſters neſtle in the deep
ze you in your paſſing by.

ke the dogs of Nile, be wiſe,
taught by inſtinct how to ſhun
odile that lurking lies,
s they drink, and drink and run.

could, by magic charms,
er ſtrength, whene'er he fell:
held him in his arms,
ent him *up in air to hell.*

r thrown into the ſea,
er ſtrength and vigour there;
be tam'd another way,
ded for a while in air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found,
What planet rul'd when you were born;
We ſee you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For if the ſea ſhould ſink ſo low,
To leave you dry upon the beach;

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk;
Your foes already waiting ſtand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpleſs on the ſand.

Thus, when a whale hath loſt the tide,
The coaſters croud to ſeize the ſpoil;
The monſter into parts divide,
And ſtrip the bones and melt the oil.

Oh! may ſome weſtern tempeſt ſweep
Theſe *locuſts*, whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, *directors*, to the deep,
Driv'n from the South Sea to the Red!

May he, whom nature's laws obey,
Who *lifts* the poor, and *ſinks* the proud,
Quiet the raging of the ſea,
And *ſtill the madneſs of the* croud!

But never ſhall our iſle have reſt,
Till thoſe devouring *ſwine* run down
(*The devils leaving the poſſeſt,*)
And *headlong in the waters* drown.

The

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their coſt and trouble,
Directors promiſes but wind,
South-Sea at beſt a mighty bubble.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto,
Arma virûm, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas.
VIRG.

* A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When Ay ſaid Ay, and No ſaid No,
Without a place or fee;
Then Satan thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his ſpirit call'd Quadrille,
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
And four fair ſuits he wore;
His troops they are with red and black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er:
And every houſe, go where you will,
Is haunted by the imp Quadrille, &c.

III.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
Which well court-cards they name;
And ſtateſman-like, calls in the king
To help out a bad game:

But,

But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to loſe Codille, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books inroll'd,
And call'd a *party quarree:*
But now, meet when and where you will,
A *party quarree* is Quadrille, &c.

V.

The commoner, and knight, the peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil
When the good huſband's at Quadrille, &c.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous caſe,
In comes th' apothecary;
And to the Doctor cries, alas!
Non debes quadrillare.
The patient dies without a pill;
For why? the doctor's at Quadrille, &c.

VII.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muſcovite grow louder;
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Muſt want both ſword and gun to kill:
For why? the gen'ral's at Quadrille, &c.

VIII.

The king of late drew forth his ſword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath,)
And made of many a 'ſquire and lord
An unwaſh'd knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and ſkill?
They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

IX.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Poſtboy and Gazette
The *quadruple allies*:
But ſomebody took ſomething ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

X.

But now, God ſave this noble realm,
And God ſave eke Hanover;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the helm,
When as the king goes over:
But let the king go where he will,
His ſubjects muſt play at Quadrille, &c.

*MOLLY MOG;

OR,

The FAIR MAID of the INN. †

SAYS my uncle, I pray you diſcover
What hath been the cauſe of your woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover?
I've ſeen Molly Mog of the Roſe.
O nephew!

† The Roſe-inn at Ockingham in Berkſhire.

O nephew! your grief is but folly;
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
That women at beſt are a clog:
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving my ſweet Molly Mog.

The ſchoolboy's deſire is a play-day;
The ſchoolmaſter's joy is to flog;
The milkmaid's delight is on May-day;
But mine is on ſweet Molly Mog.

Will-o'-wiſp leads the trav'ller a-gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire and bog:
But no light can ſet me a-madding,
Like the eyes of my ſweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gameſters will palm and will cog:
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win ſweet Molly Mog.

The heart, when half wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog:
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fixt upon ſweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleaſure,
In pleaſure is thought but a hog:
All the ſex cannot give ſo good meaſure
Of joys, as my ſweet Molly Mog.

I'm in love to diſtraction,
ſenſes all loſt in a fog;
othing can give ſatisfaction
thinking on ſweet Molly Mog.

er when I am inditing,
ies Cupid and gives me a jog;
fill all the paper with writing
nothing but ſweet Molly Mog.

ould not give up the three Graces,
iſh I were hang'd like a dog,
t court all the drawing-room faces,
a glance of my ſweet Molly Mog.

faces want nature and ſpirit,
l ſeem as cut out of a log:
Venus, and Pallas's merit
te in my ſweet Molly Mog.

who toaſt all the family royal
umpers of *hogan* and *nog*,
hearts not more true or more loyal
n mine to my ſweet Molly Mog.

Virgil alive with his Phillis,
l writing another eclogue;
is Phillis and fair Amaryllis
d give up for ſweet Molly Mog.

ſhe ſmiles on each gueſt, like her liquor,
n jealouſy ſets me agog;
ſure ſhe's a bit for the *vicar*,
l ſo I ſhall loſe Molly Mog.

A New

* A New Song of New Simile

MY paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong;
I ſit all ſober ſad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, tho' as drunk as David's ſow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could ſee
The reſt of womankind.

Like a ſtuck pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as a mouſe before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or ſtone;
She laughs to ſee me pale,

And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled ale.

The god of love at her approach
Is buſy as a bee!
Hearts ſound as any bell or roach
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men croud about her:
But ſoon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her ſhape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be ſcot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien;
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are;
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites:
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Briſk as a body-louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt;

Sweet as a roſe her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king:
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But falſe as hell, ſhe, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her ſex muſt do;
Tho' ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And like the goſpel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emp'ror ſhould I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any poſt:
Let us like burs together ſtick,
And warm as any toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a dye
And wiſh me better ſped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, ſhe'll drop a tear,
And ſigh, perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

*NEWGATE's GARLAND:

Being a New Ballad, ſhewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr. Blake, alias Blueſkin, the bold Highwayman, as he ſtood at his trial in the Old Bailey, 1725.

To the tune of the *Cut-purſe.*

I.

YE gallants of Newgate, whoſe fingers are nice
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye ſharpers ſo rich, who can buy off the nooſe;
Ye honeſter poor rogues, who die in your ſhoes,
Attend and draw near,
Good news ye ſhall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear,
How Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

II.

When to the Old Bailey this Blueſkin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read:
Loud rattled his chains; near him Jonathan ſtood;
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then, hopeleſs of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a ſad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief ſhall appeaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

III.

Some ſay there are courtiers of higheſt renown
Who ſteal the king's gold, and leave him bu
crown:
Some ſay there are peers, and ſome parliament-m
Who meet once a year to rob courtiers agen.
Let them all take their ſwing
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon, inſtead of a ſtring.
Now Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at ea
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning i
ventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies penſio
Phyſicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fee
Since this happy day
Now ev'ry man may
Rob (as ſafe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you
eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe

V.

Some cheat in the cuſtoms, ſome rob the exciſ
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the hal
As yet only venture to ſteal from the altar.
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, ſince Jonathan's col

For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

VI.

Some by public revenues, which paſs'd through their hands,
Have purchas'd clean houſes, and bought dirty lands:
Some to ſteal from a charity think it no ſin,
Which at home (ſays the proverb) does always begin.
But, if ever you be
Aſſign'd the truſtee,
Treat not orphans like maſters of the chancery;
But take the highway, and more honeſtly ſeize;
For ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

VII.

What a pother has here been with Wood and his braſs,
Who would modeſtly make a few halfpennies paſs!
The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For Diomede changed his copper for gold:
But if Ireland deſpiſe
The new halfpennies,
With more ſafety to rob on the road I adviſe:
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet thee at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

PROMETHEUS.

On WOOD * the patentee's *Iriſh* Halfpence.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

AS When the 'ſquire and tinker, Wood,
Gravely conſulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a maſs
Smith's duſt, and copper, lead and braſs;
The mixture thus by chymic art
United cloſe in ev'ry part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd ſpecies;
And by the forming engine ſtruck,
On all the ſame impreſſion ſtuck.
So, to confound this hated coin,
All *parties* and *religions* join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformiſts, Preſbyterians,
Scotch, Iriſh, Engliſh, French unite,
With *equal int'reſt, equal ſpite:*
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in *one opinion* jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The ſame impreſſion on his mind.
A ſtrange event! whom *gold* incites
To blood and quarrels, *braſs* unites:

* See an account of Wood's project in the Drapier's vol. 3. and 4.

So, goldſmiths ſay, the coarſeſt ſtuff
Will ſerve for *ſolder* well enough:
So by the *kettle's* loud alarm
The *bees* are gather'd to a *ſwarm*:
So by the *brazen* trumpet's bluſter
Troops of all tongues and nations muſter:
And ſo the *harp* of Ireland brings
Whole crouds about its *brazen ſtrings*.

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But faſten'd to his throne above,
So ſtrong that from the lower end,
They ſay, all human things depend.
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of *gold*.
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Diſſolv'd, and into *money* coin'd;
Then whips me on a chain of braſs:
(Venus was brib'd to let it paſs. *)
Now, while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove ſaw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godſhip rais'd;
No ſacrifice on altars blaz'd;
In ſhort, ſuch dire confuſion follow'd,
Earth muſt have been in chaos ſwallow'd.
Jove ſtood amaz'd; and looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.

Prometheus

* A great lady was ſaid to have been bribed by Wood.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Ty'd with the chain himſelf had made,
On icy Caucaſus to ſhiver,
Where vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye pow'rs of Grubſtreet, make me able
Diſcreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be underſtood
By that old thief Prometheus? WOOD.
For Jove, it is not hard to gueſs him;
I mean his Majeſty, *God bleſs him.*
This thief and blackſmith was ſo bold,
He ſtrove to ſteal that chain of gold,
Which links the ſubject to the king,
And change it for a brazen ſtring.
But ſure, if nothing elſe muſt paſs
Between the king and us, but braſs,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow ſlack.
But Jove will ſoon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus ſhall be ty'd,
And high in air for ever ride:
Where, if we find his liver grows,
For want of vultures, we have crows.

* STREPHON AND FLAVIA.

WITH ev'ry lady in the land
Soft Strephon kept a pother;
One year he languiſh'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.

Yet when his love the ſhepherd told
To Flavia fair and coy,
Reſerv'd, demure, than ſnow more cold,
She ſcorn'd the gentle boy.
Late at a ball he own'd his pain;
She bluſh'd, and frown'd, and ſwore,
With all the marks of high diſdain,
She'd never hear him more.
The ſwain perſiſted ſtill to pray,
The nymph ſtill to deny;
At laſt ſhe vow'd ſhe would not ſtay;
He ſwore ſhe ſhould not fly.
Enrag'd, ſhe call'd her footman ſtraight,
And ruſh'd from out the room,
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
And lay with Ralph at home.

CORINNA.

Written in the year 1712.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the World Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art.
But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
Both ſoftly to the cradle creep;
Both ſtroke her hands, and rub her gums
While the poor child lay faſt aſleep.
Then Cupid thus: This little maid
Of love ſhall always ſpeak and write:

And I pronounce (the Satyr ſaid)
  The world ſhall feel her ſcratch and bite.
Her talent ſhe diſplay'd betimes;
  For in twice twelve revolving moons
She ſeem'd to laugh and ſquall in ryhmes,
  And all her geſtures were lampoons.
At ſixty years old the ſubtle jade
  Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid:
  And you may ſwear the tale went round.
She made a ſong, how little Miſs
  Was kiſs'd and ſlobber'd by a lad;
And how when Maſter went to p——,
  Miſs came, and peep'd at all he had.
At twelve a wit and a coquette;
  Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
  Turns auth'reſs, and is Curll's for life.
Her common-place book all gallant is,
  Of ſcandal now a *cornucopia;*
She pours it out in Atalantis, †
  Or memoirs of the new Utopia.

THE

† The Atalantis was written by Mrs. Manley; and may be conſidered as a pander for the ſtews, who gains admittance into good company by a genteel appearance and good addreſs. *Hawkeſ.*

THE QUIDNUNCKI'S:

occaſioned by the death of the Duke Regent of FRANCE.

W vain are mortal man's endeavours!
(Said at Dame Elleot's, * Maſter Tr—s;)
rleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
ay all ſtateſmen die prepar'd!
ſee (and for foreſeeing
als any man in being)
ny ne'er can be diſbanded.
viſh the king were ſafely landed.
nds! great changes threat the land!
nce and England at a ſtand!
Meroweis——mark! ſtrange work!
ere's the Czar, and there's the Turk——
pe——An India merchant by
rt the ſpeech with this reply.
t a ſtand? you ſee great changes?
! you never ſaw the Ganges:
wells the nation of Quidnuncki's,
nomotapa calls monkies:)
er bank, from bough to bough,
eet and chat (as we may now:)
's go round, they grin, they ſhrug,
w, they ſnarl, they ſcratch, they hug;
ſt as chance or whim provoke them,
ther bite their friends, or ſtroke them.
: have I ſeen ſome active prig,
r his parts, beſtride a twig:
Lord!

* Tom's Coffeehouſe near St. James's.

Lord! how the chatt'ring tribe admire!
Not that he's wiſer, but he's higher:
All long to try the vent'rous thing,
(For pow'r is but to have one's ſwing.)
From ſide to ſide he ſprings, he ſpurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
Down the ſwift ſtream the wretch is borne;
Never, ah never, to return!
Z——ds! what a fall had our dear brother!
Morblieu! cries one; and Damme, t'other.
The nation gives a gen'ral ſcreech;
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to ſteal.
A while all eyes intent and ſteddy
Purſue him whirling down the eddy:
But, out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And bus'neſs, on each monkey ſhore,
Runs the ſame track it run before.

AY and NO: A FABLE.

IN fable all things hold diſcourſe;
Then words, no doubt, muſt talk of courſe.
Once on a time, near Channel-row, *
Two hoſtile adverbs, *Ay* and *No*,
Were haſt'ning to the field of fight,
And front to front ſtood oppoſite.

Before

* Channel-row is a dirty-ſtreet near the parliament houſe, Weſtminſter.

each gen'ral join'd the van,
: more courteous knight, began :
, peeviſh particle, beware !
d you are not ſuch a bear,
netimes *yield*, when *offer'd fair*.
yon folks a while to tattle ;
: who muſt decide the battle.
:'er we war on yonder ſtage
'arious fate and equal rage,
ıtion trembles at each blow,
No gives *Ay*, and *Ay* gives *No* :
expenſive long contention
in nor office, grant or penſion :
hen ſhould *kinsfolks* quarrel thus ?
vo of *you* make one of *us*. ‡)
ıe wiſe ſtateſman let us go,
: each his *proper uſe* may know :
y admit two ſuch commanders,
ıake thoſe wait who ſerv'd in Flanders.
uarter on a great man's tongue,
s'ry-lord, not Maſter Y——g.
ıious at his high command
ll march forth to tax the land.
chments *No* can beſt reſiſt,
ly ſupport the civil liſt :
ck as Cæſar wins the day ;
No, like Fabius, by delay.
imes in mutual fly diſguiſe,
y's ſeem *No's*, and *No's* ſeem *Ay's* ;
: in court's denials meant,
No's in biſhops give conſent.

‡ In Engliſh, two negatives make an affirmative.

Thus *Ay* propos'd——and for reply
No for the firſt time anſwer'd *Ay*.
They parted with a thouſand kiſſes,
And fight e'er ſince for pay, like Swiſſes.

PHILLIS;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Written in the year 1716.

DEſponding Phillis was endu'd
With ev'ry talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her ear;
If o'er againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your waiſt:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her head:
In church you hear her, through the croud,
Repeat the *abſolution* loud:
In church, ſecure behind her fan.
She durſt behold that monſter *man*;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
And heave her boſom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaux to ſee it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppoſe all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,

The

r and the ring beſpoke:
ow could ſuch a match be broke?
what mortals place their bliſs in!
rn betimes the bride was miſſing:
her ſcream'd, the father chid;
an this idle wench be hid?
; of Phil! the bridegroom came,
ught his bride had ſkulk'd for ſhame;
her father us'd to ſay,
had ſuch a baſhful way.
John the butler muſt be ſent
the road that Phillis went.
om was wiſh'd to ſaddle Crop;
1 muſt neither light nor ſtop,
her, whereſoe'er ſhe fled,
ng her back, alive or dead.
ere again the devil to do;
y John was miſſing too:
ſe and pillion both were gone!
it ſeems, was fled with John.
Madam, who went up to find
ipers Phil had left behind,
on the toilet ſees,
uch honour'd father———theſe,
vays done, romances tell us,
aughters run away with fellows,)
ith the choiceſt common places,
s us'd in the like caſes:
long ago, a *fortune-teller*
ly ſaid what now befel her;
n a *glaſs* had made her ſee
ving-man of low degree.

" It was *her fate*, muſt be forgiven;
" For *marriages were made in heaven:*
" His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
" She'd *do't, if 'twere to do again:*
" Thank'd God, 'twas neither ſhame nor ſin;
" For John was come of honeſt kin.
" Love never thinks of rich and poor:
" *She'd beg with John from door to door.*
" Forgive her, if it be a crime;
" She'll never do't *another time.*
" She ne'er before in all her life
" Once diſobey'd him, *maid nor wife.*
" One argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The *thing was done, and paſt recalling:*
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His favour, when his *paſſion's over.*
" She valu'd not what others thought her,
" And was——his *moſt obedient daughter.*"
Fair maidens, all attend the muſe,
Who now the wand'ring pair purſues:
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their journey long, their money ſhort;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horſe and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worſe;
Phil cry'd, and John began to curſe:
Phil wiſh'd that ſhe had ſtrain'd a limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him;
John wiſh'd that he had broke a leg,
When firſt for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befel 'em,
The muſe hath now no time to tell 'em:

How

ow Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
ill Phillis all her trinkets pawn'd:
ow oft ſhe broke her marriage-vows
kindneſs to maintain her ſpouſe.
ill ſwains unwholeſome ſpoil'd the trade;
or now the ſurgeons muſt be paid,
o whom thoſe perquiſites are gone,
Chriſtian juſtice due to John.
hen food and raiment now grew ſcarce,
ate put a period to the farce;
nd with exact poetic juſtice;
or John is landlord, Phillis hoſteſs:
hey keep at Staines the old Blue Boar,
re cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

Written in the year 1720.

THE farmer's gooſe, who in the ſtubble
Has fed without reſtraint or trouble,
rown fat with corn, and ſitting ſtill,
n ſcarce get o'er the barn-door ſill;
nd hardly waddles forth to cool
er belly in the neighb'ring pool;
or loudly cackles at the door;
r cackling ſhews the gooſe is poor.
But, when ſhe muſt be turn'd to graze,
nd round the barren common ſtrays,
ard exerciſe and harder fare
on make my dame grow lank and ſpare:
er body light, ſhe tries her wings,
nd ſcorns the ground, and upward ſprings;

While all the pariſh, as ſhe flies,
Hear ſounds harmonious from the ſkies.
Such is the poet freſh in pay,
(The third night's profits of his play;)
His morning-draughts till noon can ſwill
Among his brethren of the quill;
With good roaſt beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep ſunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, ſtuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could ſing a note?
Nor Pegaſus could bear the load
Along the high celeſtial road;
The ſteed, oppreſs'd, would break his girth
To raiſe the lumber from the earth.
But view him in another ſcene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money ſpent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheeſe and ale;
His two-years coat ſo ſmooth and bare,
Through ev'ry thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His fleſh brought down to flying caſe:
Now his exalted ſpirit loathes
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he riſes like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He ſinging flies, and flying ſings,
While from below all Grubſtreet rings.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1720.

WHEN firſt Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and ſteams her look diſgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the ſky,
Her ſpots are gone, her viſage clears.

Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia ſhould appear too ſoon,
Alas, the nymph would be undone!

To ſee her from her pillow riſe,
All reeking in a cloudy ſteam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon, how would he blaſpheme!

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a diff'rent ſite,
They form a frightful hideous face:

For inſtance, when the lily ſkips
Into the precincts of the roſe,
And takes poſſeſſion of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the noſe.

So

So Celia went entire to bed,
  All her complexion ſafe and ſound;
But when ſhe roſe, white, black, and red,
  Though ſtill in ſight, had chang'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
  A more inferior ſtation ſeeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
  And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with eaſe reduce,
  By help of pencil, paint, and bruſh,
Each colour to its place and uſe,
  And teach her cheeks again to bluſh.

She knows her *early* ſelf no more;
  But fill'd with admiration ſtands,
As other painters oft adore
  The workmanſhip of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
  Celia's the wonder of her ſex:
Say, which among the heav'nly pow'rs
  Could cauſe ſuch marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
  Gave women all their hearts could wiſh,
When firſt ſhe taught them where to find
  White lead and Luſitanian * diſh.

Love with white lead cements his wings:
  White lead was ſent us to repair
Two brighteſt, brittleſt, earthly things,
  A lady's face, and China ware.

She

* Portugal.

She ventures now to lift the ſaſh;
The window is her proper ſphere.
Ah, lovely nymph! be not too raſh,
Nor let the beaux approach too near:

Take pattern by your *ſiſter* ſtar;
Delude at once, and bleſs our ſight;
When you are ſeen, be ſeen from far,
And chiefly chooſe to ſhine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The beſt mechanic hand muſt fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wiſe logicians ſay,
Cannot without a *form* ſubſiſt;
And *form*, ſay I, as well as they,
Muſt fail, if *matter* brings no griſt.

And this is fair Diana's caſe;
For all aſtrologers maintain,
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals ſay ſhe's in her wane.

While *Partridge wiſely ſhews the cauſe
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his pois'nous claws
Attacks her in the *milky way*:

But *Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to ſhow,
That

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris. *Hawkeſ.*

That ſwain Endymion * is not found,
Or elſe that Mercury's her foe.

But, let the cauſe be what it will,
In half a month ſhe looks ſo thin,
That Flamſtead can, with all his ſkill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as ſhe waſtes, ſhe grows diſcreet,
Till midnight never ſhews her head:
So rotting Celia ſtrolls the ſtreet,
When ſober folks are all a-bed.

For ſure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When Mercury her treſſes mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain:
No painting can reſtore a *noſe*,
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

Ye pow'rs who over love preſide!
Since mortal beauties drop ſo ſoon,
If you would have us well ſupply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* mo

PE

* Endymion, a young ſhepherd, of whom Diana to be enamoured. *Hawkeſ.*

PETHOX THE GREAT.

Written in the year 1723.

)M Venus born, thy beauty ſhows;
ut who thy father, no man knows:
n the ſkilful herald trace
under of thy ancient race:
er thy temper, full of fire,
ers Vulcan for thy ſire;
)d who made Scamander boil,
)und his margin ſing'd the ſoil,
whence, philoſophers agree,
ial pow'r deſcends to thee:
er from dreadful Mars you claim
gh deſcent from whence you came;
s a proof, ſhew num'rous ſcars
ce encounters made in wars,
honourable wounds you bore
ead to foot, and *all before;*
ill the bloody field frequent,
ar in each leader's tent:
ether, as the learn'd contend,
om the neighb'ring Gaul deſcend;
n Parthenope * the proud,
numberleſs thy vot'ries croud:
er thy great forefathers came
calms that bear Veſputio's name;
conjectr'rers would obtrude,
om thy painted ſkin conclude:

Whether,

* Naples.

Whether, as Epicurus ſhows,
The world from juſtling ſeeds aroſe,
Which, mingling with prolific ſtrife
In chaos, kindled into life;
So your production was the ſame,
And from contending atoms came.
Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with ſparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent ſteps the road
Is all with precious jewels ſtrow'd.
The bird of Pallas * knows his poſt,
Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'ſt.
Byzantians boaſt, that on the clod
Where once their *Sultan's* horſe hath trod,
Grows neither graſs, nor ſhrub, nor tree:
The ſame thy ſubjects boaſt of thee.
The greateſt lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours ſeen
Of red, and yellow, blue, and green.
With half a word, when you require,
The man of bus'neſs muſt retire.
The haughty miniſter of ſtate
With trembling muſt thy leiſure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The bus'neſs of the nation ſtands.
Thou dar'ſt the greateſt prince attack,
Canſt hourly ſet him on the rack,
And, as an inſtance of thy pow'r,
Incloſe him in a wooden tow'r:

V

* Bubo, the owl.

gent pains on ev'ry ſide,
is in torments dy'd.
iee our youth all virtues learn,
vith prudence to diſcern;
thy ſcholars are endu'd
p'rance, and with fortitude;
ence, which all ills ſupports;
cy, the art of courts.
tt'ring beau could hardly tell,
your aid, to read or ſpell.
ng long convers'd with you,
w to write a billet-doux.
'hat delight, methinks, I trace
d in ev'ry noble race!
thy features, ſhape, and mien,
e life diſtinctly ſeen.
itons, once a ſavage kind,
ere brighten'd and refin'd,
nts of the barb'rous Huns,
os robuſt, and voice that ſtuns:
ave moulded them afreſh,
the tough ſuperfluous fleſh,
iem to modulate their tongues,
c without the help of lungs.
; on you beſtow'd the boon
e your viſage like the moon;
times half a face produce,
ier half for private uſe.
m'd thy conduct in the fight
ermes, ſon of Pleias bright!

* Mercury.

Out-number'd, half encompaſs'd round,
You ſtrove for ev'ry inch of ground;
Then, by a ſoldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial ſeat.
The victor, when your ſteps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waſte:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chaſm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol ſecur'd,
A ſiege as long as Troy endur'd.

NEW SONGS.

Sung at the CLUB at Mr. *Taplin*'s, the ſign of the DRAPIER'S HEAD in *Truck-ſtreet*.

——*Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius.*
HORAT.

I.

WITH briſk merry lays,
We'll ſing to the praiſe
Of that honeſt patriot, the Drapier;
Who, all the world knows,
Confounded our foes,
With nothing but pen, ink, and paper.

II.

A ſpirit divine,
Ran through ev'ry line,

And

ıd made all our hearts for to caper:
He ſav'd us our goods,
And dumfounder'd Woods;
ıen long life and health to the Drapier.

III.

We ne'er ſhall forget,
His judgment, or wit;
ıt life, you muſt know, is a vapour;
In ages to come,
We well may preſume,
hey'll monuments raiſe to the Drapier.

IV.

When ſenators meet,
They'll ſurely think fit
o honour and praiſe the good Drapier;
Nay, juries ſhall join,
And ſheriffs combine,
'o thank him in well-written paper.

V.

You men of the Comb,
Come lay by your loom,
ınd go to the ſign of the Drapier;
To TAPLIN declare,
You one and all are
ınd loving good friends to his paper.

VI.

Then join hand in hand,
T' each other firm ſtand,
ıll health to the club and the Drapier;
Who merrily meet,
And ſing in Truck-ſtreet,
ı praiſe of the well-written paper.

Let ballads be made by the bards of th
To thank the brave Drapier for what he
Which no body can deny, brave boys, whi
can deny.

When a project to ruin this nation w
To drain all our gold, and give braſs in
The Drapier he writ, and knock'd all on
Which no body can

His advice he addreſs'd to men of al
Which timely ſupported our trade
banks;
And no doubt the next ſeſſion he'll h
thanks. *Which no body can*

But who could imagine that ſome me
Were for bringing this Drapier to ſham
grace;
Becauſe he had writ upon too nice a ca
Which no body can

That a J—— of this country ſhould
ſkill,
To prevail on a J—y for finding a bill;

And for the good things he has brought to paſs,
We here for a ſign have ſet up his face;
And wiſh we cou'd ſet up his ſtatue in braſs.
Which no body can deny, &c.

Then, Taplin, fill out a glaſs of the beſt,
And let the king's health be drank by each gueſt,
Let it ſhine in his face and glow in his breaſt.
Which no body can deny, &c.

For Carteret's merit a bumper prepare,
Whoſe faithful report of our loyalty here,
Has baffled our foes and remov'd all our fear.
Which no body can deny, &c.

The proteſtant intereſt abroad and at home,
Our friends in this city, and thoſe on the Comb,
Shall be pledg'd by all members in this club and room. *Which no body can deny*, &c.

Make haſte, honeſt Taplin, and bring t'other pot,
The Drapier's good friends muſt not be forgot,
While you have good liquor, or we have a groat.
Which no body can deny, brave boys, which no body can deny.

SONG III.

I.

OF a worthy *Dublin* Drapier,
My purpoſe is to ſpeak,
Who for no private intereſt,
But for his country's ſake,

By virtuous honour led,
Egregious hazards run;
And, ſo he ſet his country free,
Could more have undergone.

II.

Twice was he perſecuted,
By traitors to the ſtate;
And twice, by virtue guarded,
He did their wiles defeat:
Seek all the world about,
And you will hardly find
A man for honour to excel
Our gallant Drapier's mind.

III.

For he was bred in *Dublin*,
The chief of men was he;
From thence, ſent o'er to *London*,
A 'prentice for to be:
A banker near the court,
Did like his ſervice ſo,
That a warm farm in his own land,
He did on him beſtow.

IV.

When back again to *Ireland*
This worthy Drapier came,
He caſt about moſt nobly,
To advance its wealth and fame:
And had the ſimple natives
Obſerv'd his ſage advice,
Their wealth and fame, ſome years ago,
Had reach'd above the ſkies.

V.

ır oft he them admoniſh'd
To mind the draping-trade,
nd wear no manufactures
But what themſelves had made:
ıt whilſt by thoughtleſs mortals
His ſchemes neglected lay,
ıme foes unto their country's weal
His perſon would betray.

VI.

Then thus her ſons turn enemies,
What nation free can laſt?
nd now, to quite enſlave us,
A champion over paſs'd,
ı copper armour clad,
A wooden tool of might,
Who, by his boaſt of power, did
All *Ireland* affright.

VII.

Vith juſt diſdain, the Drapier
Beheld his brazen pride,
e could not hear with patience,
How he our laws defy'd:
ırgetting former wrongs,
Unto our aid he flew,
nd, with reſiſtleſs courage, he
This giant overthrew.

VIII.

ıt, oh! the curs'd ingratitude
Of ſome! (no matter where)
:t all their names in hiſtory
With infamy appear.

For,

For, to reward his love,
In ſaving of their land,
They plotted to deliver him
Into the traitor's hand.

IX.

The Drapier, at this treatment
Was not a whit diſmay'd;
But, for his country's ſafety,
More than his own afraid,
He bravely ſent 'em word,
He'd ſtand the brunt of all,
If they wou'd but ſecure the land,
From Wood's ſad brazen thrall.

X.

Thus doth our gallant Drapier
His trade, and all, expoſe,
To ſave the land from foreign,
And from domeſtic foes:
Who, their own turn to ſerve,
Moſt baſely would agree
To bring us in *dependence*,
Who are by nature free.

XI.

For he hath ſhewn, moſt clearly,
We can't be free by halves;
And thoſe to ſubjects ſubject,
Can be no leſs than ſlaves.
As yet, no acts we've made,
And grant we never may,
To give our brethren title
To their pretended ſway.

Then,

XII.

ı, with your conſtant praiſes
The Drapier's name adorn,
lſt thoſe who wou'd betray him,
Deſerve the utmoſt ſcorn:
)nouring his worth,
Let grateful friends be found;
with his health, next to the king's,
Let glaſſes go all round.

SONG IV.

OW we're free by nature,
Let us all our power exert;
: each human creature
May his right aſſert.
rus.) *Fill bumpers to the Drapier,*
Whoſe convincing paper
Set us, glorioufly,
From brazen fetters free.
warm zeal inſpir'd us
To withſtand our country's fate,
ſt his writings fir'd us,
Ere it was too late. *Fill bumpers,* &c.
ıe Roman ſpirit
Fir'd our mighty hero's breaſt:
im, we inherit
What can make us bleſt. *Fill bumpers,* &c.
he bright in ſtory,
Like great Naſſau once before,
l us all with glory;
What could mortal more? *Fill bumpers,* &c.

All

All friends to the DRAPIER,
Who revere his worthy name,
In honour to his PAPER,
Sing his laſting fame. *Fill bumpers*
Thus, ye ſons of pleaſure,
Who at Taplin's weekly ſing,
In alternate meaſure
Loudly let him ring. *Fill bumpers*

SONG V.

WHEN Wood had like t' have taken root
And canker'd all the nation.
The DRAPIER ſoon oppos'd his ſuit,
And ſtemm'd his innovation.
As when by winter's hoary chains
The meadows are involv'd;
When Phœbus ſhines upon the plains,
They're by his rays diſſolv'd.
So, when the Drapier did maintain
Our cauſe, to whom we're debtors,
The fire of his heroic vein
Deſtroy'd our brazen fetters.
Our liberty by him's reſtor'd;
Wood's foil'd by his own rapier;
Nor owe we more to Naſſau's ſword,
Than to his pen and paper.
Amidſt his foes, the hero (full———
Of rage) out-brav'd the danger;
And hence, the brazen-footed bull
Was ſent to rack and manger.

ſs off your bumpers, raiſe a ſong,
He ne'er ſhall be forgotten;
i name ſhall charm each liſt'ning throng,
When Wood is dead and rotten.
: healths go round: cheer up, my boys,
And, whilſt the ſpirit moves ye,
vote the preſent time to joys———
And muſic, as behoves ye.
re, honeſt Taplin, ſpare no man,
Go, fetch us t'other bottle;
s'll dance like Phœbus, ſing like Pan,
And drink like Ariſtotle.

A GENTLE ECHO ON WOMEN.

In the Doric manner.

ſhepherd, ECho, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly anſwer queſtions: ſhall I try? Echo, *Try.*

ſhepherd, What muſt we do our paſſion to expreſs? Echo, *Preſs.*

ſhepherd, How ſhall I pleaſe her who ne'er lov'd before? Echo, *Before.*

ſhepherd, What moſt moves women, when we them addreſs? Echo, *A dreſs.*

ſhepherd, Say, what can keep her chaſte, whom I adore? Echo, *A door.*

ſhepherd, If muſic ſoftens rocks, love tunes my lyre. Echo, *Lyar.*

Shepherd,

Shepherd, How ſhall I hold her ne'er
ſunder? Echo, *A*
Shepherd, But what can glad me, whe
on bier? E
Shepherd, What muſt I do, when wom
kind? Ech
Shepherd, What muſt I do, when wom
croſs? Echo
Shepherd, Lord! what is ſhe that can
wind? Ec
Shepherd, If ſhe be wind, what ſtills
ſhe blows? Ec
Shepherd, But if ſhe bang again, ſti
bang her? Echo,
Shepherd, Is there no way to moderate
Echo,
Shepherd, Thanks, gentle Echo! right t
tell,
What woman is, and how to
well. Echo, *Guar*

When actors, who at beſt are hardly ſavers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay,——let me ſee, how finely will it ſound!
Imprimis, from his Grace * a hundred pound:
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors:
Item, the actors freely give a day,——
The poet had no more who made the play.

But whence this wondrous charity in play'rs?
They learn'd it not at ſermons, or at pray'rs.
Under the roſe, ſince here are none but friends,
To own the truth, we have ſome private ends:
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old *brocades*,
We'll dreſs in *manufactures* made at home,
Equip our *kings* and *gen'rals* at the Comb: †
We'll rigg in Meath-ſtreet Ægypt's haughty queen;
And Anthony ſhall court her in *rateen*.
In *blue ſhalloon* ſhall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Iriſh *purple plaid*.
In drugget dreſs'd, of thirteen-pence a-yard,
See Philip's ſon amidſt his Perſian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape ſhall ſweep the ſtage.
In ſhort, our kings and princeſſes within
Are all reſolv'd the project to begin;
And you, our ſubjects, when you here reſort,
Muſt imitate the faſhions of the court.

Oh! could I ſee this audience clad in *ſtuff*,
Tho' money's ſcarce, we ſhould have trade enough.

* Dr. William King, Archbiſhop of Dublin.

† A ſtreet in Dublin famous for woollen manufactures.

But *chints*, *brocades*, and *lace* take all away,
And ſcarce a crown is left to ſee a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendſhip ſprings
Between the *weavers*, and us playhouſe-kings.
But wit and weaving had the ſame beginning;
Pallas firſt taught us poetry and ſpinning.
And next obſerve how this alliance fits,
For *weavers* now are juſt as poor as *wits*:
Their brother quill-men, workers for the ſtage,
For ſorry *ſtuff* can get a crown a page;
But *weavers* will be kinder to the *play'rs*,
And ſell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs:
And, to your knowledge, there is often leſs in
The *poet*'s wit, than in the *player*'s dreſſing.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

BEneath this verdant *hillock* lies,
Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wife*.
His *heirs*, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his *carcaſe* in a *cheſt*;
The very *cheſt*, in which, they ſay,
His *other ſelf*, his *money*, lay.
And, if his *heirs* continue kind
To that dear *ſelf* he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his *better half* alive.

To STELLA, who collected and tranſcribed his POEMS.

Written in the year 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the ſtones;
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So if this pile of ſcatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after times,
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are yours.
Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted love a gueſt.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort, that our own is beſt;
The beſt we value by the worſt,
(As tradeſmen ſhew their traſh at firſt:)
But his purſuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chooſes for a *friend*.
A poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,

Invokes his miſtreſs and his muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of ſhoes:
Should but his muſe, deſcending, drop
A ſlice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surpriſe him with a pint of ſtout; *
Or patch his broken ſtocking-ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.

Or, ſhould a porter make enquiries
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris,
Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bow'rs that hold thoſe nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her ſhoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phillis mending ragged ſmocks;
And radient Iris in the pox.

Theſe are the goddeſſes inroll'd
In Curll's collection †, new and old,
Whoſe ſcoundrel fathers would not know 'em
If they ſhould meet them in a poem.

True poets can depreſs and raiſe,
Are lords of infamy and praiſe;
They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.

Unj

* A cant word for ſtrong beer.
† See an account of Curll, in vol. 7.

Injuſtly poets we aſperſe;
Truth ſhines the brighter clad in verſe;
And all the fictions they purſue,
Do but inſinuate what is true.
Now, ſhould my praiſes owe their truth
To beauty, dreſs, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call *without our pow'r*,
They could not be inſur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual ſtock,
That muſt our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant ſhoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verſes bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.
So Mævius, when he drain'd his ſcull
To celebrate ſome ſuburb-trull,
His ſimiles in order ſet,
And ev'ry crambo he could get;
Had gone thro' all the common places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:
Before he could his poem cloſe,
The lovely nymph had loſt her noſe.
Your virtues ſafely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let Malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not ſay the poet lies.
Stella, when you theſe lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a bribe,
I reſolv'd to mortify your pride,
And here expoſe your weaker ſide.
Your ſpirits kindle to a flame,
Quick'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;

And when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to ſpite,
Regardleſs both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all ſuſpended wait
Till Time hath open'd Reaſon's gate;
And, what is worſe, your paſſion bends
Its force againſt your neareſt friends,
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for ſee, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, tho' with trembling, all admire;
The heat that makes the ſummit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Thoſe who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they ſuffer pain,
Muſt own, that pain is largely paid
By gen'rous wines beneath a ſhade.
Yet, when I find your paſſions riſe,
And anger ſparkling in your eyes,
I grieve thoſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One paſſion with a diff'rent turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn.
So the ſun's heat with diff'rent pow'rs
Ripens the grape, the liquor ſours.

hus Ajax, when with rage poſſeſt
y Pallas breath'd into his breaſt,
is valour would no more employ,
Vhich might alone have conquer'd Troy;
ut, blinded by reſentment, ſeeks
or vengeance on his friends, the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
rom ſtagnating preſerves the flood,
Vhich thus fermenting, by degrees
xalts the ſpirits, ſinks the lees.
Stella, for once you reaſon wrong;
or, ſhould this ferment laſt too long,
y time ſubſiding, you may find
lothing but acid left behind:
rom paſſion you may then be freed,
Vhen peeviſhneſs and ſpleen ſucceed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Vill you keep ſtrictly to the text?
)are you let theſe reproaches ſtand,
ınd to your failing ſet your hand?
)r, if theſe lines your anger fire,
hall they in baſer flames expire?
Vhene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
hey'll prove my accuſation juſt.

*STELLA to Dr. SWIFT, on his B Day, Nov. 30, 1721 †.

ST. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the reſt attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate, in female ſtrains,
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Deſcend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to deſpiſe
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shew'd where my judgment was miſplac'd
Refin'd my fancy and my taſte.
Behold that beauty juſt decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid;
Forſook by her admiring train,
She ſpreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the ſtage;
Went ſmoothly on for half a page;

† This poem ſhews the delicacy of Stella's taſte. I only remaining performance of that improved and lovely that I know of in the poetic ſtrain. It was given by D to a lady of his acquaintance, who had a great eſteem virtues and accompliſhments of the amiable Stella, a ſhe never had the leaſt intimacy with her. The Doctor this lady, that it was a piece entirely genuine from the l Stella, without any ſort of correction whatſoever. *Swi* See *Bons mots de Stella*, in Vol. II. and her char Dr. Swift's life, prefixed to Vol. I.

loom was gone, ſhe wanted art,
e ſcene chang'd, to change her part:
whom no lover could reſiſt,
e the ſecond act was hiſs'd.
is the fate of female race
no endowments but a face;
e the thirti'th year of life
id forlorn, or hated wife,
lla to you, her tutor, owes
ſhe has ne'er reſembled thoſe;
vas a burden to mankind
half her courſe of years behind.
aught how I might youth prolong,
owing what was right and wrong:
from my heart to bring ſupplies
ſtre to my fading eyes;
ſoon a beauteous mind repairs
oſs of chang'd or falling hairs:
wit and virtue from within
out a ſmoothneſs o'er the ſkin:
lectures could my fancy fix,
I can pleaſe at thirty-ſix.
ight of Chloe at fifteen,
etting, gives not me the ſpleen;
dol now of every fool
ime ſhall make their paſſions cool;
tumbling down time's ſteepy hill,
e Stella holds her ſtation ſtill.
turn your precepts into laws,
em the womens ruin'd cauſe,
eve loſt empire to our ſex,
men may bow their rebel necks.

Long

Long be the day that gave you birth,
Sacred to friendſhip, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you caſt a ſhred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my ſorrow,
One day *alone, then die to-morrow.*

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN L/

Written in 1728.

IT was a moſt unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
So well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal——
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Againſt the ſex to write a ſatire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a ſtring?
Methinks, I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Muſt never our misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious tears.
Sooner ſhall, *&c.*

[*Here ſeveral verſes are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engag'd me firſt to write,
Then gave the ſubject out of ſpite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promiſe what you claim.
My word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe; for not a line
Of all the ſatire ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common ſlanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence ſecures.
Unwilling muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel,)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
Some authors ſay, not quite ſo ſoon,)
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her will,
She ſat all night up at *Quadrille.*
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And aſks if it be time to riſe;
Of headach and the ſpleen complains;
And then to cool her brains,
Her night-gown and her ſlippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron water.
Then to her glaſs; and, "Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to-day?

"But,

" But, was it not confounded hard?
" Well, if I ever touch a card!
" Four *mattadores*, and loſe *codille!*
" Depend upon't, I never will.
" But run to Tom, and bid him fix
" The ladies here to-night by ſix."
Madam, the goldſmith waits below;
He ſays, his buſineſs is to know
If you'll redeem the ſilver cup
He keeps in pawn?—" Why, ſhew him u
Your dreſſing-plate he'll be content
To take, for int'reſt *cent. per cent.*
And, Madam, there's my Lady Spade
Hath ſent this letter by her maid.
" Well, I remember what ſhe won;
" And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?
" Here, carry down thoſe ten piſtoles
" My huſband left to pay for coals:
" I thank my ſtars, they all are light;
" And I may have revenge to-night."
Now loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her uſual theme;
Her laſt night's ill ſucceſs repeats,
Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats:
" She ſlipt Spadillo in her breaſt,
" Then thought to turn it to a jeſt:
" There's Mrs. Cut and ſhe combine,
" And to each other give the ſign."
Through ev'ry game purſues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their ev'ning-ale.

to another ſcene give place:
ne folks with ſilks and lace:
natter for a world of chat,
ndian this, right Mechlin that:
: this pattern; there's a ſtuff;
ive cuſtomers enough.
adam, you are grown ſo hard——
ce is worth twelve pounds a yard:
, if there be any truth in man,
ſold ſo cheap a fan.

bus'neſs of importance o'er,
adam almoſt dreſs'd by four,
otman, in his uſual phraſe,
up with, "Madam, dinner ſtays."
wers in her uſual ſtyle,
cook muſt keep it back a while:
'er can have time to dreſs;
woman breathing takes up leſs;
hurried ſo, it makes me ſick;
ſh the dinner at Old Nick."
e now ſhe acts her part,
the dinner-cant by heart:
ought we were to dine alone,
dear; for ſure, if I had known
company would come to day—
really 'tis my ſpouſe's way;
ſo unkind, he never ſends
tell when he invites his friends:
ſh ye may but have enough."
hile with all this paltry ſtuff

She ſits tormenting ev'ry gueſt,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's reſt,
In phraſes batter'd, ſtale and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You ſee the booby huſband ſit
In admiration at her wit!

But let me now a while ſurvey
Our madam o'er her ev'ning-tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clam'rous crew,
Away the god of *Silence* flew,
And fair *Diſcretion* left the place,
And *Modeſty* with bluſhing face:
Now enters overweening *Pride*,
And *Scandal* ever gaping wide;
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude *Laughter* ſeeming like to burſt,
And *Malice* always judging worſt;
And *Vanity* with pocket-glaſs,
And *Impudence* with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd *Affectation* came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While *Ignorance*, with brain of lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.

Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,
When, to give ev'ry dame her due,
An hundred thouſand were too few?

Should I, alas! relate
of all their senseless prate,
nuendos, hints, and slanders,
eanings lewd, and double entendres?
ies the gen'ral scandal-charge;
ne invent, the rest enlarge;
Madam, if it be a lie,
ave the tale as cheap as I:
conceal my author's name;
ow 'tis known to common fame."

oolish females, bold and blind,
what fatal turn of mind,
on vices most severe,
yourselves have greatest share?
ry fool herself deludes;
le condemns the absent prudes:
who stinks her spouse to death,
Chloe's tainted breath;
rank with sweat, presumes
ire Phillis for perfumes;
rooked Cynthia sneering says,
rimel wears iron stays:
f every coxcomb jealous,
how girls can talk with fellows,
ll of indignation, frets,
men should be such coquets:
scandal most notorious,
' Lord, the world is so censorious!"
sa, with her combs of lead,
's that Sappho's hair is red:

Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praiſe of ſilence:
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies;
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chatt'ring makes a louder din
Than fiſhwives o'er a cup of gin:
Not ſchoolboys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not ſuch a clatter;
Far leſs the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with four election-ale.

Nor do they truſt their tongue alone,
But ſpeak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a ſhrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or, by the toſſing of a fan,
Deſcribe the lady and the man.

But ſee, the female club diſbands,
Each twenty viſits on her hands.
Now all alone poor Madam ſits
In vapours and hyſteric fits:

"

was not Tom this morning ſent?
ıy my life he never went:
ſix, and not a living ſoul!
ght by this have won a vole."
dful interval of ſpleen!
hall we paſs the time between?
:, Betty, let me take my drops:
feel my pulſe, I know it ſtops:
head of mine, Lord, how it ſwims!
ſuch a pain in all my limbs!"
Madam, try to take a nap——
w they hear a footman's rap:
un, and light the ladies up:
uſt be one before we ſup."

table, cards, and counters ſet,
l the gameſter-ladies met;
leen and fits recover'd quite,
adam can ſit up all night;
ever comes, I'm not within"——
ille's the word, and ſo begin.

r can the muſe her aid impart,
l'd in all the terms of art?
harmonious numbers put
:al, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
perſtitious whims relate,
ll a female gameſter's pate?
agony of ſoul ſhe feels
a *knave*'s inverted heels?
aws up card by card, to find
fortune peeping from behind;

With panting heart, and earneſt eyes,
In hope to ſee *Spadillo* riſe:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and ſees it red.
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her ſnuff-box, rings and keys;
Ever with ſome new fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
" This morning, when the *parſon* came,
" I ſaid I ſhould not win a game.
" This odious chair, how came I ſtuck in't!
" I think I never had good luck in't.
" I'm ſo uneaſy in my ſtays;
" Your fan, a moment, if you pleaſe.
" Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
" I always loſe when you look on."
Lord! Madam, you have loſt codille:
I never ſaw you play ſo ill.
" Nay, Madam, give me leave to ſay,
" 'Twas you that threw the game away;
" When Lady Trickſey play'd a four,
" You took it with a mattadore;
" I ſaw you touch your wedding-ring
" Before my Lady call'd a king:
" You ſpoke a word began with H,
" And I know whom you meant to teach,
" Becauſe you held the king of hearts;
" Fie, Madam, leave theſe little arts."
That's not ſo bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs,
And makes her partner underſtand
A mattadore is in her hand.

" Ma

'Madam, you have no cauſe to flounce,
'I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce."
And, truly, Madam, I know when
Inſtead of five you ſcor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I gueſs the hand; it ſeldom fails:
I wiſh ſome folks would pair their nails.

While thus they rail, and ſcold, and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common form;
And conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
They give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them ſenſible of ſhame.

The time too precious now to waſte,
And ſupper gobbled up in haſte,
Again afreſh to cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
But I ſhall not again repeat,
How oft they ſquabble, ſnarl, and cheat.
At laſt they hear the watchman knock,
A froſty morn——paſt four o'clock.
The chairmen are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the other round."

Now, all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone;
But firſt the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky

Unlucky Madam, left in tears,
(Who now again Quadrille forſwears)
With empty purſe and aching head,
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

THE COUNTRY-LIFE.

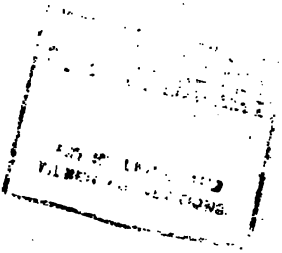
Part of a Summer ſpent at the Houſe of GEORGE ROCHFORT, Eſq;

Written in the year 1723.

THalia, tell in ſober lays,
How George, Nim, Dan, Dean, paſs the days.
Begin, my muſe. Firſt from our bow'rs
We ſally forth at diff'rent hours;
At ſeven the Dean, in night-gown dreſs'd,
Goes round the houſe to wake the reſt;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
Go to the dean to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kiſſes George, and ends our lectures;
And when ſhe has him by the neck faſt,
Hauls him, and ſcolds us down to breakfaſt.
We ſquander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar,
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by particular whimſies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for ſpawn;

O'erſ

A. Bell Sculp.



'erſees the work, or Dragon * rows,
r mars a text, or mends his hoſe;
r——but proceed we in our journal——
t two, or after, we return all:
'om the four elements aſſembling,
'arn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
'om airy garrets ſome deſcend,
ɔme from the lake's remoteſt end:
ſy Lord and Dean the fire forſake,
)an leaves the earthly ſpade and rake:
'he loit'rers quake, no corner hides them,
ınd Lady Betty ſoundly chides them.
Jow water's brought, and dinner's done:
Vith church and king the Lady's gone;
Not reck'ning half an hour we paſs
n talking o'er a mod'rate glaſs.)
)an, growing drowſy, like a thief
teals off to doſe away his beef;
ınd this muſt paſs for reading Hammond——
Vhile George and Dean go to backgammon.
'eorge, Nim, and Dean ſet out at four,
nd then again, boys, to the oar.
ut when the ſun goes to the deep,
Not to diſturb him in his ſleep,
r make a rumbling o'er his head;
is candle out, and he a-bed,)
'e watch his motions to a minute,
nd leave the flood, when he goes in it.
ow ſtinted in the ſhort'ning day,
'e go to pray'rs, and then to play,

Till

* My Lord Chief Baron's ſmaller boat.

Till ſupper comes; and after that
We ſit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late——the old and younger pairs,
By Adam † lighted, walk up-ſtairs.
The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber,
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.
I might have mention'd ſev'ral facts,
Like epiſodes between the acts;
And tell who loſes, and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his ſhins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overſet.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon,
How ſteady in the ſtorm he ſat,
And ſav'd his oar, but loſt his hat:
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em:
How ſkilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he ſets:
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon the ſex:
Or how our neighbour lifts his noſe,
To tell what ev'ry ſchoolboy knows;
Then with his finger on his thumb
Explaining, ſtrikes oppoſers dumb:
Or how his wife, that female pedant,
(But now there need no more be ſaid on't,)
Shews

† The butler.

her ſecrets of houſekeeping ;
es how ſhe trucks her dripping ;
d to ſend three miles for yeaſt,
her ale, and raiſe her paſte ;
y thing that you can think of,
cur'd Tommy of the chincough ;
e her brats and pigs the meaſles,
her doves were kill'd by weaſels ;
ler howl'd, and what a fright
with dreams the other night.
w, ſince I have gone ſo far on,
ır two of Lord Chief Baron ; †
how little weight he ſets
hig papers, and gazettes ;
ıe politics of Pue, *
v'ry ſyllable is true.
: he owns the King of Sweden
: laſt, without evading,
ıis hopes are in the Czar :
Muſcovy is not ſo far :
the Black Sea, and up the Streights,
ı a month he's at your gates ;
ɔs, from what the packet brings,
riſtmas we ſhall ſee ſtrange things."
ıuld I tell of ponds and drains,
rps we met with for our pains ;
ɔws tam'd, and nuts innumerable
t the girls, and to conſume a rabble ?
who are a ſcholar, know
nſient all things are below,

How

ochfort's father. * A tory news-writer.

How prone to change is human life!
Laſt night arriv'd Clem. ‖ and his wife——
This grand event hath broke our meaſures;
Their reign began with cruel ſeizures:
The Dean muſt with his quilt ſupply
The bed in which thoſe tyrants lie.
Nim loſt his wig-block, Dan his *jordan*,
(My Lady ſays, ſhe can't afford one;)
George is half ſcar'd out of his wits,
For Clem. gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a diff'rent ſurvey,
This houſe will ſoon turn topſy-turvy,
They talk of further alterations,
Which cauſes many ſpeculations.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written in the year 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and ſwain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
Who wont to weed the court of Gosford *Knight*, *
While each with ſtubbed knife remov'd the roots
That rais'd between the ſtones their daily ſhoots;
As at their work they ſat in counter view,
With mutual beauty ſmit, their paſſion grew:
Sing, heavenly muſe! in ſweetly-flowing ſtrain,
The ſoft endearments of the nymph and ſwain.

Der.

‖ Mr. Clement Barry.

* Sir Arthur Acheſon, whoſe great grandfather was Sir Archibald of Gosford in Scotland.

r. My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
ſtrongeſt weeds that grow theſe ſtones betwixt:
ɔud theſe nettles from the ſtones can part,
nife ſo keen to weed thee from my heart.

e. My love for gentle Dermot faſter grows,
yon tall dock that riſes to thy noſe.
lown the dock, 'twill ſprout again; but oh!
rooted out, again will never grow.

r. No more that bri'r thy tender legs ſhall rake;
ire the thiſtle for Sir Arthur's † ſake.
ɔ are the ſtones; take thou this ruſhy mat;
hardeſt bum will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

. Thy breeches torn behind ſtand gaping wide;
petticoat ſhall ſave thy dear backſide;
need I bluſh, although you feel it wet;
not, I vow, 'tis nothing elſe but ſweat.

r. At an old ſtubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
n the Dean threw me this tobacco plug;
nger ha'-p'orth never did I ſee;
, deareſt Sheelah, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

e. In at the pantry-door this morn I ſlipt,
from the ſhelf a charming cruſt I whipt;
nis ‡ was out, and I got hither ſafe;
thou, my dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

er. When you ſaw Tady at long-bullets play,
ſat and lous'd him all the ſun-ſhine day.
could you, Sheelah, liſten to his tales,
rack ſuch lice as his between your nails?

ɔ is a great lover of Scotland. ‡ Sir Arthur's butler.

She. When you with Oonah ſtood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and ſaw you kiſs the dirty bitch,
Dermot, how could you touch thoſe neſty ſluts!
I almoſt wiſh'd this ſpud were in your guts.

Der. If Oonah once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide:
Her aunt's my goſſip by my father's ſide:
But if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain.

She. Dermot, I ſwear though Tady's locks could hold
Ten thouſand lice, and ev'ry louſe was gold,
Him on my lap you never more ſhould ſee;
Or may I loſe my weeding-knife——and thee.

Der. Oh! could I earn for thee, my lovely laſs,
I pair of brogues to bear thee dry to maſs!
But ſee, where Norah with the ſowins comes——
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary bums.

MARY the COOK-MAID'S LETTER to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1723.

WELL, if ever I ſaw ſuch another man
ſince my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder
where you were bred.
I am ſure ſuch words does not become a man of
your cloth;
I would not give ſuch language to a dog, faith
and troth.

Yes,

s, you call'd my maſter a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a ſhame
r a parſon, who ſhould know better things, to come out with ſuch a name:
ave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a ſhame and a ſin;
d the Dean my maſter is an honeſter man than you and all your kin:
has more goodneſs in his little finger than you have in your whole body:
maſter is a perſonable man, and not a ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy-doddy.
d now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuſe,
auſe my maſter one day, in anger, call'd you gooſe;
ich, and I am ſure, I have been his ſervant four years ſince October,
l he never call'd me worſe than *ſweet heart*, drunk or ſober:
: that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
ugh you and your come-rogues keep him out ſo late in your wicked college.
ı ſay you will eat graſs on his grave: A Chriſtian eat graſs!
ıereby you now confeſs yourſelf to be a gooſe or an aſs:
that's as much as to ſay, that my maſter ſhould die before ye;
ll, well, that's as God pleaſes; and I don't believe that's a true ſtory:

And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may go tell my maſter; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows, that I love to tell truth, and ſhame the devil.
I am but a poor ſervant; but I think gentlefolks ſhould be civil.
Beſides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tueſday, of all days in the year.
And Saunders the man ſays you are always jeſting and mocking:
Mary, ſaid he, (one day, as I was mending my maſter's ſtocking,)
My maſter is ſo fond of that miniſter that keeps the ſchool————
I thought my maſter a wiſe man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, ſaid I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a diſhclout to his tail.
And now I muſt go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a ſad ſcrawl; but my ſiſter Marget ſhe writes better.
Well, but I muſt run and make the bed, before my maſter comes from pray'rs;
And ſee now, it ſtrikes ten, and I hear him coming up ſtairs:

Whereof

Whereof I could ſay more to your verſes, if I could write written hand:
And ſo I remain, in a civil way, your ſervant to command, MARY.

A DIALOGUE between MAD MULLINIX and TIMOTHY. †

Written in the year 1728.

M. I Own, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But pry'thee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in theſe raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you ſearch the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *prieſts* and *friars*———
T. 'Twixt you and me, G—— damn the liars.
M. The Tories are gone ev'ry man over
To our illuſtrious houſe of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then———
T. ——— G— damn the liars again.
Did not an Earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aſide.*
T. Did not an able ſtateſman-biſhop
This dang'rous horrid motion diſh up
As Popiſh craft? did he not rail on't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't?

† See Tim and the fables, in vol. 9.

Proving the Earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the *pretender*.
Whoſe fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon.
M. Theſe brangling jars of Whig and Tor
Are ſtale, and worn as Troy-town ſtory.
The wrong, tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want ſuch noiſy fools as you;
But you, when all the ſhow is paſt,
Reſolve to ſtand it out at laſt;
Like Martin Marall, gaping on, *
Nor minding when the ſong is done.
When all the *bees* are gone to ſettle,
You clatter ſtill your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you lifted under,
Have dropt their arms, and ſeiz'd the plund
And when the war is paſt, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Therſites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and ſcorn'd by thoſe
With whom he ſerv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the deteſtation
Of all thy party through the nation:

* Sir Martin Marall is a character in one of Dryden's dies. Sir Martin was to ſerenade his miſtreſs; but as h not play, his man undertook to conceal himſelf, and d him, while he ſhould thrum the inſtrument; but this i project miſcarried, by the knight's continuing his exerci the muſic was at an end. *Hawkeſ.*

)eeviſh and perpetual teazing
plots, and Jacobites, and treaſon:
)uſy, never-meaning face,
crew'd-up front, thy ſtate-grimace,
ormal nods, important ſneers,
vhiſp'rings foiſted in all ears,
:h are, whatever you may think,
onſenſe wrapt up in a ſtink,)
made thy preſence, in a true ſenſe,
y own ſide ſo damn'd a nuiſance,
when they have you in their eye,
the devil drove, they fly.
My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
to G—, you're too ſevere:
ould ever yet be known
advice, except my own,
uld be yours: but d—— my blood,
t purſue the public good:
action (is it not notorious?)
at the memory of *glorious:*
rue; nor need I to be told,
iondam friends are grown ſo cold,
ſcarce a creature can be found
ance with me his ſtatue round.
)ublic ſafety, I foreſee,
:forth depends alone on me;
while this vital breath I blow,
)m above, or from below,
utter, ſwagger, curſe, and rail,
Tories terror, ſcourge, and flail.
Tim, you miſtake the matter quite;
Tories! you are their *delight.*

And

And ſhould you act a diff'rent part,
Be grave and wiſe, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taſte I know,
And often ſee a *puppet-ſhow:*
Obſerve, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the ſcene:
But when they hear his ruſty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two ſtraws,
How Solomon decides the cauſe,
Which the true mother, which *pretender;*
Nor liſten to the witch of Endor.
Should Fauſtus, with the devil behind him,
Enter the ſtage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to ſpur their fancy, ſhows
In at the door his monſtrous noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again:
O what a pleaſure mix'd with pain!
You ev'ry moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the ſtage:
And firſt his bum you ſee him clap
Upon the Queen of Sheba's lap:
The Duke of Lorrain drew his ſword;
Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all people, in his jargon,
And ſold the King of Spain a bargain;
St. George himſelf he plays the wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the *dragon;*
He gets a thouſand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh tricks:
In ev'ry action thruſts his noſe;
The reaſon why, no mortal knows:

In

1 doleful ſcenes that break our heart,
unch comes, like you, and let's a f—t.
here's not a puppet made of wood,
ut what would hang him, if they could;
/hile, teazing all, by all he's teaz'd,
low well are the ſpectators pleas'd!
/ho in the motion have no ſhare,
ut purely come to hear and ſtare;
lave no concern for Sabra's ſake,
/hich gets the better, ſaint or ſnake,
'rovided Punch (for there's the jeſt)
e ſoundly maul'd, and plague the reſt.
Thus, Tim, philoſophers ſuppoſe,
The world conſiſts of puppet-ſhows;
/here petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to ſtir up troubl' in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother-puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round
To teaze, perplex, diſturb, confound,
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all ſerious matter,
Are grown the nuiſance of your *clan*,
Who hate and ſcorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You ſtill divert with merry ſtories;
They would conſent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the ſpot,
By all this coil what haſt thou got?

If

If Tories muſt have all the ſport,
I fear you'd be diſgrac'd at *court*.
T. Got? D—— my blood, *I frank my letters*,
Walk to my place before my betters,
And, ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in time to be a peer———
Got? D—— me, why, I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er ſtand ſtill:
I f—t with twenty ladies by;
They call me beaſt; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And ſons of whores——behind their backs.
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With ſuch a conſtant loyal zeal
To ſerve myſelf and commonweal,
And fret the Tories ſouls to death,
I did but loſe my precious breath,
And when I damn my ſoul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game:
Conſume my vitals! they ſhould know,
I am not to be treated ſo;
I'd rather hang myſelf by half,
Than give thoſe raſcals cauſe to laugh.
But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once ſo renown'd, to live obſcure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
There's nimble Tim a-paſſing by?
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party-hatred?*

Will none the Tory *dogs* purſue,
When thro' the ſtreets I cry *Halloo?*
Muſt all my d——me's, bloods, and wounds,
Paſs only now for empty ſounds?
Shall Tory raſcals be elected,
Altho' I ſwear them diſaffected?
And when I roar, *A plot, a plot,*
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualified to ſwear and lie,
Will they not truſt me for a *ſpy?*
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you ſee the caſe is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to pleaſe this thankleſs town!
Or bleſs'd with ſuch engaging parts
To win the truant ſchoolboys hearts!
Thy virtues meet their juſt reward,
Attended by the *ſable guard.*
Charm'd by thy voice, the *'prentice* drops
The ſnow-ball deſtin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful ſteps, and col'nel's air,
Allure the *cinder-picking fair.*
M. No more——in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:
Thy parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my counſel, *(viz.)*
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace ſays, *optat ephippia;*
(There's Latin too, that you may ſee
How much improv'd by Doctor ——)

I have

I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis juſt like this, which hangs by geometr
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair.
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it ſo formal, and ſo curl'd;
'Twill be ſo oily and ſo ſleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of *toupee* or *ſnake*.
Thus dreſs'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When firſt in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, keep you the rear;
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Uſe all the talents of your mind;
Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my addreſs, and learn my ſtyle,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile;
Nor ſputter out your oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your ſwearing to the laſt.
Then at our leiſure we'll be witty,
And in the ſtreets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your converſation to refine,
I'll take you to ſome friends of mine,
Choice ſpirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by uſeful arts;
Some cleanſing hollow tubes to ſpy
Direct the zenith of the ſky,

have the city in their care,
noxious ſteams to purge the air;
teach us in theſe dangerous days
to walk upright in our ways;
whoſe reforming hands engage
h the lewdneſs of the age;
for the public ſervice go
tual envoys to and fro;
e able heads ſupport the weight
enty miniſters of ſtate.
orn, for want of talk, to jabber
rties o'er our *bonny-clabber*:
re we ſtudious to enquire,
votes for manors, who for hire:
are is to improve the mind
what concerns all human kind;
arious ſcenes of mortal life,
beats her huſband, who his wife;
w the bully at a ſtroke
d down the boy, the lantern broke.
ells the riſe of cheeſe and oat-meal;
ier when he got a hot meal;
ives advice in proverbs old,
ts us how to tame a ſcold;
w by *almanacks* 'tis clear,
herrings will be cheap this year.
Dear Mullinix, I now lament
ecious time ſo long miſ-ſpent,
ture meant for nobler ends:
troduce me to your friends!
hom by birth I was deſign'd,
olitics debas'd my mind:

I give myſelf entire to you;
G—— d—— the Whigs, and Tories too.

Extempore VERSES written at *Cheſter*, 1

YOUR mould'ring Walls are mending ſt
Your Churches in neglect ly;
But yet the ſcripture you fulfil,
By † walking circumſpectly.

The Church and Clergy, here, no doubt,
Are very much a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
Both empty are within.

EPIGRAM, on ſeeing a worthy Prelat
out of St. *Anne*'s Church, in the Tin
Divine Service, to wait on his Grace the
D———— on his Arrival.

LORD Pam in the church (could you
it?) kneel'd down;
But when told the Lieutenant was juſt co
town,
His *ſtation* deſpiſing, unaw'd by the *place*,
He flies from his *God* to attend on his *Grace*
To the *court* it was fitter to pay his *devotion*,
Since *God* had no hand in his Lordſhip's *prom*

* EPIGR

† Round the walls.

* EPIGRAM from the FRENCH.

SIR, I admit your gen'ral rule,
That ev'ry poet is a fool:
But you yourſelf may ſerve to ſhow it,
That ev'ry fool is not a poet.

* EPITAPH on FRANCIS CHARTRES †.

HEre continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY
And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PERSISTED,
In ſpite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting *Prodigality* and *Hypocriſy*:
His inſatiable AVARICE exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs IMPUDENCE from the ſecond.

† FRANCIS CHARTRES was a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an enſign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next baniſhed Bruſſels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the ſame account. After an hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant intereſt, and on great penalties, accumulating premium, intereſt, and capital into a new capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the payments became due. In a word, by a conſtant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired.

Nor was he more ſingular
In the undeviating *pravity* of his *manners*,
Than ſucceſsful
In *accumulating* WEALTH:
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY ſervice,
He acquired, or, more properly, created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only perſon of his time,
Who could CHEAT without the maſk of HONESTY
Retain his primeval MEANNESS
When poſſeſſed of TEN THOUSAND a-year;
And having daily deſerved the GIBBET for what
he *did*,
Was at laſt condemned to it for what he *could*
not *do*.

O indignant reader!
Think not his life uſeleſs to mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd ‡ at his execrable deſign

quired an immenſe fortune. His houſe was a perpetual bawdy-houſe. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; the laſt time not without impriſonment in Newgate, and large confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 72. The populace, at his funeral, raiſed a great riot, almoſt tore the body out of the coffin, and caſt dead dogs, *&c.* into the grave along with it. This epitaph contains his character, very juſtly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.——This gentleman was *worth ſeven thouſand pounds a-year* eſtate in land, and about *one hundred thouſand* pounds money. *Pope.*

‡ See vol. 9th.

To give to after-ages
A conſpicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how ſmall eſtimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
In the ſight of GOD,
By his beſtowing it on the moſt UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

* *Joannes jacet hic Mirandula——cætera norunt*
Et Tagus et Ganges——farſan et Antipodes.

Applied to FRANCIS CHARTRES.

HERE Francis Chartres lies——be civil!
The reſt God knows——perhaps the devil.

*EPIGRAM.

PETER complains, that God has given
To his poor babe a life ſo ſhort:
Conſider, Peter, he's in heaven;
'Tis good to have a friend at court.

*ANOTHER.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you pleaſe, there's no body at home.

*EPITAPH.

WELL, then, poor G—— lies under ground!
So there's an end of honeſt Jack.
So little juſtice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

* EPIGRAM on the Toaſts of the *Kit-Kat Club*.

Anno 1716.

WHence deathleſs *kit-kat* took its name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some ſay from *paſtry-cook* it came,
And ſome from *cat* and *fiddle*.
From no trim beaux its name it boaſts,
Grey ſtateſmen, or green wits;
But from this pell-mell pack of toaſts
Of old *cats* and young *kits*.

* To a LADY, with the *Temple of Fame*.

WHAT's fame with men, by cuſtom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

* VERSES to be placed under the Picture of ENGLAND's ARCH-POET; containing a complete catalogue of his Works.

SEE who ne'er was nor will be half-read!
Who firſt ſung Arthur §, then ſung Alfred;†
Prais'd great Eliza ‡ in God's anger,
Till all true Engliſhmen cry'd, Hang her!

Made

§ Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.
† Heroic poems, in twelve books.
‡ Heroic poems in folio, ten books.

Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—,
And hang'd up Marlb'rough in *arras:* ‖
Then hiſs'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite;
Made ev'ry reader curſe the *light;* §
Maul'd human *wit* in one thick ſatire; ¶
Next, in three books, ſunk human *nature;* ††
Undid *creation* ** at a jerk,
And of *redemption* ‡‡ made damn'd work.
Then took his muſe at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the ſcripture:
What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himſelf he *out-Sternholded:*
Made David ‖‖ ſeem ſo mad and freakiſh,
All thought him juſt what thought King Achiſh.
No mortal read his Solomon, §§
But judg'd R'oboam his own ſon.
Moſes ¶¶ he ſerv'd as Moſes Pharaoh,
And Deborah as ſhe Siſerah;
Made * Jeremy full ſore to cry,
And Job † himſelf curſe God and die.
What puniſhment all this muſt follow?
Shall Arthur uſe him like King Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah ſlay him?
Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siſerah him?

Or

‖ Inſtructions to Vanderbank, a tapeſtry weaver.
§ Hymn to the light.
¶ Satire againſt wit.
†† Of the nature of man.
** Creation, a poem, in ſeven books.
‡‡ The Redeemer, another heroic poem, in ſix books.
‖‖ Tranſlation of all the Pſalms.
§§ Canticles and Eccleſiaſtes.
¶¶ Paraphraſe of the canticles of Moſes and Deborah, &c.
* The Lamentations.
† The whole book of Job, a poem, in folio.

Or ſhall Eliza lay a plot
To treat him like her ſiſter Scot?
Shall William dub his better end? §
Or Marlb'rough ſerve him like a friend?
No, none of theſe——Heav'n ſpare his l
But ſend him, honeſt Job, thy *wife*.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. P(

While he was writing the DUNCI

POPE has the talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudeſt voice is low and weak,
The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then diff'rent ſtudies chuſe;
The *Dean* ſits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muſe.

Now backs of letters though deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by ſome other ſtruck,
All turns and motions tries:
Till in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a *poem* riſe!

§ Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the

et to the *Dean* his ſhare allot,
He claims it by a canon;
hat without which a thing is not,
Is *cauſa ſine qua non.*

hus, Pope, † in vain you boaſt your wit;
For, had our deaf divine
een for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

f prelate thus for preaching fam'd
The ſexton reaſon'd well;
nd juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he *rang the bell.*

* BOUNCE TO FOP.

n EPISTLE from a Dog at TWICKENHAM to a Dog at Court.

TO thee, ſweet Fop, theſe lines I ſend,
Who, though no ſpaniel, am a friend.
hough once my tail in wanton play
ow friſking this and then that way,
hanc'd with a touch of juſt the tip
o hurt your lady-lap-dog-ſhip:
et thence to think I'd bite your head off!
ire Bounce is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
an fetch and carry, cringe and beg,
And

† A polite turn is given to this incident by Mr. Pope, in his ter to Dr. Sheridan.

And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can ſtoop to pick up *ſtrings* and *ſticks*.
We country dogs love nobler ſport,
And ſcorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where-e'er you come,
To fart and piſs about the room,
To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
And, when they think not of you—ſnap!
The worſt that envy or that ſpite
E'er ſaid of me, is, I can bite;
That idle gypſies, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that to towze ſuch things as *flutter*,
To honeſt Bounce is bread and butter.

While you, and ev'ry courtly fop,
Fawn on the devil for a chop,
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat;
And, let me tell you, have a noſe,
(Whatever ſtinking fops ſuppoſe,)
That, under cloth of gold or tiſſue,
Can ſmell a plaiſter or an iſſue.

Your pilf'ring lord with ſimple pride
May wear a pick-lock at his ſide;
My maſter wants no key of ſtate,
For Bounce can keep his houſe and gate.

When all ſuch dogs have had their days,
As knaviſh Pams, and fawning Trays;
When pamper'd Cupids, beaſtly Venis,
And motley, ſquinting Harlequinis,*

* Alii legunt *Harvequinis*.

Shall lick no more their ladies br——,
But die of looſeneſs, claps or itch;
Fair Thames from either echoing ſhore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd
With thund'ring offspring all around;
Beneath, beſide me, and at top,
An hundred ſons, and not one *fop!*

Before my children ſet your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief;
Not one without permiſſion feed,
(Though ſome of J——n's hungry breed:)
But whatſoe'er the father's race,
From me they ſuck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to ſteal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldeſt-born reſides not far,
Where ſhines great Strafford's glitt'ring ſtar:
My ſecond (child of fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates:
A third majeſtically ſtalks
(Happieſt of dogs!) in Cobham's walks:
One uſhers friends to Bathurſt's door;
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.

Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race.

And

And O! would fate the bliſs decree
To mine, (a bliſs too great for me!)
That two my talleſt ſons might grace,
Attending each with ſtately pace,
Iulus' ſide, as erſt Evander's, †
To keep off flatterers, ſpies, and panders,
To let no noble ſlave come near,
And ſcare Lord Fannys from his ear:
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at leaſt a friend——or two;
A treaſure, which of royal kind
Few but himſelf deſerve to find.

Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.

On the Counteſs of BURLINGTON cutting PAPER.

PAllas grew vap'riſh once and odd;
She would not do the leaſt right thing
Either for goddeſs or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor ſing.

Jove frown'd, and "Uſe" (he cry'd) "thoſe eyes
"So ſkilful, and thoſe hands ſo taper;
"Do ſomething exquiſite and wiſe"——
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all heav'n a burning ſhame,
What does ſhe next, but bids on earth
Her Burlington do juſt the ſame?

Pallas,

† Virg. Æn. 8.

Pallas, you give yourſelf ſtrange airs;
  But ſure you'll find it hard to ſpoil
The ſenſe and taſte of one that bears
  The name of Savile and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example ſhown,
  How quickly all the ſex purſue!
See, Madam! ſee, the arts o'erthrown
  Between John Overton and you.

* On a certain LADY at Court.

I Know the thing that's moſt uncommon,
  (Envy, be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a reaſonable woman,
  Handſome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by paſſion, aw'd by rumour!
  Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good humour,
  And ſenſible ſoft melancholy.

"Has ſhe no faults then" (Envy ſays) "Sir?"
  Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver:
When all the world conſpires to praiſe her,
  The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

To Dr. DELANY, on the LIBELS written against him.

——Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi. JUV.

Written in the year 1729.

AS ſome raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirſt of honour led,
When at a ſkirmiſh firſt he hears
The bullets whiſtling round his ears,
Will duck his head aſide, will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his heart;
Till 'ſcaping oft without a wound
Leſſens the terror of the ſound:
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops.
An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the World with fear and ſhame:
When firſt in print you ſee him dread
Each pop-gun level'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his brains.
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
Concluding, that another ſhot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the ſpot.
But, when with ſquibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one creature dropping;
That, miſſing fire, or miſſing aim,
His life is ſafe, I mean his fame;

danger paſt, takes heart of grace,
looks a critic in the face.

ough ſplendor gives the faireſt mark
oiſon'd arrows from the dark,
in yourſelf when ſmooth and round, *
glance aſide without a wound.

is ſaid, the gods try'd all their art,
Pain they might from Pleaſure part;
little could their ſtrength avail;
ſtill are faſten'd by the tail.
Fame and Cenſure with a tether
ate are always link'd together.

hy will you aim to be preferr'd
it before the common herd?
yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
ay the penalty annex'd?

is eminence makes envy riſe;
aireſt fruits attract the flies.
ld ſtupid libels grieve your mind,
ſoon a remedy may find;
down obſcure like other folks
w the laſh of ſnarlers jokes.
ir faction is five hundred odds;
every coxcomb lends them rods;
l ſneers as learnedly as they;
females o'er their morning-tea.

ou ſay, the muſe will not contain,
l write you muſt, or break a vein.

* *In ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus.*

Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raiſe your fancy on the wing;
The Iriſh *ſenate*'s praiſes ſing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the public good purſues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots up to ſhoe-boys
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys; *
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft am I for rhyme to ſeek!
To dreſs a thought, I toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilſt every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius ceaſe to write,
The rogues muſt die for want and ſpite;
Muſt die for want of food and raiment,
If ſcandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A ſatire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unſold upon the printer's lines.

A *genius* in the rev'rend gown
Muſt ever keep its owner down;

* The Iriſh parliament ſat at the Blue-boys hoſpital the new parliament-houſe was building.

'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And ſpoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren caſt your eyes;
Point out the fureſt men to riſe;
That club of candidates in black,
The leaſt deſerving of the pack,
Aſpiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to ev'ry job,
The fitteſt tools to work for Bob; *
Will ſooner coin a thouſand lies,
Than ſuffer men of parts to riſe;
They croud about preferment's gate,
And preſs you down with all their weight.
For, as of old, mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *freethinkers*.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Diſdains to ſerve ignoble ends.
Obſerve what loads of ſtupid rhymes
Oppreſs us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Shew reaſon, grammar, truth, or ſenſe?
For though the muſe delights in fiction,
She ne'er inſpires againſt conviction.
Then keep your virtue ſtill unmix'd,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-ſteps no grandeur climb at,
Tho' it would make you England's primate:

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

Firſt learn the ſcience to be dull,
You then may ſoon your conſcience lull;
If not, however ſeated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.

When Jove was from his teeming head
Of wit's fair goddeſs brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying-in
For after-birth a Sooterkin;
Which, as the nurſe purſu'd to kill,
Attain'd by flight the muſes hill;
There in the ſoil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnaſſus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin ſprung
With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic ſcraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned ſhow,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geeſe, the wolf your flocks:
Thus envy pleads a nat'ral claim
To perſecute the muſes fame;
On poets in all times abuſive,
From Homer down to Pope incluſive.

Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmoſt rage defies,
That ſafe behind the wainſcot lies:
Say, did you ever know by ſight
In cheeſe an individual mite?

me the ſame numeric flea,
›it your neck but yeſterday:
hen may boldly go in queſt
d the Grub-ſtreet poets neſt:
ſpunging-houſe in dread of jail
'es them, while they wait for bail;
alley they are neſtled in,
uriſh o'er a cup of gin:
he laſt garret where they lay,
lar where they ſtarve to-day.
ſe you had them all trepann'd,
each a libel in his hand,
puniſhment would you inflict?
l 'em rogues, or get 'em kick'd?
they have often try'd before;
ut oblige 'em ſo much more:
ſelves would be the firſt to tell,
ıke their traſh the better ſell.

ı have been libell'd——Let us know,
fool officious told you ſo?
'ou regard the hawker's cries,
n his titles always lies?
:'er the noiſy ſcoundrel ſays,
ht be ſomething in your praiſe:
raiſe beſtow'd on Grub-ſtreet rhymes
l vex one more a thouſand times.
itics blame, and judges praiſe,
›et cannot claim his bays.
:, when dunces are ſatyric,
it for a panegyric.
by fools, and *fools to hate*,
t my *motto*, and my *fate*.

On

On DREAMS.

An imitation of PETRONIUS.

Written in the year 1724.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris,

THoſe dreams, that on the ſilent night intr
And with falſe flitting ſhades our mindsdel
Jove never ſends us downward from the ſkies
Nor can they from infernal manſions riſe;
But all are mere productions of the brain,
And fools conſult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we reſt our weary limbs,
The mind unburden'd ſports in various whin
The buſy head with mimic art runs o'er
The ſcenes and actions of the day before.

The drowſy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes ſome patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal gilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he ſpilt

The ſoldier ſmiling hears the widow's cries,
And ſtabs the ſon before the mother's eyes.
With like remorſe his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade

The ſtateſman rakes the town to find a plot
And dreams of forfeitures by treaſon got.
Nor leſs Tom-t—d-man, of true ſtateſman m
Collects the city-filth in ſearch of gold.

Orph

Orphans around his bed the lawyer ſees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purſe, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind phyſician grants the huſband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long expecting heirs.
The ſleeping hangman ties the fatal nooſe,
Nor unſucceſsful waits for deadmens ſhoes.

The grave divine with knotty points perplex'd,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the ſly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling ſenator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauſeous praiſe:
And Dick the ſcavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—le's face.

To STELLA, viſiting me in my ſickneſs. October 1727.

PALLAS, obſerving Stella's wit
Was more than for her ſex was fit,
And that her beauty, ſoon or late,
Might breed confuſion in the ſtate,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind.
But, (not in wranglings to engage
With ſuch a ſtupid vicious age,)
If honour I would here define,
It anſwers faith in things divine.

As

As nat'ral life the body warms,
And, ſcholars teach, the ſoul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the ſpirit of the ſoul.
Thoſe num'rous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moraliſts deſcribe,
And by ſuch various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule ſupreme,
Choler preſide, or blood, or phlegm.
It makes no diff'rence in the caſe,
Nor is complexion honour's place.

But, leſt we ſhould for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it ſeated in a ſcar,
Or on a prood triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We loſe with ſharpers at Picquet;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an aſſignation;
Or that on which his Lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar knaves would loſe their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A leſſon ſhe alone can teach.
In points of honour to be try'd,
All paſſions muſt be laid aſide:
Aſk no advice, but think alone;
Suppoſe the queſtion not your own:
How ſhall I act? is not the caſe;
But how would Brutus in my place?

In

n ſuch a caſe would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
Drive all objections from your mind,
Elſe you relapſe to human-kind;
Ambition, avarice, and luſt,
And factious rage, and breach of truſt,
And flattery tipt with nauſeous fleer,
And guilty ſhame, and ſervile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preſide.
Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the ſkies,
To which (though late) ſhall Stella riſe.
Ten thouſand oaths upon record
Are not ſo ſacred as her word:
The world ſhall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour ſeated in her breaſt
She ſtill determines what is beſt:
What indignation in her mind
Againſt enſlavers of mankind!
Baſe kings, and miniſters of ſtate,
Eternal objects of her hate.
She thinks that nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to man alone confin'd:
Can cowardice her ſex adorn,
Which moſt expoſes ours to ſcorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to ſcream and ſtart;

Nor

Nor calls up all the houſe at night,
And ſwears ſhe ſaw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Becauſe ſhe heard a ſudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.
Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and ſenſe;
Which, though her modeſty would ſhroud
Breaks like the ſun behind a cloud;
While gracefulneſs its art conceals,
And yet through ev'ry motion ſteals.
Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, miſtook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he ſtole
The fire that forms a manly ſoul;
Then, to complete it ev'ry way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Cenſure glut her ſpite,
If I ſhould Stella's kindneſs hide
In ſilence, or forget with pride?
When on my ſickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly ſtrains,
Call'd ev'ry pow'r to eaſe my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief
With chearful face, and inward grief;
And, though by heav'n's ſevere decree
She ſuffers hourly more than me,

:l maſter could require
aves employ'd for daily hire,
·tella, by her friendſhip warm'd,
igour and delight perform'd;
:ing ſpirits now ſupplies
ordials in her hands and eyes;
ith a ſoft and ſilent tread
d ſhe moves about my bed.
r taſte each nauſeous draught,
obligingly am caught:
he hand from whence they came,
·e diſtort my face for ſhame.
pattern of true friends, beware:
y too dearly for your care,
e your tenderneſs ſecures
, it muſt endanger yours;
ı a fool was never found,
ıll'd a palace to the ground,
have the ruins made
ls for an houſe decay'd.

VERSES on the Death of Dr. Swift, occaſioned by reading the following Maxim in Rochefoucault.

Dans l' adverſité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque choſe qui ne nous deplaiſt pas.

In the adverſity of our beſt friends we always find ſomething that doth not diſpleaſe us.

Written in Nov. 1731.

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the reſt
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt:
"In all diſtreſſes of our friends
"We firſt conſult our private ends:
"While nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
"Points out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us.

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reaſon and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our ſize.

Who would not at a crouded ſhow
Stand high himſelf, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt;
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you bear him groan!
How glad, the caſe is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they ſhould excel,
Would wiſh his rivals all in hell?

Her end when emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings, and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.

Vain human-kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and ſtation;
'Tis all on me an uſurpation.

I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix,
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, Pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by Gay,
In my own hum'rous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St. John, * as well as Pultney, † knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;
If with ſuch talents heav'n hath bleſs'd 'em
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, ſend
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt;
But this with envy makes me burſt.

Thus much may ſerve by way of proem
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

* Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke.

† William Pultney, Eſq; created Earl of Bath in 17

The time is not remote, when I
uſt, by the courſe of nature, die;
hen, I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
ill try to find their private ends:
nd, though 'tis hardly underſtood,
hich way my death can do them good;
et thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
e, how the Dean begins to break!
oor gentleman! he droops apace!
ou plainly find it in his face.
hat old vertigo in his head
ill never leave him, till he's dead.
eſides, his memory decays:
e recollects not what he ſays;
e cannot call his friends to mind;
orgets the place where laſt he din'd;
lies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
e told them fifty times before.
ow does he fancy, we can ſit
o hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
ut he takes up with younger folks,
ho for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
r change his comrades once a quarter:
n half the time he talks them round:
here muſt another ſet be found.

For poetry, he's paſt his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy ſunk, his muſe a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;——
But there's no talking to ſome men.

And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good ſign.
His ſtomach too begins to fail:
Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring.
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus;
It is not yet ſo bad with us.

In ſuch a caſe they talk in tropes,
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can make a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, "Worſe and worſe!")
Would pleaſe them better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd! the Dean is well.
Then he, who propheſy'd the beſt,
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:
"You know I always fear'd the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chuſe that I ſhould die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretels I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain,
How many a meſſage would he ſend?
What hearty pray'rs, that I ſhould mend?
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the ſniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For tho' you may miſtake a year,
Tho' your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the Dean? He's juſt alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes——The Dean is dead.

Before the paſſing bell begun,
The news thro' half the town is run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
To public uſes! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all——but firſt he dy'd.
And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do ſtrangers good,
Forgetting his own fleſh and blood?

Now

Now Grub-ſtreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
To *curſe* the *Dean*, or *bleſs* the *Drapier*. *
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
We muſt confeſs his caſe was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd theſe twenty years;
For when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital parts were ſound.
From Dublin ſoon to London ſpread,
'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead, †
And Lady Suffolk ‡ in the ſpleen
Runs laughing up to tell——

The

* The author imagines, that the ſcribblers of the prevailing party, which he always oppoſed, will libel him after his death; but that others will remember him with gratitude, who conſider the ſervice he had done to Ireland, under the name of *M. B. Drapier*, by utterly defeating the deſtructive project of Wood's halfpence, in five letters to the people of Ireland, at that time read univerſally, and convincing every reader.——See the letters, in vol. 3. & 4.

† The Dean ſuppoſed himſelf to die in Ireland, where he was born.

‡ Mrs. Howard, then Counteſs of Suffolk, and of the bedchamber to the late Queen, profeſſed much friendſhip for the Dean. The Queen, then Princeſs, ſent a dozen times to the Dean, then in London, with her commands to attend her; which at laſt he did, by advice of all his friends. She often ſent for him afterwards, and always treated him very graciouſly. He taxed her with a preſent worth ten pounds, which ſhe promiſed before he ſhould return to Ireland; but on his taking leave, the medals were not ready.

'he *** ſo gracious mild and good,
:ries, " Is he gone! 'tis time he ſhould.
He's dead, you ſay; *** rot;
I'm glad the medals were forgot. *
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the *—* then,
But now as conſort of the ***
You know 'tis quite a diff'rent thing."

Now Chartres, † at Sir Robert's ‡ levee,
'ells with a ſneer the tidings heavy:
Vhy, if he dy'd without his ſhoes,
Cries Bob,) I'm ſorry for the news:
)h, were the wretch but living ſtill,
\nd in his place my good friend Will! ‖

Or

* The medals were to be ſent to the Dean in four months; it.———

† Col. Francis Chartres, though originally poſſeſſed of only a nall paternal eſtate, amaſſed a prodigious fortune, both in ngland and Scotland. He had a way of inſinuating himſelf in- all miniſters under every change, either as pimp, flatterer, or former. He was tried at ſeventy for a rape, and came off by crificing a great part of his fortune.——See his character by r. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope, above, p. 243.

‡ Sir Robert Walpole, then firſt miniſter of ſtate, afterwards arl of Orford. He treated the Dean, in 1726, with great diſ- nction; invited him to dinner at Chelſea, with the Dean's iends, choſen on purpoſe; appointed an hour to talk with him f Ireland, to which kingdom and people the Dean found him o great friend; for he defended Wood's project of halfpence, c. for which the Dean would ſee him no more: and upon his ext year's return to England, Sir Robert, on an accidental eeting, made him a civil compliment; but the Dean never ade him another viſit.

‖ William Pultney, Eſq; ſince Earl of Bath. From being Sir Robert's

Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!*

Now Curll † his ſhop from rubbiſh drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them paſs the glibber,
Reviſ'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.‡
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publiſh my will, my life, my letters; ‖

Re

Robert's intimate friend, deteſting his adminiſtration, he op
his meaſures, and joined with Lord Bolingbroke to repreſe
conduct, in an excellent paper, called the Craftſman, wi
ſtill continued.

* Henry St. John, Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke, Secreta
State to Queen Anne, of bleſſed memory. He was reckon
moſt univerſal genius in Europe. Walpole, dreading his ab
treated him moſt injuriouſly, working with King George
forgot his promiſe of reſtoring the ſaid Lord, upon the
importunity of Walpole.

† Curll hath been the moſt infamous bookſeller of any
country. His character in part may be found in Mr.
Dunciad. He publiſhed three volumes all charged on the
who never wrote three pages of them. He hath uſed m
the Dean's friends in almoſt as vile a manner.

‡ Three ſtupid verſe-writers in London. The laſt,
ſhame of the court, and the higheſt diſgrace to wit and le
was made Laureat. Moore, commonly called Jemmy
ſon of Arthur Moore, whoſe father was jailor of Monag
Ireland. See the character of Jemmy Moore and T
[Theobald] in the Dunciad.

‖ Curll was notoriouſly infamous for publiſhing the liv
ters, and laſt wills and teſtaments of the nobility and mini
ſtate, as well as of all the rogues who were hanged at T
He was in cuſtody of the Houſe of Lords, for publiſh
forging the letters of many peers; which made the Lords
reſolution in their journal-book, that no life or writings
Lord ſhould be publiſhed without the conſent of the next
kin, or licence from their Houſe.

the libels born to die;
Pope muſt bear as well as I.

ſhift the ſcene to repreſent
oſe I love my death lament.
)pe will grieve a month, and Gay
, and Arbuthnot a day.

)hn himſelf will ſcarce forbear
his pen, and drop a tear.
t will give a ſhrug, and cry,
)rry——but we all muſt die!"

''rence clad in wiſdom's guiſe
itude of mind ſupplies:
v can ſtony bowels melt
: who never pity felt?
we are laſh'd, they kiſs the rod,
ng to the will of God.

fools, my juniors by a year,
tur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear;
ifely thought my age a ſcreen,
death approach'd, to ſtand between:
een remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
nourn for me without diſſembling.

emale friends, whoſe tender hearts
etter learn'd to act their parts;
e the news in doleful dumps;
Dean is dead, (pray what is trumps?)
1, Lord, have mercy on his ſoul!
ies, I'll venture for the Vole.)

" Six deans, they ſay muſt bear the pall.
" (I wiſh I knew what king to call.)
" Madam, your huſband will attend
" The fun'ral of ſo good a friend:
" No, Madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight;
" And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
" My Lady Club will take it ill,
" If he ſhould fail her at quadrille.
" He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)
" But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.
" His time was come; he ran his race;
" We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die?
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt: a diff'rent ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! is no more miſs'd,
Than if he never did exiſt.
Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo?
Departed:——*and his works muſt follow,*
Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country-'ſquire to Lintot * goes,
Inquires for Swift in verſe and proſe.
Says Lintot, " I have heard the name;
" He dy'd a year ago." The ſame.
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
" Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane: †
" I ſent

* Bernard Lintot, a bookſeller. See Pope's Dunciad and letters

† A place in London where old books are ſold.

I ſent them with a load of books,
Laſt Monday to the paſtry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a ſtranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at ryhme.
His way of writing now is paſt:
The town has got a better taſte.
I keep no antiquated ſtuff;
But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew 'em:
Here's Colley Cibber's birthday-poem.
This ode you never yet have ſeen,
By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Againſt the *Craftſman* and his friend:
It clearly ſhews that all reflection
On miniſters is diſaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication, †
And Mr. Henley's ‡ laſt oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honour pleaſe to have a ſet?"

† Walpole had a ſet of party-ſcribblers, who did nothing elſe at write in his defence.

‡ Henley is a clergyman, who wanting both merit and luck to et preferment, or even to keep his curacy in the eſtabliſhed hurch, formed a new conventicle, which he calls *an oratory*. here, at ſet times, he delivered ſtrange ſpeeches compiled by imſelf and his aſſociates, who ſhare the profit with him. Every earer payeth a ſhilling each day for admittance. He is an abſoute dunce, but generally reputed crazy.—He is commonly call-d *Orator Henley*, whoſe rhapſodies burleſque religion, and diſrace his country. *Hawkeſ.*

" Here's Woolſton's * tracts, the twelfth edition
" 'Tis read by ev'ry politician.
" The country-members, when in town,
" To all their boroughs ſend them down;
" You never met a thing ſo ſmart;
" The courtiers have them all by heart:
" Thoſe maids of honour who can read,
" Are taught to uſe them for their creed.
" The Rev'rend author's good intention
" Hath been rewarded with a penſion:
" He doth an honour to his gown,
" By bravely running *prieſtcraft* down:
" He ſhews, as ſure as GOD's in Gloc'ſter,
" That —— was a grand impoſtor;
" That all his miracles were cheats,
" Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
" The church had never ſuch a writer:
" A ſhame he hath not got a mitre.

Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the Roſe.
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.
And while they toſs my name about,
With favour ſome, and ſome without;
One, quite indiff'rent in the cauſe,
My character impartial draws.

* Woolſton was a clergyman; but, for want of bread, ſeveral treatiſes, in the moſt blaſphemous manner, attempt to turn our Saviour and his miracles into ridicule. He was careſſed by many courtiers, and by all the infidels: and his books were read generally by the court-ladies.

Dean, if we believe report,
ver ill receiv'd at court.
h ironically grave,
i'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave:
a hint was never known,
at he writ was all his own.

', I have heard another ſtory;
ras a moſt *confounded Tory*,
grew, or he is much bely'd,
mely *dull*, before he dy'd."

ve the Drapier then forget?
ur nation in his debt?
ne that writ the *Drapier's letters!*——

ſhould have left them for his *betters*;
ad an hundred *abler men*,
ieed *depend* upon his *pen*.——
what you will about his *reading*,
never can *defend* his *breeding*;
in his *ſatires* running riot,
l never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
king, when he took the *whim*,
', *city*, *camp*——all one to him.——

it why would he, except he *ſlobber'd*,
id our *patriot*, great Sir Robert,
ſe *counſels* aid the ſov'reign pow'r
ve the nation ev'ry hour?
t *ſcenes* of evil he unravels
'ires, *libels*, *lying travels!*
paring his own *clergy-cloth*,
'ats into it, like a *moth!*"——

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
Had too much ſatire in his vein,
And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
Becauſe no age could more deſerve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name.
No individual could reſent,
Where thouſands equally were meant:
His ſatire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhor'd that ſenſeleſs tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He ſpar'd a hump or crooked noſe,
Whoſe owners ſet not up for beaux.
True genuine dulneſs mov'd his pity,
Unleſs it offered to be witty.
Thoſe, who their ignorance confeſt,
He ne'er offended with a jeſt;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verſe from Horace learn'd by rote.
Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
Muſt be or *ridicul'd* or *laſh'd*.
If you *reſent* it, who's to blame?
He neither knew *you* nor your *name*.
Should *vice* expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
Becauſe its *owner* is a *duke?*
His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would paſs for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower.

uld have deem'd it a diſgrace,
a wretch had known his face.
al 'ſquires, that kingdom's bane,
ted oft his wrath in vain:
quires to market brought;
ell their ſouls and——for nought;
—go joyful back,
——the church, their tenants rack,
cks with * * * *
ep the peace, to pick up fees:
y job to have a ſhare,
or t—np—e to repair;
rn the——for public roads
odious to their own abodes.

never thought an honour done him
a peer was proud to own him;
rather ſlip aſide, and chuſe
with wits in dirty ſhoes;
orn the tools with ſtars and garters,
n ſeen careſſing Chartres.
er courted men in ſtation,
ſons held in admiration;
nan's greatneſs was afraid,
he ſought for no man's aid.
n truſted long in great affairs,
e himſelf no haughty airs:
t regarding private ends,
ll his credit for his friends:
ly choſe the wiſe and good;
'rers; no allies in blood;

But ſuccour'd virtue in diſtreſs;
And ſeldom fail'd of good ſucceſs;
As numbers in their hearts muſt own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.

He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's leſſon juſt;
In princes never put his truſt:
And would you make him truly ſour,
Provoke him with a ſlave in power.
The I——ſh S——te if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he ſtood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly ſtood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms, * juſt as faction led,
Had ſet a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To ſell him for ſix hundred pound.

Had

* In the year 1713, the late Queen was prevailed with by an addreſs from the houſe of Lords in England, to publiſh a proclamation, promiſing three hundred pounds to diſcover the author of a pamphlet, called, *The public ſpirit of the Whigs*; and in Ireland, in the year 1724, the Lord Carteret, at his firſt coming into the government, was prevailed on to iſſue a proclamation, promiſing the like reward of three hundred pounds to any perſon who could diſcover the author of a pamphlet, called, *The Drapier's fourth letter, &c.* writ againſt that deſtructive project of coining halfpence for Ireland. But in neither kingdom was the Dean diſcovered.——See vol. ii. p. 286. and vol. iii. p. 411.

Had he but ſpar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have roſe like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valu'd not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pity'd thoſe who meant the wound;
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of human-kind:
Nor made a ſacrifice of thoſe
Who ſtill were true, to pleaſe his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitleſs hour, †
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw miſchief by a faction brewing,
While they purſued each others ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere deſpair.

And oh! how ſhort are human ſchemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's ſkill in ſtate-affairs,
What Ormond's *valour*, Oxford's cares,

To

† Queen Anne's miniſtry fell to variance from the firſt year after their miniſtry began. Harcourt the Chancellor, and Lord Bolingbroke the Secretary, were diſcontented with the treaſurer Oxford, for his too much mildneſs to the Whig party. This quarrel grew higher every day till the Queen's death. The Dean, who was the only perſon that endeavoured to reconcile them, found it impoſſible; and thereupon retired to the country about ten weeks before that fatal event. Upon which he returned to his deanery in Dublin; where, for many years, he was worried by the new people in power, and had hundreds of libels written againſt him in England.

To ſave their ſinking country lent,
Was all deſtroy'd by one event.
Too ſoon that precious life was ended, *
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction ſtarts, †
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By ſolemn league and cov'nant bound
To ruin, ſlaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel:
Pervert the laws, diſgrace the gown,
Corrupt the ſ———te, rob the c———:
To ſacrifice old E———d's glory,
And make her infamous in ſtory.
When ſuch a tempeſt ſhook the land,
How could unguarded virtue ſtand?

With horror, grief, deſpair, the Dean
Beheld the dire deſtructive ſcene:
His friends in exile or the tower,
Himſelf within the frown of power; ‡
Purſued by baſe invenom'd pens,
Far to the land of S——— and fens; *
A ſer-

* In the height of the quarrel betwen the miniſters, the Queen died.

† Upon Queen Anne's death, the Whig faction was reſtored to power, which they exerciſed with the utmoſt rage and revenge; impeached and baniſhed the chief leaders of the church-party, and ſtripped all their adherents of what employments they had, &c.

‡ Upon the Queen's death, the Dean returned to live in Dublin, at the Deanery-houſe. Numberleſs libels were writ againſt him in England as a Jacobite; he was inſulted in the ſtreet, and at night he was forced to be attended by his ſervants armed.

* The land of S——— and fens, is Ireland.

:rvile race in folly nurs'd,
o truckle moſt, when treated worſt.

y innocence and reſolution,
ɔore continual perſecution;
le numbers to preferment roſe,
ɔſe merit were to be his foes.
:n *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
ıt upon their private ends,
renegadoes now he feels,
nſt him lifting up their heels.

ıe Dean did by his pen defeat
nfamous deſtructive cheat: †
ght fools their int'reſt how to know,
gave them arms to ward the blow.
/ hath own'd it was his doing,
ave that hapleſs land from ruin;
le they who at the ſteerage ſtood,
reap'd the profit, ſought his blood.

ɔ ſave them from their evil fate,
im was held a crime of ſtate.
icked monſter on the bench, ‡
ſe fury blood could never quench;

As

ne Wood, a hardwareman from England, had a patent
ning copper halfpence for Ireland, to the ſum of 108,000l.
in the conſequence muſt leave that kingdom without gold
:r.————See the Drapier's letters, vol. iii. & iv.

ne Whitſhed was then Chief Juſtice. He had ſome years
proſecuted a printer for a pamphlet writ by the Dean, to
le the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures
. p. 327.] Wh tſhed ſent the jury down eleven times, and kept
ıine hours, until they were forced to bring in a ſpecial verdict.

He

As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Treſſilian; *
Who long all juſtice had diſcarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But heav'n his innocence defends;
The grateful people ſtand his friends;
Not ſtrains of law, nor judges frown,
Nor topics brought to pleaſe the c——,
Nor witneſs hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

In exile with a ſteady heart, †
He ſpent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction ſway,
Remote from St. John, ‡ Pope, and Gay.

" Alas, poor *Dean!* his only ſcope
" Was to be held a *miſanthrope.*

"

He ſat as judge afterwards on the trial of the printer of the pier's fourth letter [vol. iii. p. 411.] but the jury, againſt could ſay or ſwear, threw out the bill. All the kingdom the Drapier's part, except the courtiers, or thoſe who ex places. The Drapier was celebrated in many poems and phlets. His ſign was ſet up in moſt of the ſtreets of Dublin, (many of them ſtill continue,) and in ſeveral country town

* Scroggs was Chief Juſtice under King Charles II.; his ment always varied in ſtate-trials, according to directions court. Treſſilian was a wicked judge, hanged above thre dred years ago.

† In Ireland, which he had reaſon to call a place of exi which country nothing could have driven him, but the Q death, who had determined to fix him in England, in ſp the Ducheſs of Somerſet, *&c.*

‡ Henry St. John, Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke.

nto gen'ral *odium* drew him,
h if he lik'd, *much good may't do him.*
al was not to laſh our *crimes,*
iſcontent againſt the times:
ad we made him *timely* offers
iſe his *poſt*, or *fill* his *coffers,*
ps he might have truckled down,
other *brethren* of his *gown.*
irty he would ſcarce have bled:——
no more——becauſe he's *dead*——
t *writings* has he left behind?——
r, they're of a diff'rent kind:
r in *verſe*; but moſt in proſe——
high-flown pamphlets, I ſuppoſe:——
ribbled in the *worſt* of *times,*
lliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
aiſe Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
ver fav'ring the *pretender*:——
bels yet conceal'd from ſight,
ift the *court* to ſhew his *ſpite*:
ips his *travels*, *part the third*;
at ev'ry *ſecond* word——
ſive to a *loyal* ear:——
——*not one ſermon*, you may *ſwear.*"——

new an hundred pleaſant ſtories,
ll the turns of Whigs and Tories:
eerful to his dying day,
ends would let him have his way.

or his works in verſe or proſe,
nyſelf no judge of thoſe.

Nor

Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em,
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view deſign'd,
To *pleaſe*, and to *reform* mankind:
And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
The *world* muſt own it, to their *ſhame*,
The *praiſe* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a houſe for fools and mad;
To ſhew, by one ſatiric touch,
No nation wanted it ſo much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wiſh it ſoon may have a better. *
And, ſince you *dread* no farther *laſhes*,
Methinks you may *forgive his aſhes*.

To the EARL of PETERBOROW, who commanded the Britiſh Forces in Spain. †

Written in the year 1706.

MOrdanto fills the trump of fame,
The Chriſtian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crouded with his name.

In

* See p. 7.

† This noble Lord had made a moſt conſiderable figure in his day. His character was amiable and uncommon. His life was a continued ſeries of variety. In his public and private conduct he differed from moſt men. He had viſited all climates, but had ſtaid in none. He was a citizen of the world. He conquered and maintained armies without money. His actions and expreſſions were peculiar to himſelf. He was of a vivacity ſuperior to all fatigue, and his courage was beyond any conception of danger.

In journies he outrides the poſt,
Sits up till midnight with his hoſt,
Talks politics, and gives the toaſt.

Knows ev'ry prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a ſquib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette A-la-main:
"This day arriv'd, without his train,
"Mordanto in a week from Spain."

A meſſenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to ſeek:
He left the town above a week.

Next day the poſt-boy winds his horn,
And rides thro' Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his foll'wers ſtrown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone:

danger. He verified, in many inſtances, whatever has been ſaid of romantic heroes. He ſeems to have been fixed only in his friendſhips and moral principles. He had a moſt true regard and affection for Swift and Pope. The Dean has here deſcribed him in a very particular manner, but ſo juſtly, that the four laſt ſtanzas will give a moſt perfect and complete idea of Lord Peterborow's perſon and military virtue. His wit in the letter, No. 371. vol. xvi. is eaſy and unaffected. At the time when he wrote that letter, he had hung up his helmet and his buckler, and was retired to his plough and his wheelbarrow, wearied of courts, and diſguſted with ſtateſmen. *Orrery.*

His body active as his mind,
Returning ſound in limb and wind,
Except ſome leather loſt behind.

A ſkeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpſe, tho' full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a ſtar;
In ſenates bold, and fierce in war;
A land-commander, and a tar.

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-ſake Charles of Sweden.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

Written in the year 1712.

*MIdas, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to *gold:*
He

* The Dean, though he did not much change the natural order of words, was yet very exact in his verſification. But it may be remarked, that verſes of eight ſyllables are never harmonious, if the accent be placed on the *firſt*, and not repeated till the *third* or *fourth*. The firſt, fourth, and eighth verſes are, among others, examples of this rule; which will be illuſtrated by changing the ſtructure, ſo as to remove the accent from the *firſt* ſyllable to the *ſecond*. If inſtead of,

Glitter'd

He *chipp'd* his *bread;* the pieces round
Glitter'd, like ſpangles on the ground:
A codling ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtrait become a *golden* pippin:
He call'd for drink; you ſaw him ſup
Potable gold in *golden cup:*
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his victuals through a quill;
Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,
'Twas had been happy for *gold-finders:*
He cock'd his hat, you would have ſaid
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay,*
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, inſtead
Of paltry *provender* and *bread:*
Hence by wiſe farmers we are told,
Old hay is *equal to old* gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by *grains.*

Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground,

he fourth verſe be read,

Like ſpangles glitter'd on the ground;

he ear will eaſily determine which ſhould be preferred. It is, owever, true, that when the accent is placed on the *firſt* ſyllable, nd repeated at the *ſecond*, the meaſure is not only harmonious, ut acquires a peculiar force. The eleventh verſe is of this ind,

Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders;

hich would be greatly enfeebled, by changing it to

It paſs'd untouch'd between his grinders;

hough the cadence would ſtill be poetical, as the firſt accent would fall on the ſecond ſyllable. *Hawkeſ.*

This *fool* had got a *lucky hit;*
And people fancy'd he had *wit.*
Two gods their ſkill in muſic try'd,
And both choſe Midas to decide;
He againſt Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to ſhew his grudge,
Clapt *aſſes'* ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair erect and wide,
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.

And now the virtue of his *hands*
Was loſt among Pactolus' ſands,
Againſt whoſe torrent while he ſwims,
The *golden* ſcurf peels off his limbs:
Fame ſpreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather *golden* gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had loſt his *art*, and kept his *ears.*

This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain *leader;*
To whom from Midas down deſcends
That virtue in the fingers ends.
What elſe by *perquiſites* are meant,
By *penſions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent.*
By *places* and *commiſſions* ſold,
And turning *dung* itſelf to *gold?*
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore,
As t'other Midas did before?

None e'er did modern Midas chuſe
Subject or patron of his muſe,

But

But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That Phœbus muſt give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his *plumbs* * for *bays*:
To Pan alone rich miſers call;
And there's the jeſt, for Pan is ALL.
Here Engliſh wits will be to ſeek,
Howe'er, *'tis all one in the Greek.*

Beſides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath *aſſes'* ears;
Where ev'ry fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies;
Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Through any ears but of an *aſs*.

But *gold* defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing *fouls* the hand ſo much:
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of Britiſh Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the *ſenate* ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the *chymic* power.

While he his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt this *pop'lar tide*,
The *golden* ſpoils flew off apace;
Here fell a *penſion*, there a *place*:
The *torrent* mereileſs imbibes
Commiſſions, *perquiſites*, and *bribes*;
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom;
Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em.

* A cant word for 100,000 l.

And Midas now neglected ſtands
With *aſſes' ears* and *dirty hands.*

The Rev. DR. SHERIDAN to DR. SWIFT.

Written in the year 1712.

DEar Dean, ſince in *cruxes* and *puns* you and I deal,
Pray why is a woman a ſieve and a riddle?
'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morning,
In bed as I lay, Sir, a toſſing and turning.
You'll find, if you read but a few of your hiſtories,
All women as Eve, all women are myſteries.
To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,
And make every one of the ſex a *bel phegor.*
But that will not do, for I mean to commend 'em:
I ſwear, without jeſt, I an honour intend 'em.
In a ſieve, Sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,
In a riddle I give you their pow'r and their title.
This I told you before, do you know what I mean, Sir?
* *Not I, by my troth, Sir.*—Then read it again, Sir.
The reaſon I ſend you theſe lines of rhymes double,
Is purely through pity to ſave you the trouble
Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did laſt;
When your Pegaſus canter'd in triple, and rid faſt.
As

* The Dean's anſwer.

As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnaſſus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his aſſes,
He goes ſlow and ſure, and he never is jaded;
While your fi'ry ſteed is whipp'd, ſpurr'd, baſtinaded.

Dean SWIFT's Anſwer to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh.
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you miſtaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no ſieve, (for with that you begin)
Becauſe ſhe lets out more than e'er ſhe takes in.
And that ſhe's a riddle, can never be right:
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
But grant her a ſieve, I can ſay ſomething archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen *ſearcher*.

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid†, was the firſt man's damnation?
If your Worſhip will pleaſe to explain me this *rebus*,
I ſwear from henceforward you ſhall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11. 1712, *paſt* 12 *at noon.*

† Vir Gin, Man-Trap.

A LETTER to the Reverend Dr. SHERIDAN. September 5, 1718.

SIR,

WHate'er your predeceſſors taught us,
I have a great eſteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence:
But as to comic Ariſtophanes,
The rogue too bawdy and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis,
Down in the Strand * juſt where the new pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus uſed, as Horace ſays,
To take the greateſt grandees for aſſes:
Poets, in thoſe days, uſed to venture high;
But theſe are loſt full many a century.
Thus you may ſee, dear friend, *ex pede* hence
My judgment of the old comedians.
Proceed to tragics, firſt Euripides
(An author, where I ſometimes dip a-days),
Is rightly cenſur'd by the Stagirite,
Who ſays his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author deſpiſes
So much, he ſwears, the very beſt piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Theſpis's;
And that a woman, in thoſe tragedies,
Commonly ſpeaking, but a ſad jade is.

At

* *N. B.* The Strand in London. The fact may be falſe, but the rhyme coſt me ſome trouble.

At leaſt, I'm well aſſur'd, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Æſchylus,
Whoſe moving touches, when they pleaſe, kill us.
And now I find my muſe but ill able
To hold out longer in triſyllable.
I choſe theſe rhymes out, for their difficulty:
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

THE ANSWER by DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I Thank you for your comedies.
I'll ſtay and read 'em now at home a-days,
Becauſe Pareus wrote but ſorrily
Thy notes, I'll read Lambinus thoroughly;
And then I ſhall be ſtoutly ſet a-gog
To challenge ev'ry Iriſh Pædagogue.
I like your nice epiſtle critical,
Which does in threefold rhymes ſo witty fall;
Upon the comick dram' and tragedy
Your notion's right, but verſes maggotty;
'Tis but an hour ſince I heard a man ſwear it,
The Dev'l himſelf could hardly anſwer it.
As for your friend the ſage Euripides,
‡ I b'lieve you give him now the ſlip o'days;
But mum for that——pray come a Saturday
And dine with me, you can't a better day:
I'll give you nothing but a mutton chop,
Some nappy mellow'd ale with rotten hop,
A pint

‡ *N. B.* You told me you forgot your Greek.

A pint of wine as good as Falern',
Which we poor maſters, God knows, all earn;
We'll have a friend or two, Sir, at table,
Right honeſt men, for few 're comeatable;
Then when our liquor makes us talkative,
We'll to the fields, and take a walk at eve.
Becauſe I'm troubled much with lazineſs,
Theſe rhymes I've choſen for their eaſineſs.

THE FAGGOT.

Written in the year 1713, when the Queen's miniſters were quarrelling among themſelves. *

OBſerve the dying father ſpeak:
Try, lads, can you this bundle break;
Then bids the youngeſt of the ſix
Take up a well-bound heap of ſticks.
They thought it was an old man's maggot;
And ſtrove by turns to break the faggot:
In vain: the complicated wands
Were much too ſtrong for all their hands.
See, ſaid the ſire, how ſoon 'tis done:
Then took and broke them one by one.
So ſtrong you'll be, in friendſhip ty'd;
So quickly broke, if you divide.
Keep cloſe then, boys, and never quarrel,
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This

* See more of the author's endeavours to procure a reconcilement among them, in a letter dated Oct. 10. 1710.
See alſo Free thoughts on the preſent ſtate of affairs, in vol. vi.

s tale may be apply'd in few words
aſurers, comptrollers, ſtewards,
thers, who in ſolemn ſort
r with ſlender wands at court:
mly join'd to keep their ground,
ſhing one another round:
wiſe men think they ought to fight
quarter ſtaves, inſtead of *white*;
ıſtable with *ſtaff* of peace,
l come and make the clatt'ring ceaſe;
now diſturbs the Queen and court,
ives the *Whigs* and rabble ſport.

iſtory we never found,
onſul's *faſces* * were unbound;
Romans were too wiſe to think on't,
to laſh ſome grand delinquent.
vould they bluſh to hear it ſaid,
rætor broke the Conſul's head;
nſul in his purple gown,
up and knock'd the Prætor down?

ıe, courtiers: every man his ſtick:
reaſurer, ‡ for once be quick;
ıat they may the cloſer cling,
our blue riband for a ſtring,
trimming Harcourt, § bring your mace;
ueeze it in, or quit your place:
Diſpatch;

s, a bundle of rods or ſmall ſticks carried before the con-
ome.
ert Harley, Earl of Oxford.
d Chancellor.

Diſpatch; or elſe that raſcal Northey ‡
Will undertake to do it for thee:
And be aſſur'd the court will find him
Prepar'd to *leap o'er ſticks*, or bind 'em.

To make the bundle ſtrong and ſafe,
Great Ormond, lend thy gen'ral's ſtaff:
And, if the *croſier* could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden.
You'll then defy the ſtrongeſt *Whig*
With both his hands to bend a twig.
Though with united ſtrength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craiggs and Walpole.

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF.

Written in the year 1713.

A few of the firſt lines were wanting in the copy ſent us by a friend of the author's.

* * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

BY an old———purſu'd
A crazy prelate, † and a royal prude; ‖
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On ev'ry genius that attempts to riſe;
And pauſing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God;

So

‡ Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General, brought in by Lord Harcourt, yet very deſirous of the great ſeal.
† Dr. Sharpe, Archbiſhop of York.
‖ Her late Majeſty Queen Anne.

So clowns on ſcholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conj'ring book. *

Swift had the ſin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he ſometimes dealt in rhyme:
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd with too much grace;
Nor ſhew'd the *parſon* in his gait or face;
Deſpis'd luxurious wines, and coſtly meat;
Yet ſtill was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; *ſaw thoſe that ſaw the Queen;*
At Child's or Truby's † never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymens gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver ſort,
Tobacco, cenſure, coffee, pride, and port.

But after ſage monitions from his friends
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to ſubmit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.

And now the public int'reſt to ſupport,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;

* Archbiſhop Sharpe, according to Dr. Swift's account, had repreſented him to the Queen, as a perſon that was not a Chriſtian; a great lady had ſupported the aſperſion; and the Queen, upon ſuch aſſurances, had given away the biſhopric contrary to her Majeſty's firſt intentions, which were in favour of Dr. Swift. *Orrery.*

† A coffee-houſe and tavern near St. Paul's, at that time much frequented by the clergy.

In favour grows with miniſters of ſtate;
Admitted private, when ſuperiors wait:
And Harley, not aſham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windſor in his coach alone.
At Windſor Swift no ſooner can appear,
But St. John ‡ comes and whiſpers in his ear:
The waiters ſtand in ranks; the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a Duke were paſſing by.

Now Finch * alarms the Lords, he hears for certain,
This dang'rous prieſt is got behind the curtain.
Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a ſpring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aiſlabie, † to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons that the ſecret's out:
" A certain doctor is obſerv'd of late
" To haunt a certain miniſter of ſtate:
" From whence with half an eye we may diſcover
" The peace is made, and Perkin muſt come over."

York is from Lambeth ſent to ſhew the Queen
A dangerous treatiſe writ againſt the ſpleen; ‡
Which, by the ſtyle, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.

Poor

‡ Then Secretary of State, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke.

* The late Earl of Nottingham, who made a ſpeech in the houſe of Lords againſt the author.

† They both ſpoke againſt him in the houſe of Commons, although Aiſlabie profeſſed much friendſhip for him.

‡ Tale of a Tub.

Poor York! the harmleſs tool of others hate;
He ſues for pardon, § and repents too late.
Now —— her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ——
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills;
And thence into the royal ear inſtils.
The Queen incens'd, his ſervices forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.
Now through the realm a proclamation ſpread, ‖
To fix a price on his devoted head.
While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preſerve him by a ſleight.

By Harley's favour once again he ſhines;
Is now careſs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing ſcene:
Lord! how were they miſtaken in the Dean!
Now Delaware * again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thruſts half his powder'd noſe.
The Scottiſh nation, whom he durſt offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend. †

§ His Grace was ſorry for what he had ſaid, and ſent a meſſage to the author to deſire his pardon.

‖ The proclamation was againſt the author of a pamphlet, called, *The public ſpirit of the Whigs*, againſt which the Scotch Lords complained. See it in vol. 2. p. 286.

* Delaware, then Lord Treaſurer of the houſhold, always careſſed the author at court: but, during the trial of the printers before the houſe of Lords, and while the proclamation hung over the author, his Lordſhip would not ſeem to know him.

† The Scotch Lords treated and viſited the author more after the proclamation than before, except the Duke of Argyle, who would never be reconciled.

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while
His great contending friends to reconcile;
Performs what friendſhip, juſtice, truth, require:
What could he more but decently retire? ‡

In SICKNESS.

Written ſoon after the Author's coming to live in Ireland, upon the Queen's death, October 1714.

'TIS true,——then why ſhould I repine
To ſee my life ſo faſt decline?
But, why obſcurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My ſtate of health none care to learn;
My life is here no ſoul's concern:
And thoſe with whom I now converſe,
Without a tear will tend my hearſe.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal viſits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which thoſe who tend the ſick for pay,
Can act as decently as they:

But

‡ About ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town upon occaſion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkſhire. See letter from Swift to Pope, dated Jan. 10. 1721.

But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the ſick,
In your laſt offices be quick:
And ſpare my abſent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will ſave a double ſorrow.

To the Earl of OXFORD, late Lord Treaſurer. Sent to him when he was in the Tower, before his trial.

Out of HORACE.

Written in the year 1716.

HOW bleſs'd is he who for his country dies,
Since death purſues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and terror at his back;
Tho' fear ſhould lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet ſwifter fate will ſeize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine:
But ſhall with unattainted honour ſhine:
Nor ſtoops to take the *ſtaff*, * nor lays it down,
Juſt as the rabble pleaſe to ſmile or frown.

* A white *ſtaff* is the enſign of the Lord Treaſurer's office.

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten paſſage to the ſky;
Where Jove a ſeat among the gods will give
To thoſe who die, for meriting to live.

Next, faithful ſilence hath a ſure reward;
Within our breaſt be ev'ry ſecret barr'd:
He, who betrays his friend, ſhall never be
Under one roof, or in one ſhip, with me.
For who with traitors would his ſafety truſt,
Leſt with the wicked heaven involve the juſt?
And though the villain 'ſcape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

Ad amicum eruditum THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Scripſit Oct. ann. Dom. 1717.

DEliciæ Sheridan muſarum, dulcis amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permeſſi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, ſeu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocoſque ſales ſpargis, ſeu ludere verſu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quiſnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi naſcenti ad cunabula Pallas
Aſtitit; et dixit, mentis præſaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! noſtro ſub ſidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris ſine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram ſuperabis, voce cicadam:
Muſca femur, palmas tibi mus dédit, ardea crura.
Corpore ſed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,

Hoc

Hoc animi dotes ſupplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, ſurget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas inſtructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pœonius venit, ecce, *ſalutifer* orbi.
Aſt, illi cauſas orant; his inſula viſa eſt
Divinam capiti nodo conſtringere mitram.

Natalis te horæ non fallunt ſigna, ſed uſque
Conſcius, expedias puero ſeu lætus Apollo
Naſcenti arriſit; ſive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut ſeptem inflavere triones.

Quin tu altè penituſque latentia ſemina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim ſub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu ſæpe puella
Sub cinere heſterno ſopitos ſuſcitat ignes.

Te dominum agnoſcit quocunque ſub aëre natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium cuſtodia matris
Peſſundat: nam ſæpe vides in ſtipite matrem.

Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ ſedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
Sæpe puer, tua quem tetigit ſemel aurea virga,
Cœlumque terraſque videt, noctemque profundam.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN.

Written in the year 1720.

RIght Truſty, and ſo forth,——we let you to know
We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.

For,

For, firſt, I have often by chymiſts been told,
Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold,
Which when you have got, you ſo carefully hide it,
That, ſince I was born, I hardly have ſpy'd it.
Then it muſt be allow'd, that whenever I ſhine,
I forward the graſs, and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief,
Without whom they could get neither *claret* nor *beef*:
Yet their wine and their victuals theſe curmudgeon * lubbards
Lock up from my ſight, in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and ſour all their drink.
But, thirdly and laſtly, it muſt be allow'd,
I alone can inſpire the poetical croud:
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
Whom if I inſpire, it is not to my knowledge.
This ev'ry pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
Theſe gentlemen uſe me with kindneſs and freedom;
And as for their works, when I pleaſe I may read 'em:
They lie open on purpoſe on counters and ſtalls,
And the titles I view, when I ſhine on the walls.
But

* *Curmudgeon*, a word here uſed as an adjective, now ſignifies a ſordid niggardly fellow; but was perhaps in its original ſenſe of more extenſive import, being probably a corruption of *cœur mechant*, a wicked heart. *Hawkeſ.*

But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany,
Whom I, for your ſake, love better than any,
And of *my mere motion, and ſpecial good grace,*
Intended in time to ſucceed in your place,
On Tueſday the tenth ſeditiouſly came
With a certain falſe traitreſs, one Stella by name,
To the *deanery*-houſe, and on the *north* glaſs,
Where, for fear of the cold, I never can paſs,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utenſil,
Of value five ſhillings, in Engliſh a pencil,
Did malicioufly, falſely, and trait'rouſly write,
Whilſt Stella aforeſaid ſtood by with a light. *
My ſiſter has lately depos'd upon oath,
That ſhe ſtopt in her courſe to look at them both:
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
And ſtill as he writ, ſtood ſmiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myſelf at noon-day,
But her graceful black locks were mingled with grey;
And by the deſcription I certainly know,
'Tis the nymph that I courted ſome ten years ago;
Whom when I with the beſt of my talents endu'd
On her promiſe of yielding, ſhe acted the prude:
That ſome verſes were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the *north*, where I never went;
That

* See verſes ſaid to be cut by two of the Dean's friends upon a pane of glaſs in one of his parlours, among the pieces, in vol. 9.

That the letters appear'd reverſe through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right again;
Wherein ſhe diſtinctly could read ev'ry line,
And preſently gueſs'd the fancy was mine. *
Now you ſee, why his verſes ſo ſeldom are ſhown;
The reaſon is plain, they're none of his own:
And obſerve while you live, that no man is ſhy
To diſcover the goods he came honeſtly by.
If I light on a thought, he'll certainly ſteal it,
And when he has got it, find ways to conceal it:
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's ſcarce one in ten, but what has my mark;
And let them be ſeen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear, they are all ſtolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your ſaſh,
I think I have now got him under my laſh;
My ſiſter tranſcrib'd it laſt night to his ſorrow,
And the public ſhall ſee't, if I live till to-morrow;
Through the zodiac around, it ſhall quickly be ſpread
In all parts of the globe, where your language is read.

He

* The mechaniſm of this poem is formed upon a miſtake, which a very ſlight conſideration of the laws of viſion would have prevented. The whole depends upon Cynthia's reading in Stella's eyes the writing, which appeared inverted through the pane: but as the writing was not inverted on that ſide of the glaſs at which Stella looked, it muſt neceſſarily be inverted in her eyes. *Hawkeſ.*

He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refuſal,
When he aſk'd for my aid in the forms that are uſual:
But the ſecret is this; I did lately intend
To write a few verſes on you, as my friend:
I ſtudied a fortnight before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind;
And reſolv'd the next winter, (for that is my time,
When the days are at ſhorteſt), to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnaſſus:
When that ſubtle companion, in hopes to ſurpaſs us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
(For I think in my conſcience he deals with *old nick*),
And from my own ſtock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
There out of my ſight, juſt againſt the north zone,
Writes down my conceits and calls them his own;
And you, like a cully, the bubble can ſwallow:
Now, who but Delany, that writes like Apollo?
High treaſon by ſtatute! but here you object,
He only ſtole hints, but the verſe is correct;
'Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely expreſs'd:
So a thief ſteals my horſe, and has him well dreſs'd.

Now,

Now, whereas the ſaid criminal ſeems paſt repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to the ſentence.
Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
To climb to our region, and thence to ſteal fire;
We order a vulture, in ſhape of the ſpleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be ſeen.
And we order our ſubjects of ev'ry degree
To believe all his verſes were written by me;
And, under the pain of our higheſt diſpleaſure,
To call nothing his but the rhyme and the meaſure.
And laſtly, for Stella juſt out of her prime,
I'm too much reveng'd already by time.
In return to her ſcorn, I ſent her diſeaſes;
But will now be her friend, whenever ſhe pleaſes:
And the gifts I beſtow'd her will find her a lover,
Though ſhe lives to be grey as a badger all over.

An ELEGY on the much-lamented death of Mr. DEMAR, the famous rich uſurer, who died the ſixth of July 1720. *

Written in the year 1720.

KNow *all men by theſe preſents*, Death the tamer
By *mortage* hath ſecur'd the *corpſe* of Demar;
Nor can *four hundred thouſand Sterling pound*
Redeem him from his *priſon* under ground.

His

* This elegy was a ſubject ſtarted and partly executed in company, conſiſting of Swift and Stella, and a few friends. Every one threw in a hint; and Stella's were the 31ſt, 32d, 33d, and 34th lines. *Hawkeſ.*

His heirs might well, of all his wealth poſſeſt,
Beſtow to bury him one iron cheſt.
Plutus, the God of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful ſteward in the ſhades below.
He walk'd the ſtreets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and ſupp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms;
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.

Where-e'er he went, he never ſaw his *betters*;
Lords, *knights*, and *'ſquires*, were all his humble debtors;
And under *hand* and *ſeal* the Iriſh nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not ſave,
Nor all his *int'reſt* keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Becauſe we wiſh the earth upon him light.

Oh London tavern! * thou haſt loſt a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing ſpend:
He *touch'd* the *pence* when others *touch'd* the *pot*;
The hand that ſign'd the mortgage paid the ſhot.

* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.

Old as he was, no vulgar known diſeaſe
On him could ever boaſt a power to ſeize;
But as his gold he weigh'd, grim Death in ſpite
Caſt in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And as he ſaw his darling *money* fail,
Blew his laſt breath to ſink the lighter ſcale.
He who ſo long was *current*, 'twould be ſtrange,
If he ſhould now be *cry'd down* ſince his *change*.

The *ſexton* ſhall green ſods on thee beſtow:
Alas the *ſexton* is thy *banker* now.
A diſmal *banker* muſt that *banker* be,
Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality* †.

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS.

Written in the year 1720.

I.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune with one gen'ral ſweep
Turns all again to barren ſtrand.

II.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are ſaid to repreſent the ſeas;
Which, *breaking bankers* and the *banks*,
Reſume *their own* whene'er they pleaſe.

Money,

† See an epitaph on this miſer, p. 206.

III.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and ſtagnates in the veins,
Unleſs a proper *circulation*
Its motion and its heat maintains.

IV.

Becauſe 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and *aldermen* in ſtate,
Like *peers*, have *levees* ev'ry day,
Of duns attending at their gate.

V.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They ſeem to act an ancient tale;
The *birds* are met to ſtrip the *jays*.

VI.

Riches, the wiſeſt monarch * ſings,
Make pinions for themſelves to fly:
They fly like bats on *parchment wings*,
And geeſe their *ſilver* plumes ſupply.

VII.

No money left for ſquand'ring heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wiſh of Nero now is theirs,
That they *had never known their letters* †.

VIII.

Conceive the works of midnight-hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:

* Solomon.

† It is ſaid of Nero, that when he firſt came to the imperial dignity from the tutorage of Seneca, being aſked to ſign a warrant for an execution, he wiſhed he could not write. *Hawkeſ.*

Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit ſqueezing *images of wax* ‡.

IX.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With pow'r no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.

X.

So pow'rful are a banker's bills,
Where creditors demand their due;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty cheſts in view.

XI.

Thus, when an earthquake lets in light,
Upon the god of *gold* and *hell*,
Unable to endure the ſight,
He hides within his darkeſt cell.

XII.

As when a conj'rer takes a leaſe
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a diſmal caſe,
Whene'er the *bloody bond* ‖ appears.

XIII.

A *baited* banker thus deſponds,
From his own hand foreſees his fall;
They have his *ſoul* who have his *bonds*:
'Tis like the *writing on the wall* §.

How

‡ Witches were fabled to torment the abſent, by roaſting or otherwiſe ill treating their images in wax. *Hawkeſ.*

‖ Theſe contracts were always ſuppoſed to be ſigned with blood. *Hawkeſ.*

§ *Mene mene tekel upharſin.*

XIV.

How will the caitiff wretch be ſcar'd,
When firſt he finds himſelf awake
At the laſt trumpet, unprepar'd,
And all his *grand account* to make?

XV.

For in that univerſal *call*
Few bankers will to heaven be mounters:
They'll cry, *ye* ſhops *upon us fall*,
Conceal and *cover us*, *ye* counters:

XVI.

When *other* hands the *ſcales* ſhall hold,
And they in *men and angels ſight*
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
Weigh'd in the balance, and found light.

The DESCRIPTION of an IRISH FEAST, tranſlated almoſt literally out of the original Iriſh.

Tranſlated in the year 1720.

O ROURK's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By thoſe who were there,
Or thoſe who were not.
His revels to keep,
We ſup and we dine,
On ſeven-ſcore ſheep,
Fat bullocks and ſwine.

Uſquebaugh to our feaſt
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at leaſt,
And a madder * our cup.
O there is the ſport!
We riſe with the light
In diſorderly ſort,
From ſnoring all night.
O how I was trick'd!
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I loſt my new cloak.
I'm rifled, quoth Nell,
Of mantle and kercher: †
Why then fare them well,
The de'il take the ſearcher.
Come, harper, ſtrike up;
But, firſt, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup:
Ah! this has ſome ſavour.
O Rourk's jolly boys
Ne'er dream'd of the matter,
Till rous'd by the noiſe
And muſical clatter,
They bounce from their neſt,
No longer will tarry,
They riſe ready dreſt,
Without one *Ave Mary*.
They dance in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping;

A mercy

* A wooden veſſel.
† An handkerchief.

A mercy the ground
Did not burſt with their ſtamping.
The floor is all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and ſweat
Spliſh ſplaſh in their pumps.
Bleſs you late and early,
Laughlin O Enagin,
By my hand, * you dance rarely,
Margery Grinagin †.
Bring ſtraw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us ſpread
The winnowing ſheet:
To ſhew I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch
Of your ſneezing, *a yean* ‡.
Good Lord, what a ſight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midſt of their beer?
They riſe from their feaſt,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at leaſt
The length of their ſkeans ‖.
What ſtabs and what cuts,
What clatt'ring of ſticks;

What

* An Iriſh oath.
† The name of an Iriſh woman.
‡ An Iriſh word for woman.
‖ Daggers, or ſhort ſwords.

What ſtrokes on the guts,
What baſtings and kicks!
With cudgels of oak
Well harden'd in flame,
An hundred heads broke,
An hundred ſtruck lame.
You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Luſk,
The caſtle of Slain,
And Carrick Drumruſk:
The Earl of Kildare
And Moynalta, his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurs'd by their mother †.
Aſk that of old *Madam*,
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
She knows it is true.
Come down with that beam,
If cudgels are ſcarce,
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a—ſe.

A French

† It is the cuſtom in Ireland, to call nurſes foſter-mothers, their huſbands foſter-fathers, and their children foſter-brothers or foſter-ſiſters; and thus the pooreſt claim kindred to the richeſt.

A French gentleman dining with ſome company on a Faſt-day, called for ſome bacon and eggs. The reſt were very angry, and reproved him for ſo heinous a ſin: whereupon he wrote the following lines *extempore*, which are here tranſlated.

PEut on croire avec bon ſens,
Qu' un lardon le mit en colere,
Ou, que manger un harang,
C'eſt un ſecret pour luy plaire ?
En ſa gloire envelopé,
Songe t'il bien de nos ſoupé ?

In ENGLISH.

WHO can believe, with common ſenſe,
A bacon-ſlice gives God offence;
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to diſarm?
Wrapt up in Majeſty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

An

An Excellent New SONG on a ſeditious Pamphlet *.

To the tune of Packington's Pound.

Written in the year 1720.

BROCADOS and damaſks, and tabbies, and gauzes,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law ſays,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the King's lover.
Though a printer and dean
Seditiouſly mean
Our true Iriſh hearts from old England to wean;
We'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

II.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
To be cloth'd like a carcaſe would make a Teague mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our

* Dr. Swift having wrote a treatiſe, adviſing the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures, a proſecution was ſet on foot againſt Waters the printer thereof; which was carried on with ſo much violence, that the then Lord Chief Juſtice, one Whitſhed,

Our wives they grow ſullen,
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor ſhopkeepers muſt our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

III.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To *inflame* both the nations do plainly conſpire;
Becauſe Iriſh linen will ſoon turn to tinder;
And wool it is greaſy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore I aſſure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they ſaw the Dean's book, they were in a great fury:
They would buy Engliſh ſilks for their wives and their daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

IV.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is ſinning,
And before *Corum nobus* ſo oft has been call'd,
Henceforward ſhall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if ſwearing can't do't, ſhall be ſwingingly maul'd:

And

Whitſhed, thought proper, in a manner the moſt extraordinary, to keep the grand jury above twelve hours, and to ſend them eleven times out of court, until he had wearied them into a ſpecial verdict. See vol. 3. p. 327.

And as for the Dean,
You know whom I mean,
If the printer will 'peach him, he'll ſcarce come off clean.
Then we'll buy Engliſh ſilks for our wives and our daughters,
In ſpite of his Deanſhip and journeyman Waters.

CARBERIÆ RUPES, in Comitatu CORGAGENSI, apud *Hibernicos*. *

Scripſit Jun. ann. Dom. 1723.

ECce ingens fragmens ſcopuli, quod vertice ſummo
Deſuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum,
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique ſaxa
Horriſono ſtridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque ſuis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aſpergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, ſpecus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam ſumma cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejeciſſe tonantem
Montibus impoſitos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâſſe gigantum.

Sæpe etiam ſpelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exeſa è ſcopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
Hinc atque hinc à ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.

Cautibus

* See p. 6.

Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura ſuperne.
Fornice ſublimi nidos poſuere palumbes,
Inque imo ſtagni poſuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum ſævit hyems, et venti, carcere rupto,
Immenſos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
Non obſeſſæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Miſſa Jovis, quoties inimicas ſævit in urbes,
Exæquant ſonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens aſſueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi ſalientis aquæ de ſummo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo ſub gurgite linquunt.

Piſcator terrâ non audet vellere funem:
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et aëra ſudum
Haud ſperans, Nereum precibus votiſque fatigat.

[We have added a tranſlation of the preceding poem, for the benefit of our Engliſh readers. It is done by Mr. W. Dunkin, M. A. for whom our ſuppoſed author hath expreſſed a great regard, on account of his ingenious performances, although unacquainted with him.]

CARBERY ROCKS, in the County of CORKE, *Ireland.*

LO! from the top of yonder cliff, that ſhrouds
Its airy head amidſt the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment; deſtitute of props,
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops!

With hoarſe rebuff the ſwelling ſeas rebound,
From ſhore to ſhore the rocks return the ſound:
The dreadful murmur heav'n's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune ſhrinks beneath his ſubject waves:
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had ſcoop'd a vault into its nether ſides.
Now yields the baſe, the ſummits nod, now urge
Their headlong courſe, and laſh the ſounding ſurge.
Not louder noiſe could ſhake the guilty world,
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains hurl'd;
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To cruſh earth's rebel-ſons beneath the load.

Oft, too, with hideous yawn the caverns wide
Preſent an orifice on either ſide,
A diſmal orifice from ſea to ſea
Extended, pervious to the god of day:
Uncouthly join'd the rocks ſtupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future ſtorm:
High on the cliff their neſts the *woodqueſts* make,
And ſea-calves ſtable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his ſullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the wat'ry plain;
When o'er the craggy ſteep, without control,
Big with the blaſt, the raging billows roll,
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
Darted from heav'n by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blaſts their gilded tow'rs,

Equal

Equal the tumult of this wild uproar:
Waves ruſh o'er waves, rebellows ſhore to ſhore.
The neighb'ring race, though wont to brave the ſhocks
Of angry ſeas, and run along the rocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor truſt their native homes.

The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,
Waſh'd down the precipice with ſudden ſweep,
Leave their ſweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fiſher, with deſponding eyes,
Though ſafe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the ſkies ſerene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

Upon the HORRID PLOT diſcovered by HARLEQUIN, the BISHOP of ROCHESTER'S French Dog. *

In a Dialogue between a Whig and a Tory.

Written in the year 1723.

I Aſk'd a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked plot to light?

* See the proceedings in parliament againſt Dr. Atterbury the Biſhop of Rocheſter, State-trials, vol. 6.——He was tried by the Lords for a plot againſt the government, deprived of his biſhopric, and baniſhed his native country.

He anſwer'd, that a *dog* of late
Inform'd a miniſter of ſtate.
Said I, from thence I nothing know;
For, are not all informers ſo?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We ſtyle him by no other phraſe;
And ſo a perjur'd *dog* denotes
Porter, and Prendergaſt, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
Whig. But you muſt know this dog was lame.
Tory. A weighty argument indeed!
Your *evidence* was *lame*:—proceed:
Come, help your *lame dog o'er the ſtile.*
Whig. Sir, you miſtake me all this while:
I mean a *dog* (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never ſpoke.
Tory. I'm ſtill to ſeek, which *dog* you mean;
Whether cur Plunket, or whelp Skean,
An Engliſh, or an Iriſh hound;
Or t'other puppy that was drown'd;
Or Maſon, that abandon'd bitch:
Then pray be free, and tell me which:
For ev'ry ſtander-by was marking,
That all the noiſe they made was *barking.*
You pay them well; the dogs have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge-pot:
And 'twas but juſt; for wiſe men ſay,
That *ev'ry dog muſt have his day.*
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either *make a hog or dog on't,*
And look'd ſince he has got his wiſh,
As if he had *thrown down a diſh.*

Yet

is I dare foretel you from it,
oon *return to his own vomit.*
g. Beſides, this horrid plot was found
ynoe, after he was drown'd.
y. Why then the proverb is not right,
you can teach *dead dogs* to bite.
g. I prov'd my propoſition full:
cobites are ſtrangely dull.
et me tell you plainly, Sir,
itneſs is a real *cur*,
of ſpirit for his years,
vice two legs, two hanging ears;
me is *Harlequin*, I wot,
hat's a name in ev'ry *plot:*
'd to ſave the Britiſh nation,
rench by birth and education;
rreſpondence plainly dated
ll decypher'd and *tranſlated:*
ſwers were exceeding pretty
the ſecret wiſe committee:
ſs'd as plain as he could bark:
with his forefoot ſet his *mark.*
y. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
ght it was a *dog* in *doublet;*
atter now no longer ſticks;
teſmen never want *dog-tricks.*
ice it was a real cur,
ot a dog in metaphor,
you joy of the report,
e's to have a place at court.
g. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in;
ſpit in the royal kitchen.

Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
We had occaſion for a plot:
And when we found the *dog* begin it,
We gueſs'd the biſhop's foot was in it.
Tory. I own it was a dang'rous project;
And you have prov'd it by *dog-logic.*
Sure ſuch intelligence between
A *dog* and biſhop ne'er was ſeen,
Till you began to change the breed:
Your biſhops all are *d—gs* indeed.

JOAN CUDGELS NED.

Written in the year 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Beſs, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Beſs, give Will to Joan,
She dares not ſay her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Beſs to Ned,
And ev'ry day ſhe *combs his head.*

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK.

A Houſe of CHARLES FORD, Eſq; eight Miles from Dublin.

——*Cuicumque nocere volebat*
Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa.

Written in the year 1723.

DON Carlos in a merry ſpite
Did Stella to his houſe invite:

He

He entertain'd her half a year
With gen'rous wines and coſtly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That ſhe might o'er the ſervants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice:
Got all things at the higheſt price:
Now at the table-head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits;
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn:
A haunch of ven'ſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earneſtly would beg,
Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.
Thro' candle-light ſhe view'd the wine,
To ſee that ev'ry glaſs was fine.
At laſt grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high, and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he deſign'd.
The winter-ſky began to frown,
Poor Stella muſt pack off to town;
From purling ſtreams and fountains bubbling,
To * Liffey's ſtinking tide at Dublin:
From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoſſing in an eaſy chair:
From ſtomach ſharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:

From

* The river that runs through Dublin.

From ruling there the houſhold ſingly,
To be directed here by Dingley: *
From ev'ry day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint, and *God be thanked*:
From ev'ry meal, Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty:
From Ford attending at her call,
To viſits of ——————:
From Ford who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean:
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by ſtarving here.
But now arrives the diſmal day;
She muſt return to Ormond-quay. †
The coachman ſtopt; ſhe look'd, and ſwore
The raſcal had miſtook the door.
At coming in you ſaw her ſtoop;
The entry bruſh'd againſt her hoop:
Each moment riſing in her airs,
She curs'd the narrow winding ſtairs
Began a thouſand faults to ſpy;
The cieling hardly ſix feet high;
The ſmutty wainſcot full of cracks:
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Ladyday,
She vows ſhe will no longer ſtay
In lodgings, like a poor Grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
Howe'er, to keep her ſpirits up,
She ſent for company to ſup:

When

* A lady. The two ladies lodged together.
† Where the two ladies lodged.

When all the while you might remark,
She ſtrove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her ſtore,
The cupboard could contain but four):
A ſupper worthy of herſelf,
Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.
Thus for a week the farce went on;
When, all her country-ſavings gone,
She fell into her former ſcene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
Thus far in jeſt: tho' now, I fear,
You think my jeſting too ſevere;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether falſe or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the leaſt pretence;
Nor can be more ſecurely plac'd,
Than on a nymph of Stella's taſte.
I muſt confeſs, your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:
Your table neat, your linen fine;
And, tho' in miniature, you ſhine:
Yet when you ſigh to leave Wood-park,
The ſcene, the welcome, and the ſpark,
To languiſh in this odious town,
And pull your haughty ſtomach down;
We think you quite miſtake the caſe,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For, tho' my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

A Quibbling

A Quibbling ELEGY on the Worſhipful JUDGE BOAT.

Written in the year 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath *ſunk* our Juſtice *Boat*.
Why ſhould he *ſink*, where nothing ſeem'd to preſs?
His *lading* little, and his *ballaſt* leſs.
Toſt in the *waves* of this *tempeſtuous* world,
At length, his *anchor* fix'd, and *canvas* furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end * he *founders* in the *port*.
With *water* † fill'd he could no longer *float*,
The common death of many a ſtronger *boat*.

A poſt ſo fill'd, on nature's laws intrenches:
Benches on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats* on *benches*.
And yet our *Boat*, how ſhall I reconcile it?
Was both a *boat*, and in one ſenſe a *pilot*.
With ev'ry *wind* he *ſail'd*, and well could *tack*:
Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a *Jack*. ‡
He's gone, altho' his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope*.

Behold the awful *bench* on which he ſat;
He was as *hard* and pond'rous *wood* as that:
Yet, when his *ſand* was out, we find at laſt,
That death has *overſet* him with a *blaſt*.
Our *Boat* is now *ſail'd* to the Stygian ferry,
There to ſupply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon

* Two villages near the ſea where boatmen and ſeamen live.
† It was ſaid he died of a dropſy.
‡ A cant word for a Jacobite.

Charon in him will ferry ſouls to hell;
A trade our *Boat* * hath practis'd here ſo well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both *pitch* and *brimſtone* to fill up his *flaws*.
Yet, ſpite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place *Boat* in his old *poſt* again.
The way is thus, and well deſerves your thanks:
Take the three ſtrongeſt of his broken planks;
Fix them on high, conſpicuous to be ſeen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's † green;
And when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry, Look, here's our *Boat*, and there's the *pendant*.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge *Boat* within a coffin;
Pray gentle folks forbear your ſcoffing.
A *Boat* a judge! yes; where's the blunder?
A *wooden* judge is no ſuch wonder.
And in his robes you muſt agree,
No *Boat* was better *deck'd* than he.
'Tis needleſs to deſcribe him fuller,
In ſhort he was an able ſculler. ‡

A RECEIPT

* In hanging people as a judge.
† Where the Dublin gallows ſtands.
‡ *Query*, Whether the author meant *ſcholar*, and wilfully miſtook.

A RECEIPT to reſtore STELLA's Yo

Written in the year 1724-5.

THE Scottiſh hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone;
Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
Till ſummer ſhow'rs and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And as the vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:
Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh;
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to inchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant. †
Why, Stella, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted,
And muſt again the warmer days
Be ſent to Quilca ‡ down to graze;

Wh

† Jupiter is fabled to have ſtolen Europa, in the ſhape bull. *Hawkeſ.*

‡ Dr. Sheridan's houſe, forty miles from Dublin.

Where mirth, and exerciſe, and air,
Will ſoon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your ſkin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with ſprightly blood:
Nor fleſh nor blood will be the ſame,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever underſtood
By human kind, but fleſh and blood?
And if your fleſh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former *you*;
But for a blooming nymph will paſs,
Juſt fifteen, coming ſummer's graſs,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the 'ſquires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and ſilver ſpurs,
No leſs than juſtices o' *quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiſs your ſteps at Quilca gates.
But, leſt you ſhould my ſkill diſgrace,
Come back before you're out of caſe:
For if to Michaelmas you ſtay,
The new-born fleſh will melt away;
The 'ſquires, in ſcorn, will fly the houſe
For better game, and look for grouſe;
But here, before the froſt can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

WHITSHED's Motto on his COACH.*

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

Liberty and my native country.

Written in the year 1724.

Libertas et natale ſolum:
Fine words! I wonder where you ſtole 'em.
Could nothing, but thy chief reproach,
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words tranſlate:
Natale ſolum, my eſtate;
My dear eſtate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it:
They ſwear I am ſo kind and good,
I hug them, till I ſqueeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
Firſt, how to ſwagger in a court;
And, ſecondly, to ſhew my fury
Againſt an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention
To favour Wood, and keep my penſion;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great ſeal, and turn out Brod'rick;
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious Dean;

And,

* The noted Chief Juſtice, who twice proſecuted the Drapier, and diſſolved the grand jury for not finding the bill againſt him. See his letters in vol. 3d and 4th.

, ſixthly, for my ſoul to barter it, †
fifty times its worth, to Carteret. ‡
ow, ſince your motto thus you conſtrue,
ıſt confeſs you've ſpoken once true.
rtas et natale ſolum :
had good reaſon, when you ſtole 'em.

by Dr. DELANY to Dr. SWIFT, in order
be admitted to ſpeak to him, when he was
af.

Written in the year 1724.

Ear Sir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors ſhould both be barr'd.
any thing be more unkind ?
: I not ſee, 'cauſe you are blind ?
ıinks, a friend at night ſhould cheer you,
iend that loves to ſee and hear you.
· am I robb'd of that delight,
n you can be no loſer by't ?
when 'tis plain (for, what is plainer ?)
if you heard, you'd be no gainer.
ure you are not yet to learn,
hearing is not your concern ;
ı be your doors no longer barr'd :
· buſineſs, Sir, is to be heard.

. *e.)* Liberty to barter his ſoul. *Hawkeſ.*

ord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

THE ANSWER.

THE wiſe pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loſs to loſe an ear.
Why are we then ſo fond of two,
When, by experience, one would do?
'Tis true, ſay they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;
Becauſe among all human race,
None e'er was known to have a brace:
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loſs of one is no ſuch trouble,
Since t'other will in ſtrength be double.
The limb ſurviving, you may ſwear,
Becomes his brother's lawful heir.
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your Rev'rence but to cut one leg off;
And you ſhall find by this device,
The other will be ſtronger twice;
For ev'ry day you ſhall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining:
So, when an eye hath loſt its brother,
You ſee the better with the other:
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two:
Becauſe the ſoul her power contracts,
And on the brother-limb *re-acts*.

But yet the point is not ſo clear in
Another caſe, the ſenſe of hearing:

For

For though the place of either ear
Be diſtant as one head can bear;
Yet Galen moſt acutely ſhews you,
(Conſult his book *de partium uſu*)
That from each ear, as he obſerves,
There creep two auditory nerves,
Not to be ſeen without a glaſs,
Which near the *os petroſum* paſs;
Thence to the neck: and moving thorough there
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear,
Which made my grand-dame always ſtuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow-ſufferers.
You ſee my learning; but, to ſhorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t'other ear I felt it coming on:
And thus I ſolve this hard *phænomenon*.

'Tis true, a glaſs will bring ſupplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were loſt,
Would guard your noſe againſt a poſt:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are ſtronger, and almoſt as good:
And as for hands, there have been thoſe,
Who wanting both, have us'd their toes; *
But no contrivance yet appears
To furniſh artificial ears.

* There was about this time a man ſhewn, who wrote with his foot. *Hawkeſ.*

A quiet LIFE and a good NAME.

To a FRIEND who married a SHREW.

Written in the year 1724.

NELL ſcolded in ſo loud a din,
That Will durſt hardly venture in:
He mark'd the conjugal diſpute;
Nell roar'd inceſſant, Dick ſat mute;
But when he ſaw his friend appear,
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear.
At ſight of Will ſhe bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapp'd the door.

Why, Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will) thy houſe is worſe than hell:
Why, what a peal the jade has rung!
Damn her, why don't you ſlit her tongue?
For nothing elſe will make it ceaſe.
Dear Will, I ſuffer this for peace:
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it;
Bids us to *ſeek peace, and enſue it.*

Will went again to viſit Dick;
And, ent'ring in the very nick,
He ſaw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own ſtaff, his peaceful neighbour:
Poor Will, who needs muſt interpoſe,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.

But

now, to make my ſtory ſhort,
drew out Dick to take a quart;
Dick, thy wife has dev'liſh whims;
ids, why don't you break her limbs?
were mine, and had ſuch tricks,
ich her how to handle ſticks:
-ds, I would ſhip her to Jamaica,
ick the carrion for *tobacco*;
id her far enough away———
Will; but what would people ſay?
I ſhould get ſo ill a name,
eighbours round would cry out, ſhame.

k ſuffer'd for his peace and credit;
ho believ'd him when he ſaid it?
e, who makes himſelf a ſlave,
lt his peace, or credit ſave?
found it by his ill ſucceſs,
uiet ſmall, his credit leſs.
rv'd him at the uſual rate;
unn'd, and then ſhe broke his pate.
what he thought the hardeſt caſe,
ariſh jeer'd him to his face;
men who wore the breeches leaſt,
him a cuckold, fool and beaſt.
me he was purſu'd with noiſe;
d was peſter'd by the boys:
n, his wife would break his bones:
ut, they pelted him with ſtones:
rentices procur'd a riding *
t his patience, and her chiding.

Falſe

riding: a humorous cavalcade ſtill practiſed in ſome parts.

False patience and mistaken pride !
There are ten thousand Dicks beside ;
Slaves to their quiet and good name
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

[Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing riddles, and sending them to him and their other acquaintance ; copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The author, at his leisure-hours, fell into the same amusement; although it be said, that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use. However, by the advice of some persons, for whom the author had a great esteem, and who were pleased to send the copies, the few following have been published, (which are allowed to be genuine;) because, we are informed that several good judges have a taste for such kind of compositions.]

A RIDDLE.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white :
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd ;
Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side !

No

parts of England, to ridicule a scolding wife and henpecked husband. A woman bestrides the horse, and with a ladle chastises a man, who sits on a pillion behind her, with his face to the horse's tail. *Hawkes.*

No wonder now I look ſo thin;
The tyrant ſtripp'd me to the ſkin:
My ſkin he flay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lopt:
And then, with heart more hard than ſtone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To ſlit my tongue, and make me ſpeak:
But that which wonderful appears,
I ſpeak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in diſguiſe,
And makes me tell a thouſand lies:
To me he chiefly gives in truſt
To pleaſe his malice, or his luſt.
From me no ſecret he can hide:
I ſee his vanity and pride:
And my delight is to expoſe
His follies to his greateſt foes.

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I underſtand.
Without my aid, the beſt divine
In learning would not know a line:
The lawyer muſt forget his pleading;
The ſcholar could not ſhew his reading.

Nay, man, my maſter, is my ſlave:
I give command to kill or ſave,
Can grant ten thouſand pounds a-year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,
I only haſten on my fate.

My

My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot,
And on ſome dunghill left to rot.

II.

ANOTHER.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
To vileſt ſlaves I owe my birth.
How is the greateſt monarch bleſs'd,
When in my gaudy liv'ry dreſs'd!
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me, or my embraces ſhun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My conſtancy is ſtill the ſame.
The fav'rite meſſenger of Jove, §
And Lemnian god ‖, conſulting, ſtrove
To make me glorious to the fight
Of mortals, and the gods delight.
Soon would their altars flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

ANOTHER.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I ſtand with *double face:*

Superiat

§ Mercury. ‖ Vulcan.

erior none on earth I find;
: ſee *below me* all mankind.
:, as it oft attends the great,
moſt *ſink* with my own *weight.*
every *motion* undertook,
: vulgar all conſult my *look.*
metimes give advice in *writing,*
: never of my own *inditing.*
am a courtier in my way,
thoſe who *rais'd* me, I *betray;*
d ſome give out that I entice
luſt, and luxury, and dice;
o puniſhments on me inflict,
auſe they find their pockets pick'd.
y riding *poſt* I loſe my health;
d only to get others wealth.

IV.

ANOTHER.

Ecauſe I am by nature *blind,*
I wiſely chuſe to walk *behind;*
wever, to avoid diſgrace,
t no creature ſee my *face.*
words are few, but ſpoke with *ſenſe:*
d yet my *ſpeaking* gives offence:
if to *whiſper* I preſume,
: company will fly the room.
all the world I am *oppreſt,*
d my *oppreſſion* gives them *reſt.*

Thought

Through me, though ſore againſt my will,
Inſtructors ev'ry art inſtil.
By thouſands I am *ſold* and *bought*,
Who neither get, nor loſe a groat;
For none, alas, by me can gain,
But thoſe who give me *greateſt pain*.
Shall man preſume to be my maſter,
Who's but my *caterer* and *taſter?*
Yet though I always have my will,
I'm but a mere *depender* ſtill:
An humble *hanger-on* at beſt;
Of whom all people *make a jeſt*.
In me detractors ſeek to find
Two vices of a diff'rent kind:
I'm too profuſe, ſome cens'rers cry,
And all I get, I *let it fly*:
While others give me many a curſe,
Becauſe too *cloſe* I hold my *purſe*.
But this I know, in either caſe
They dare not *charge* me to my *face*.
'Tis true indeed, ſometimes I *ſave*,
Sometimes *run out* of all I have:
But when the year is at an end,
Computing what I *get* and *ſpend*,
My *goings out* and *comings in*,
I cannot find I loſe or win:
And therefore all that know me ſay,
I juſtly keep the *middle way*.
I'm always by my betters led;
I laſt *get up*, am firſt *a-bed*;
Though, if I riſe *before my time*,
The learn'd in ſciences ſublime

Conſult

Conſult the ſtars, and thence foretel
Good luck to thoſe with whom I dwell.

V.

ANOTHER.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
Domeſtic ſubject for diſputes,
Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care;
I ſaw thee rais'd to high renown,
Supporting half the Britiſh crown:
And often have I ſeen thee grace
The chaſte Diana's infant face;
And whenſoe'er you pleaſe to ſhine,
Leſs uſeful is her light than thine:
Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
And oft in Celia's treſſes play.

To place thee in another view,
I'll ſhew the world ſtrange things and true;
What lords and dames of high degree
May juſtly claim their birth from thee.
The ſoul of man with ſpleen you vex;
Of ſpleen you cure the female ſex.
Thee for a gift the courtier ſends
With pleaſure to his ſpecial friends:
He gives; and, with a gen'rous pride
Contrives all means the gift to hide:
Nor oft can the receiver know,
Whether he has the gift or no.

On airy wings you take your flight,
And fly unſeen both day and night;
Conceal your form with various tricks;
And few know how or where you fix.
Yet ſome, who ne'er beſtow'd thee, boaſt
That they to others give thee moſt.
Mean time, the wiſe a queſtion ſtart,
If thou a real being art;
Or but a creature of the brain,
That gives imaginary pain:
But the fly giver better knows thee;
Who feels true joys, when he beſtows thee.

VI.

ANOTHER.

THOUGH I, alas! a pris'ner be
My trade is pris'ners to ſet free.
No ſlave his Lord's commands obeys
With ſuch *inſinuating* ways.
My genius *piercing*, *ſharp*, and *bright*,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their eaſe,
And *turn* and *wind* me as they pleaſe.
A new and wondrous art I ſhow
Of raiſing ſpirits from below;
In *ſcarlet* ſome, and ſome in *white*:
They riſe, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each *mouth* the ſpirits *paſs*,
Diſtinctly ſeen as through a glaſs:

O'er

O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,
And drive at laſt all *ſecrets* out:
And ſtill the more I ſhow my art,
The more they *open ev'ry heart.*

A greater chymiſt none, than I;
Who, from *materials hard and dry,*
Have taught men to *extract* with ſkill
More precious juice than from a ſtill.

Although I'm often *out of caſe,*
I'm not aſham'd to ſhow my *face.*
Though at the tables of the great
I near the ſide-board take my ſeat;
Yet the plain 'ſquire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one:
He kindly bids me near him ſtand;
And often takes me by the *hand*

I twice a-day a *hunting* go;
Nor ever fail to *ſeize my foe:*
And when I have him by the *pole,*
I drag him upwards from his *hole,*
Though ſome are of ſo ſtubborn kind
I'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.

I hourly wait ſome fatal end;
For I can *break,* but ſcorn to *bend.*

VII.

ANOTHER.

The Gulf of all human Poſſeſſions.

Written in the year 1724.

COme hither and behold the fruits,
Vain man, of all thy vain purſuits.
Take wiſe advice, and *look behind*,
Bring all *paſt* actions to thy mind.
Here you may ſee, as in a glaſs,
How ſoon all human pleaſures paſs.
How will it mortify thy pride,
To turn the true impartial ſide!
How will your eyes contain their tears,
When all the ſad *reverſe* appears!

This cave within its womb confines
The laſt reſult of all deſigns:
Here ly depoſited the ſpoils
Of buſy mortals endleſs toils:
Here, with an eaſy ſearch we find
The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
The wretched purchaſe here behold
Of traitors who their country ſold.

This gulph inſatiable imbibes
The lawyer's fees, the ſtateſman's bribes.
Here, in their proper ſhape and mien,
Fraud, perjury, and guilt are ſeen.

Neceſſity,

eſſity, the tyrant's law,
man race muſt hither draw;
ɔmpted by the ſame *deſire*,
g'rous youth, and aged ſire.
, the coward and the brave,
ıughty prince, the humble ſlave,
ian, lawyer, and divine,
ıke *oblations* at this ſhrine.
enter boldly, ſome by ſtealth,
ave behind their fruitleſs wealth.
ıile the baſhful ſylvan maid,
f aſham'd, and half afraid,
ıching finds it hard to part
hat which dwelt *ſo near her heart*;
urtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
ly pours her *off'rings* here.

eaſure here of *learning* lurks,
ıeaps of never-dying works:
's of many an ancient ſage,
illions of the preſent age.

: this gulf all off'rings paſs,
an undiſtinguiſh'd maſs.
ion, to reſtore mankind,
d to throw the ſtones *behind*;
e who here their gifts convey,
c'd to *look another way*;
, a choſen few, muſt know
yſteries that ly below.

charnel-houſe! a diſmal dome,
ich all mortals leave their home;

The young, the beautiful, and brave,
Here bury'd in one common grave;
Where each ſupply of *dead* renews
Unwholeſome *damps*, *offenſive dews*:
And lo! *the writing on the walls*
Points out where each new *victim* falls;
The *food of worms*, and beaſts obſcene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign.

See where thoſe mangled corpſes ly,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there conſign'd to endleſs night;
By cruel hands her blood was ſpilt,
And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.

And here ſix virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus ſeen,
As fair and lovely as their queen:
In royal garments each was dreſs'd,
Each with a gold and purple veſt;
I ſaw them of their garments ſtrip'd,
Their throats were cut, their bellies rip'd;
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born,
Twice from their ſepulchres were torn;
But now diſmember'd here are caſt,
And find a reſting-place at laſt.

Here oft the curious trav'ller finds
The combat of *oppoſing winds*:
And ſeeks to learn the ſecret cauſe,
Which alien ſeems from nature's laws;

Why at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth*,
He feels at once both *north* and *ſouth*:
Whether the winds in caverns pent
Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, *op'ning all his ſtores*,
Fierce Æolus in tempeſt roars.

Yet from this *mingled maſs* of things,
In time, a new creation ſprings.
Theſe *crude* materials once ſhall riſe
To fill the earth, and air, and ſkies;
In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounc'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

ANOTHER.

LOUISA to STREPHON.

Written in the year 1724.

AH, Strephon, how can you deſpiſe
Her, who without thy pity dies?
To Strephon I have ſtill been true,
And of as noble blood as you;
Fair iſſue of the genial bed,
A virgin in thy boſom bred;
Embrac'd thee cloſer than a wife;
When thee I leave, I leave my life.

Why

Why ſhould my ſhepherd take amiſs,
That oft I wake thee with a kiſs?
Yet you of ev'ry kiſs complain;
Ah, is not love a pleaſing pain?
A pain which ev'ry happy night
You cure with eaſe and with delight;
With pleaſure, as the poet ſings,
Too great for mortals leſs than kings.

Chloe, when on thy breaſt I ly,
Obſerves me with revengeful eye:
If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
She'll tear me with her deſp'rate nails;
And with relentleſs hands deſtroy
The tender pledges of our joy.
Nor have I bred a ſpurious race;
They all were born from thy embrace.

Conſider, Strephon, what you do;
For ſhould I die for love of you,
I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodleſs ghoſt;
And all my kin, a num'rous hoſt,
Who down direct our lineage bring
From victors o'er the Memphian King;
Renown'd in ſieges and campaigns,
Who never fled the bloody plains,
Who in tempeſtuous ſeas can ſport,
And ſcorn the pleaſures of a court;
From whom great Sylla found his doom;
Who ſcourg'd to death that ſcourge of Rome,
Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
Thou, like Alcides, ſhalt expire,

When

n his envenom'd ſhirt he wore,
ſkin and fleſh in pieces tore.
leſs that ſhirt, my rival's gift,
from the piece that made her ſhift,
in thy deareſt blood be dy'd,
make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

ANOTHER.

Written in the year 1725.

Epriv'd of root and branch, and rind,
Yet flow'rs I bear of ev'ry kind;
ſuch is my prolific pow'r,
bloom in leſs than half an hour:
tanders-by may plainly ſee
get no nouriſhment from me.
ead with giddineſs goes round;
yet I firmly ſtand my ground:
ver naked I am ſeen,
painted like an Indian queen.
ouple-beggar in the land,
oin'd ſuch numbers hand in hand;
them fairly with a *ring*:
:an our parſon blame the thing:
though no marriage words are ſpoke,
part not till the *ring* is broke;
ypocrite fanatics cry,
ut an idol rais'd on high;

And

And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down.
I lay a pris'ner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old poſt reſtor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

VERSES on the UPRIGHT JUDGE, who condemned the DRAPIER's Printer.

Written in the year 1724.

THE church I hate, and have good reaſon;
For there my grandſire cut his weazon:
He cut his weazon at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

IN church your grandſire cut his throat:
To do the job too long he tarry'd;
He ſhould have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

ON THE SAME.

(*The Judge ſpeaks.*)

I'M not the grandſon of that aſs Quin; *
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Paſquin.
My grandame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice:

This,

* An Alderman.

This, when my grandſire knew, they tell us, he
In Chriſt-church cut his throat for jealouſy.
And, ſince the alderman was mad, you ſay,
Then I muſt be ſo too, *ex traduce.*

A SIMILE on our want of SILVER, and the only way to remedy it.

Written in the year 1725.

AS when of old ſome ſorc'reſs threw
O'er the moon's face a ſable hue,
To drive unſeen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air:
Wiſe people, who believ'd with reaſon,
That this eclipſe was out of ſeaſon,
Affirm'd the moon was ſick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-ſpell.
Ten thouſand cymbals now begin
To rend the ſkies with brazen din;
The cymbals rattling ſounds diſpel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell:
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Diſplays her *ſilver* face again.
Note here, that, in the chymic ſtyle,
The moon is *ſilver* all this while).

So (if my ſimile you minded,
Which I confeſs is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician, *
Join'd with a *brazen* politician,
Expos'd,

* A great lady is reported to have been bribed by Wood.

Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
A parchment of prodigious ſize; †
Conceal'd behind that ample ſcreen,
There was no ſilver to be ſeen.
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppoſe his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud, till all the nation hears;
That ſound will make the parchment ſhrivel,
And drive the conj'rers to the devil:
And when the ſky is grown ſerene,
Our ſilver will appear again.

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER.

Written in the year 1725.

SAlmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad copperſmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
No creature in the lane could ſleep.
Among a crew of roiſt'ring fellows
Would ſit whole ev'nings at the alehouſe:
His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vap'ring ſcab muſt needs deviſe
To ape the thunder of the ſkies:
With *braſs* too fiery ſteeds he ſhod,
To make a clatt'ring as they trod.
Of poliſh'd *braſs* his flaming car
Like lightning, dazzled from afar;

And

† A patent to William Wood, for coining halfpence.

And up he mounts into the box,
And he muſt thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch:
With ſquibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling croud below.
All ran to pray'rs, both prieſts and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To ſee the wicked varlet ſprawling?
They ſearch'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was baſe;
They laugh'd at ſuch an Iriſh blunder,
To take the noiſe of braſs for thunder.

The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adult'rate copper:
Which, as he ſcatter'd, we like dolts
Miſtook at firſt for thunderbolts;
Before the Drapier ſhot a letter,
(Nor Jove himſelf could do it better,)
Which lighting on th' impoſtor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WOOD, AN INSECT.

Written in the year 1725.

BY long obſervation, I have underſtood,
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
The firſt is an inſect they call a *wood-louſe*,
That folds up itſelf in itſelf for a houſe,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap-a-pee* in a ſtrong coat of mail.
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
In fillets of braſs roll'd up to his ears:
And over theſe fillets he wiſely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of ſtone *.

The louſe of the *wood* for a med'cine is us'd,
Or ſwallow'd alive, or ſkilfully bruis'd.
And let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To ſwallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice poſſeſt,
Or ſick of *obſtructions*, and *pains in her cheſt*.

The next is an inſect we call a *wood-worm*,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form:
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will ſcratch;
And chamber-maids chriſten this worm a death-watch;
Becauſe, like a watch, it always cries *click*:
Then woe be to thoſe in the houſe who are ſick;
For,

* He was in jail for debt.

For, as ſure as a gun, they will give up the ghoſt,
If the maggot cries *click*, when it ſcratches the poſt.
But a kettle of ſcalding hot water injected,
Infallibly cures the timber affected:
The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the ſick will recover.

Such a worm was Will Wood, when he ſcratch'd at the door
Of a governing ſtateſman or favourite whore:
The death of our nation he ſeem'd to foretel,
And the ſound of his braſs we took for our knell.
But now ſince the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the beſt thing we can do is to ſcald him.
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unleſs, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of *raps* * in a cauldron of oil.
Then chooſe which you pleaſe, and let each bring a faggot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot †.

* A cant word in Ireland for a counterfeit halfpenny.

† See vol. 4. p. 95.

To QUILCA,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr. SHERIDAN in no very good repair, where the ſuppoſed Author, and ſome of his Friends, ſpent a Summer, in the year 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain;
Chimneys with ſcorn rejecting ſmoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bed-ſteads broke.
Here elements have loſt their uſes,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah ‡ toil;
Fire will not roaſt, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddeſs *Want* in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of ſtate,
Sloth, *Dirt*, and *Theft*, around her wait.

HORACE,

‡ An Iriſh name.

HORACE, ODE XIV. BOOK I. paraphraſed, and inſcribed to IRELAND.

Written in the year 1725-6.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Poor floating iſle, toſs'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate *to be the land of ſlaves:*
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted ſtand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and ſtale,
Betwixt a ſtate, and veſſel under ſail;
Let me ſuppoſe thee for a ſhip a while,
And thus addreſs thee in the ſailor's ſtyle.

1. UNhappy ſhip, thou art return'd in vain:
New waves ſhall drive thee to the deep again.
Look to thyſelf, and be no more the ſport
2. Of giddy winds, but make ſome friendly port.
3. Loſt are thy oars, that us'd thy courſe to guide,
Like faithful counſellors on either ſide.
4. Thy maſt, which like ſome aged patriot ſtood
The ſingle pillar for his country's good,

1. *O navis, referent in mare te novi*
Fluctus.
2. ——— *Fortiter occupa*
Portum.
3. *Nudum remigio latus.*
4. ———*Malus celeri ſaucius Africo.*

To lead thee, as a ſtaff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eaſtern wind.
5. Your cables burſt, and you muſt quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus, commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the ſtrong cords of union once are broke;
6. Torn by a ſudden tempeſt, is thy ſail
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when ſome writer in a publie cauſe
His pen to ſave a ſinking nation draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail,
The people's voice expands his paper ſail;
Till pow'r, diſcharging all her ſtormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags:
The nation ſcar'd, the author deem'd to death,
Who fondly put his truſt in pop'lar breath.

A larger ſacrifice in vain you vow;
7. There's not a pow'r above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft heav'n's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd heav'n relief expects.

8. 'Twill not avail, when thy ſtrong ſides are broke,
That thy deſcent is from the Britiſh oak;

Or,

5. ——— *At ſine funibus*
Vix durare carinæ
Poſſint imperioſius
Æquor?
6. *Non tibi ſunt integra lintea,*
7. *Non dii, quos iterum preſſa voces malo.*
8. *Quamvis Pontica pinus,*
Sylvæ filia nobilis.

Or, when your name and family you boaſt,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coaſt.
Such was Ierne's claim, as juſt as thine,
Her ſons deſcended from the Britiſh line;
Her matchleſs ſons, whoſe valour ſtill remains
On French records, for twenty long campaigns:
Yet from an empreſs now a captive grown,
She ſav'd Britannia's rights, and loſt her own.

9. In ſhips decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded ſtern and painted ſides;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birthday-night:
They on the bold brocades and ſatins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was inſlav'd.

10. Dear veſſel, ſtill be to thy ſteerage juſt;
Nor change thy courſe with ev'ry ſudden guſt,
Like ſupple patriots of the modern ſort,
Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows from court.

11. Weary and ſea-ſick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy ſafety cares diſtract my mind;
As thoſe, who long have ſtood the ſtorms of ſtate,
Retire, yet ſtill bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the ſurges roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry ſhore.
They ly, alas! too eaſy to be found;
For thee alone they ly the iſland round.

On

9. *Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus*
10. *Fidit; tu, niſi ventis*
Debes ludibrium, cave.
11. *Nuper ſolicitum quæ mihi tædium,*
Nunc deſiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfuſa nitentes
Vites æquora Cycladas.

On reading Dr. YOUNG's Satire, called the UNIVERSAL PASSION, by which he means PRIDE.

Written in the year 1726.

IF there be truth in what you ſing,
Such god-like virtues in the King;
A miniſter * ſo fill'd with zeal
And wiſdom for the common-weal:
If he, † who in the chair preſides,
So ſteadily the ſenate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are ſeconds in this glorious ſcheme:
If ev'ry peer, whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you atteſt,
What land was ever half ſo bleſt?
No falſehood now among the great,
And tradeſmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair *Juſtice* ſhines;
Her ſcale to neither ſide inclines:

Now

* Sir Robert Walpole. He was prime miniſter of ſtate to King George I. and II. for above twenty years. He was made a Knight of the Bath in May 1725, and a Knight of the Garter in May 1726; was created Earl of Orford in February 1742, and died March 18. 1745.

† Sir Spencer Compton, the ſpeaker of the houſe of Commons at that time. He was created Baron of Wilmington of Suſſex, January 11. 1727, and Earl of Wilmington, May 14. 1730. He died Firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury, July 2. 1743.

Now *Pride* and cruelty are flown,
And *Mercy* here exalts her throne.
For ſuch is good example's power,
It does its office ev'ry hour,
Where governors are good and wiſe;
Or elſe the trueſt maxim lies:
For ſo we find all ancient ſages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Rip'ning and kindling like the ſun.
If this be true, then how much more
When you have nam'd at leaſt a ſcore
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If poſſible, as good as he?
Or, take it in a diff'rent view.
I aſk, (if what you ſay be true,)
If you affirm the preſent age
Deſerves your ſatire's keeneſt rage;
If that ſame *univerſal paſſion*
With ev'ry vice hath fill'd the nation;
If Virtue dares not venture down
A ſingle ſtep beneath the crown;
If clergymen, to ſhew their wit,
Praiſe *claſſics* more than holy writ;
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the ſenate-houſe can run,
And ſell their votes at ſuch a rate
As will retrieve a loſt eſtate;
If law be ſuch a partial whore
To ſpare the rich and plague the poor:
If theſe be of all crimes the worſt,
What land was ever half ſo curs'd?

THE

THE DOG AND THIEF.

Written in the year 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, Let me into your door,
And I'll give you theſe delicate bits.
Quoth the dog, I ſhould then be more villain than you're,
And beſides muſt be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not ſerve me a meal,
But my maſter each day gives me bread:
You'll fly, when you get what you came here to ſteal,
And I muſt be hang'd in your ſtead.

The ſtock-jobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
And tips you, the freeman, a wink;
Let me have but your vote to ſerve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.

Said the freeman, Your guinea to-night would be ſpent:
Your offers of bribery ceaſe:
I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
Or elſe I may forfeit my leaſe.

From London they come ſilly people to chouſe,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-houſe,
That would turn a man out of his own?

ADVICE to the GRUBSTREET VERSE-WRITERS.

Written in the year 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haſte;
Ye rhymers, dead as ſoon as born,
Not yet conſign'd to paſte,

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your ſtill-born poems ſhall revive,
And ſcorn to wrap up ſpice.

Get all your verſes printed fair,
Then let them well be dry'd;
And Curll muſt have a ſpecial care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend theſe to paper-ſparing Pope;
And when he ſits to write,
No letter with an *envelope* *
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recal your loan;
Sell them to Curl for fifty pound,
And ſwear they are your own.

On

* A blank cover.

On ſeeing VERSES written upon WINDOWS in INNS.

Written in the year 1726.

I.

THE ſage who ſaid he ſhould be proud
Of windows in his breaſt,
Becauſe he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confeſs'd;
His window ſcrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
His breaſt again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

II.

ANOTHER.

BY Satan taught, all conj'rers know
Your miſtreſs in a glaſs to ſhow,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree;
None e'er made verſes worſe than he,
And thine I ſwear are ſuch.

III.

ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
Thoſe rhymers abundantly ſhow it:
They ſwear that they all by love are inſpir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

A PAS-

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE between RICHMOND-LODGE and MARBLE-HILL *.

Written June 1727, juſt after the news of the late King's death, to which time this note muſt alſo be referred.

RICHMOND-LODGE *is a houſe with a ſmall park belonging to the crown. It was uſually granted by the crown for a leaſe of years. The Duke of Ormond* † *was the laſt who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princeſs uſually paſſed their ſummer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.*

MARBLE-HILL *is a houſe built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now Counteſs of Suffolk,*

* This piece contains ſome of the beſt and fineſt portraits of Dr. Swift, in three or four different attitudes, that ever were drawn. In it we are alſo told, in his own ludicrous way, that he generally ſpunged a breakfaſt once a-week from the Princeſs of Wales, [the late Queen Caroline;] and, I believe, we may take his own word for it, that he frequently uſed

To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter. SWIFT.

† James Butler, Duke of Ormond, ſucceeded John Duke of Marlborough, as Captain-General in Queen Anne's reign. He fled from England, ſoon after the Queen's death in 1714, and retired to Avignon in France, where he died without iſſue, in 1745. His corpſe was brought to England, and interred in Weſtminſter-Abbey, May 22. 1746.

folk, and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lives, and about two miles from Richmond-Lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens; Lord Herbert the architect; and the Dean of St. Patrick's, chief butler, and keeper of the icehouse. *Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the following dialogue.*

* IN spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must, and sing I will,
Of Richmond-Lodge, and Marble-Hill.

Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

Marble-H. Quoth Marble-Hill, Right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen:
You'll find it soon by woful proof;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

Richmond-L. The kingly prophet well envinces,
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promis'd me
To raise me to a high degree;
But, now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.

You

* This poem was carried to court, and read to the King and Queen.

You ſee when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may ſay, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true.

Marble-H. My houſe was built but for a ſhow;
My Lady's empty pockets know;
And now ſhe will not have a ſhilling
To raiſe the ſtairs, or build the cieling;
For all the courtly Madams round
Now pay four ſhillings in the pound.
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We ſhould not thus have lain forlorn:
For thoſe, we dext'rous courtiers call,
Can riſe upon their maſter's *fall;*
But we, unlucky and unwiſe,
Muſt *fall*, becauſe our maſters *riſe*.

Richmond-L. My maſter, ſcarce a fortnight ſince,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no ſuch thing,
For he'll be poor as any *king*:
And by his crown will nothing get;
But like a king to run in debt.

Marble-H. No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no —— wine;
My icehouſe rob, as heretofore,
And ſteal my artichokes no more;

Poor Patty Blount no more be ſeen
Bedaggled in my walks ſo green.
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope:
And here no more will dangle Pope.

Richmond-L. Here wont the Dean, when he's to ſeek,
To ſpunge a breakfaſt once a week;
To cry the bread was ſtale, and mutter
Complaints againſt the royal butter.
But now I fear it will be ſaid,
No butter ſticks upon his bread.
We ſoon ſhall find him full of ſpleen,
For want of tattling to the Queen;
Stunning her royal ears with talking;
His *Rev'rence* and her *Highneſs* walking:
Whilſt Lady Charlotte, * like a ſtroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly ſight to ſee her ride
With ancient Mirmont † at her ſide.
In velvet cap his head lies warm;
His hat for ſhow below his arm.

Marble-H. Some South-Sea broker from the city
Will purchaſe me, the more's the pity;
Lay all my fine plantations waſte
To fit them to his vulgar taſte;
Chang'd for the worſe in ev'ry part,
My maſter, Pope, will break his heart.

Richmond-L.

* Lady Charlotte de Rouſſy, a French lady.
† Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality.

Richmond-L. In my own Thames may I be *drownded*,
If e'er I ſtoop beneath a crown'd head;
Except her Majeſty prevails
To place me with the Prince of Wales:
And then I ſhall be free from fears,
For he'll be Prince theſe fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And ſerve the times, as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever leſs their debtor.

Marble-H. Then let him come and take a nap,
In ſummer, on my verdant lap:
Prefer our *villa's*, where the Thames is,
To Kenſington, or hot St. James's:
Nor ſhall I dull in ſilence ſit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit:
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wilderneſſes,
Aſſiſt all poets in diſtreſſes.
Him twice a-week I here expect,
To rattle Moody * for neglect;
An idle rogue, who ſpends his quartridge
In tippling at the *dog* and *partridge*;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to bruſh my gown.

* The gardener.

Richmond-L. I pity you, dear Marble-Hill;
But hope to ſee you flouriſh ſtill.
All happineſs——and ſo adieu.

Marble-H. Kind Richmond-Lodge, the ſame to you.

TO A FRIEND,

Who had been much abuſed in many inveterate LIBELS.

THE greateſt monarch may be ſtabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murd'rer in his flight;
The vileſt ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet ſafe from injur'd innocence eſcape;
And calumny, by working under ground,
Can, unreveng'd, the greateſt merit wound.

What's to be done? ſhall wit and learning chuſe
To live obſcure, and have no fame to loſe?
By cenſure frighted out of honour's road,
Nor dare to uſe the gifts by heav'n beſtow'd;
Or fearleſs enter in through virtue's gate,
And buy diſtinction at the deareſt rate?

END OF VOL. VIII.

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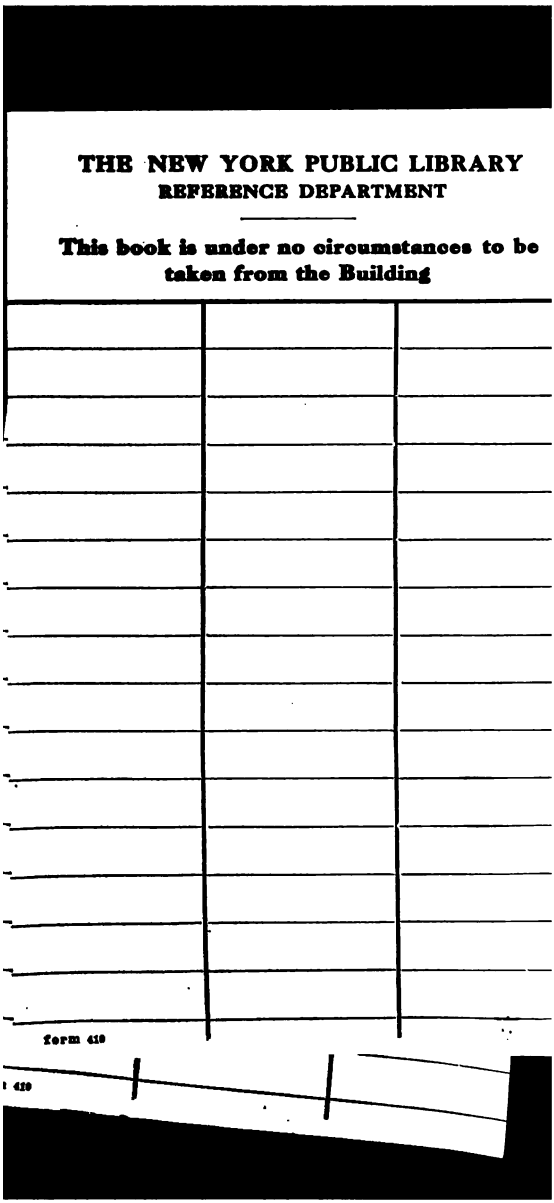
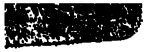
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